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The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XXII. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1870. NUMBER 1131.

Midsummer.

The Independent.

THE TRUE FAITH.

[INSCRIBED TO ONE WHO SHOWS IT BY HIS WORKS.]

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

I DEEM his faith the best
Who daily puts it into loving deeds
Done for the poor, the sorrowing, the oppressed—
For these are more than creeds;
And, though overblinded reason oft may err,
The heart that loves is faith's interpreter.

The schoolman's subtle skill
Wearies itself with vain philosophies
That leave the world to grope in darkness still,
Haply, from lies to lies;
But whoso *doeth good* with heart and might
Dwells in and is made joyful by the light.

One hand outreached to man
In helpfulness, the other clings to God
And thus upheld he walks, through time's brief span,
In ways that Jesus trod;
Taught by His Spirit, and sustained and led,
That life, like His, by love is perfected.

Such faith, such love are thine!
Creeds may be false—at best, misunderstood;
But whoso reads the autograph divine
Of Goodness doing good
Need never err therein: come life, come death,
It copies His—the Christ of Nazareth!

SUBSTANCE AND SIGN.

BY REV. W. T. CLARKS.

AMERICAN people generally do not take kindly to forms. The poetry of an idea is not strong enough to break the crust of our matter-of-fact life. We want the plain English of everything. The more rationalistic among us say: "Away with forms, symbols, emblems, the dumb show and imaginative artifices which so often hide what at best they merely hint, and take the place of the substance they were meant to foreshadow. Give us the thing, and not the mere sign of it. Tell us the truth, set forth the sentiment, explain the principle, instead of wrapping them in mystic and unintelligible cipher." And in some quarters religion has been stripped of its accustomed signs and symbols, and its services have been reduced to the baldest utterance of the common tongue. Men have taken it as the boy did the onion—peeling off pellicle after pellicle in trying to find the thing itself, and, after the whole has been peeled away, have found that the thing itself was an impalpable essence in and through the thin layers, strong only in their integrity and compactness, the spirit and odor of their life.

Sign is the natural language of sentiment. There are things so indefinite, deep, and tender, and so inwoven with the heart-strings, that we cannot utter them, if we try; and so we suggest them by symbols. Turning over the miscellaneous articles of a drawer, you light upon a bit of paper tied with a ribbon; and your lips quiver, your eyes grow moist, and your head drops on your hands, as that tiny lock of hair brings back to memory the features and love of a departed child or friend. You look for your son; and, approaching his room, you find him on his knees with folded hands. That sign is a sacrament; and you steal away, thanking God. You go out at twilight; and among the vines and flowers stands your daughter, with her hand in that of her companion, their heads touching as they bend over the firm, tender, blissful clasp. All the words in the language, put together in the most cunning composition, could not express so much as that silent sign, which tells of two hearts united; two lives henceforth flowing in one channel; inexpressible love and peace and joy; a new home, with its hearthstone and smiling circle; and further on, Heaven. The poetry of life is packed into signs. Have they no use or value? Is there nothing but gold in the marriage-ring? Can physiology explain the composition of a maiden's blush? Does chemistry resolve the ingredients of a mourner's tear? Some years ago, in a New Hampshire town, a man was told of an inexplicable murder that had been committed three months before. His eyes dropped, his face turned ashy pale, and then crimson; there were nervous twitchings about his mouth; he rose, and looked out of the window. That was all; but it was enough, and there was no escape for him. One movement of the hand says, Welcome; another, Bless you; another, Begone. The pointing of the finger means Hell or Heaven.

A few weeks ago, as the veteran soldiery defiled through our streets, all eyes were caught by the faded, tattered flags that were held proudly up and borne about in triumph. The history of the great war of modern times was emblazoned on those fringed and fragile bits of cloth. What a story they told! Every battle of that four years' conflict was represented in these mutilated emblems. Here was a whole history in cipher. These rags were the records of what courage, privation, sacrifice, magnanimity! What daring deeds they had covered! How many martyrs' graves had they fluttered over and caught consecration from! And, as the scarred arms of the hardy veterans lifted them up, everybody felt anew the meaning of the flag itself, and why that piece of starred and striped cloth was held aloft in the heat of battle; and, when one standard-bearer was shot down, another snatched it up and pushed further on into the wild smoke-blaze. A dozen years ago the national flag seemed merely a thing for display and for Fourth-of-July orators to declaim about. It meant what ribbons mean on a lady's bonnet. It was worth what silk or bunting cost per yard. To many its stripes suggested those laid on the backs of three millions of bondmen, and its stars symbolized the signal-lamps of Heaven hung out to light the fugitive on his way to freedom. Now this flag is so inwoven with great principles and beneficent ideas, and so colored with patriotic and humane sentiments, that even the most stupid among us recognize it as the sign of the dearest possessions of a people and the holiest hopes of the race. Providence snatched the pretty plaything from our childish hands, and wove it anew in the mighty loom of history, dying it in the life-blood of our bravest and best, and then lifted it aloft as the consecrated ensign of a redeemed nationality, sacred to freedom and the equal rights of all men forever.

Religion has signs, as well as everything else. What the flag is to the nation the cross is to faith. It stands for all the elements that enter into the Christian religion. The whole life of Christ is nailed into it. His principles and precepts are clustered about it. His beneficence and forgiveness are indicated by its outstretched arms; his faith in immortality and God are hinted by its up-pointing shaft. It represents the spirit of self-sacrifice, of which his life was a continuous illustration and his death the crowning act. It tells of glory through suffering, victory through defeat, immortal life through death. The history of the Christian ages is represented in that unsightly piece of wood. Memories of faith, penitence, devotion, love, and saintliness are twined about it; and, like the banner torn and soiled in battle, we prize it all the more for the scars that tell of brave deeds, and the stains that have come from loyalty to principle. Let us have and ever cherish this consecrated sign of what is most precious—not as the subsitute for the substance, but as its silent witness and eloquent reminder.

It is the part of reason to discriminate between sign and substance, language and idea. But it is the blight of unreason to throw away the sign because it is not the thing signified. Words and ideas, sign and substance, form and faith, are bound up in an inextricable web of mutual relations and dependency; and to tear out the former is to leave a tangled mass of strings in place of a piece of cloth. Sign without substance is superstition; but substance without sign is thought without language, flower without specific shape or fragrance spirit without body. Sign without substance is husk without ear; but there could be no ear without the green envelope and silken tassel, to sheath and protect it from sun and storm and air. Useless and unmeaning forms do more harm than good, and formalism is worse than formlessness. But faith must have some form; worship must have some order, place, and usage; religion must have symbols and services of some sort, or it will exhale itself away at last, and be powerless for good while it remains. If the old forms are outgrown, replace them with better. If the old signs no longer signify, find those that are more natural and expressive. If the ancient ritual hinders devotion, and no longer fits the expanding mind, choose a more modern and graceful drapery for the spirit of love and praise. There need be no fear of innovation where there is more to dread from uniformity than variety, and sameness is the death of the soul. Better make new bottles than let the new wine spill or spoil. But, so long as the kiss is the sign of love; so long as we shake hands with friends when we meet them; so long as we fill our homes with emblems, mementoes, and the mere shadows of things not there; so long as we cover life from beginning to end with the poetry of sentiments, without which it would be uncndurable, and drop the acacia sprig upon the coffin as a prophecy of the immortal state we hope to enter, why strip religion of its symbols and make the church bare as a barn? Rather let us have nature and common sense here, as elsewhere; let devotion have its consecrated dialect; let faith have its proper forms, as the vine its trellis, that it may climb into the upper sunlight and condense in its fruit the sweetness secreted there; let the soul have every sign and symbol that can confirm its faith, strengthen its aspiration, deepen its resolve, aid its utterance, or suggest the everlasting substance it is and the eternal sanctities with which it deals.

DISRAELI

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI is a very remarkable instance of the success of a man who believes in himself, without any rivalry in his creed on the part of others. His whole career shows the practical advantage of calculating and cultivated egotism. He is the most un-English of Englishmen; and yet he has reached a position which no one of his cotemporaries could have reached in his circumstances and under similar disabilities. He might be termed in his public character a man of surprises; for he has always done what no one would have expected him to do, and prospered in what his nearest friends would, if consulted, have urged him never to undertake. At the outset of his political life the chances of his one day becoming chancellor of the exchequer were about equal to those of a Fleet-street costermonger for the archbishopric of Canterbury. But, once at the head of the government, there was no further room for surprise. When Great Britain saw him there, it rubbed its eyes vigorously, to determine if it were awake; and, assured of the reality, it was driven to the conclusion that Disraeli and achievement were synonymous.

His name must have been originally Israel or Israels, since his grandfather went to England from Venice, whither his Hebrew ancestors had fled from Spain in the fifteenth century, to avoid the persecutions of the Inquisition. He is very proud of his patronymic (his mother's name was Baseri), which he declares none but his own race (does he mean the human race?) has ever borne. No doubt he has found a certain virtue in nomenclature; for it is questionable if even he could have carried such a pawnbroker's sign as Israels to the hight of the chancellorship. While a mere boy, he left a private academy near London, and served as a drudging attorney's clerk, until his high hopes and romantic dreams of greatness impelled him to seek a position in the most aristocratic metropolitan society, which, aided by his father's titled and distinguished friends, he had little trouble in entering. Without wealth, rank, or position of his own, he assumed at once the *rôle* of the spoiled darling of fortune; and, backed by comeliness of person, grace of manner, and fine powers of conversation, he played the part excellently. In the zenith of his drawing-room reputation, he went over to Germany; and, on his return, burst radiantly upon society, in his twenty-first year, with his novel of "Vivian Grey." The hero the author designed as a portraiture of himself; and the principal characters were persons of note, in such thin disguises that the book naturally created a sensation. Two or three years later, he again traveled on the Continent and in the East; and published the "Young Duke" and "Contarini Fleming"—the latter the best of all his literary efforts.

Satisfied for the time with the marked success of his books, a political ambition revealed itself. He made a determined push for Parliament as a Tory radical; but was twice defeated, though not discouraged. At his third attempt he offered himself as an extreme conservative, regarding his politics as far less important than the place he was so anxious to secure. It was during this canvass that he called Daniel O'Connell "a bloody traitor" (it seems that, with all his euphuism, he could not avoid using that extremely vulgar and peculiarly English adjective); to which the great agitator retorted: "For aught I know, the present Disraeli is the true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross." Disraeli, from his early boyhood, had plumed himself, as he still does, upon his withering irony and sarcasm; but that keen thrust paralyzed his tongue. He turned his back upon rhetoric, and his face toward revenge, by sending a challenge to Morgan O'Connell, who had assumed his father's quarrel. The cartel was not accepted; but the people and the press repeated the biting speech, until it rankled like poison in the sensitive self-love of the disappointed trimmer.

Disraeli went back to literature, and wrote several stories and pamphlets, which were every way inferior to his earlier writings. One of the pamphlets, "What is He"? wherein he labors to explain his political views, has never been understood by mortal being, and would serve equally well for a treatise on the Corn Laws or an elucidation of the mysteries of veterinary surgery.

Whether he wrote well or ill, brochure or romance, he never for a moment faltered in his determination to obtain a seat in the House of Commons. While he was waiting and scheming for the opportunity, which he knew would come, he published in the *Times*, over the signature of "Runnymede," a series of trenchant letters, that excited much intellectual admiration. After turning off "Venetia" and "Henrietta Temple," which details the sentimental and rhetorical agonies of a pair of lovers on very high stilts (this when he was thirty-two), he worked himself into Parliament as a conservative representative of Maidstone. His darling ambition secured at last, he delivered his maiden speech, prepared with unwearied pains, with such violence of voice and gesture that he fairly set the House in a roar. Though mortified to death, he concealed his mortification with well-dissembled indifference, and said, in a calm voice: "I am not surprised at this reception; indeed, I had expected it. I have begun many things in my life, and have eventually succeeded. I sit down now; but the time will come when you shall hear me."

Two years after his prediction was verified by a speech which was praised for its power by persons of all parties; and from that time to the present he has been regarded as one of the ablest debaters and most effective orators in Parliament. At that turning-point in life fortune made amends in more ways than one. During the whole of his career his pride and luxurious taste had suffered greatly from want of pecuniary means; and these were supplied by his marriage with the widow of his friend and colleague, Wyndham Lewis, reputed to have an income of £20,000. Outwardly nothing more than a politic and practical union, it was inwardly as passionate and romantic as would have been that of Contarini to Alceste. It was that very rare thing between a man of the world and a woman of society—a genuine love-match; and exercised the most favorable influence upon his after life. She seems to have been in the best sense a friend, a counselor, and a companion; and one of his most graceful dedications is to his perfect wife.

His acquired wealth and political success, with a still brighter future before him, did not wean him from his attachment to novel-writing; and in his thirty-ninth year he published "Coningsby," the most popular of his stories, which, like all his romances, contained in its characters the portraits of some of the most prominent men and women in England. For a number of years, however, he neglected literature, and devoted himself exclusively to politics; becoming the recognized leader of the House of Commons and one of the very foremost of Britain's public men. It was generally supposed his days of romance-writing were over—that he was rather ashamed than otherwise of his inflated "Sybils," and "Tancreds," and "Wondrous Tales of Alroy"; until he recently reappeared with "Lothair," more extravagant, more improbable, and more bombastic than any production of his youth. It is singular, indeed, that any man of affairs, particularly an Englishman, could bring forth at sixty-five a so-called novel which, notwithstanding its wit and learning, is a compound of all the vices of rhetoric and all the doctrines of improbability. Hardly any book of the time has had a larger and more rapid sale—owing to the reputation and position of the author, not to the merit of the work. Artistically, it is a downright failure; and, printed anonymously, would have fallen still-born from the press.

In everything but his exaggerated and sophomorical romances, Disraeli has undergone a very perceptible change. His dress, his manners, his opinions, his style of speaking have altered marvelously; but his tumid diction and impossible situations remain fixed. I have watched him again and again as he listened and as he spoke in the House. He is hardly graceful in debate; but he is less awkward than almost any of his fellow-members. His voice is full and sonorous; his manner cold, but evidently studied, as if there were a constant mental struggle both to repress and suppress the inward fire which blazes at times in his dark and oriental eyes. Irony and sarcasm are still his favorite and most effective weapons; and, when aroused, his quietly-spoken words sting like adders, and they who are stung feel not for some time after how deeply they have been hurt. There is little trace of the handsome author of "Vivian Grey," of the Bond-street dandy and drawing-room gallant, in the parliamentary debater of to-day. Those perfumed and jetty curls, wherein sentimental women's hearts were ensnared forty years ago, are now thin and silver-lined. The gorgeous waistcoats that awoke the envy and admiration of Piccadilly and Hyde Park have disappeared. The face which lighted up with brilliant talk, looked so beautiful aforetime to melting eyes, is haggard now, and bears the marks of anxiety, illness, and overwork; but firmness of will, continuity of purpose, and audacity of determination are still indelibly written in every feature. Disraeli in 1870 might be mistaken, with his business air and often abstracted manner, for a retired and overtaxed merchant, seeking to recruit his health.

After all, the life of the man has been more romantic than the career of his heroes. He has done what they have not in the pages of his novels. If his father, the patient and plodding Isaac, could resume his labors, he would add to his first revised edition of the "Curiosities of Literature" the name and fortunes of his son Benjamin.

A WEEK IN PORTO RICO.

BY REV. JOHN W. DODGE.

WE dropped anchor in the harbor of Mayaguez at two o'clock in the morning. Even at that small hour we hear the distant music of the city, for it is a national holiday; and before we have time to retire the plash of oars in the distance warns us that the custom-house sentinel is coming to learn our mission. A word in the well-known voice of our captain assures him all is right, and we pass our first quiet night under the tropics.

Mayaguez is a fair specimen of a West Indian city. It looked very picturesque to us as we caught our first view of it in the harbor at the distance of about half a mile. The houses are colored yellow and red, and present a striking contrast to the tufted palm-trees that stand out here and there among them. Back of the city, on the hills, and coming down close to the water's edge on either side, are deep-green orange groves. On the wharves we can see heaps of oranges, that we learn have been carted during the cool of the night, ready for shipping. At the head of the quay at which we land stands the custom-house—a dingy, yellow building of two stories, around which centers the trade of the city. In fact, everything in Spanish cities revolves round the custom-house. The government emissaries—lynx-eyed and hungry for tribute—are on the watch by day and by night. It is a great system of espionage, and nothing eludes its vigilance. Custom-house officials are sufficiently pompous anywhere; but above all others commend us to the Spanish colonial dignitary, with moustache and cigar. It develops a sense of nothingness never imagined before. But fortunately it is a feeling one soon recovers from; and one comes forth from the ordeal unscathed, if not unscarred. But, go where you will, you never get beyond the purlieus of the custom-house in a Spanish island. Its great eye follows you everywhere.

The first impressions of a tropical country are utterly strange. The luxuriant vegetation, of new kinds and forms; the peculiar architecture, much of it gairish and grotesque, even to a northern eye; the variety of races, of every hue, from black to white; and the jargon of a foreign tongue, all unite in making a deep impression of marvelous novelty. But the thing that of all others takes possession of one is the climate. It is altogether too delicious for our winter-disciplined systems. The heat pours down from the skies all day, and then oozes upward from the earth all night. It penetrates to the very center of your being. It softens your muscles and your will. You see everything through a languid atmosphere. What you look back upon through this bracing air with the keenest relish strikes you there with little force. They told us of a Newfoundland dog that had been brought there by a ship's crew at the time a cargo of ice was being unloaded, which seized a block of it as it was taken from the lighter, and hugged it with joy till it melted in his paws. Yet it is just this heat that makes this island a perfect garden of delights—a rich port, as its name, Porto Rico, signifies. Not that the mercury ever rises very high; it seldom exceeds 95 degrees at noon, and rarely falls below 85 degrees in the shade. And, after one has become acclimated, it is said to be one of the most healthy of tropical islands.

We rode out one morning on horseback with a German friend—the junior member of a firm engaged in the sugar trade. It was a refreshingly cool air, as we set out a little before sunrise; and we were soon beyond the limits of the city, among the luxuriant vegetation of surrounding plantations. The island is covered with conical hills, densely covered with trees and shrubs and a perfect tangle of vines, except such as are under cultivation. The soil is very deep and rich, and everywhere well watered. It is a reddish clay, very much in appearance like that of West Virginia and Southern Ohio. Everything grows rank. We saw pineapples along the roadside as we passed. The valleys are planted with sugar-cane, and we noticed several fine-looking fields, within about two months of maturity. The coffee flourishes best on the hills. It is a bush, from six to ten feet high; and the red berry looks very much like a Cape Cod cranberry.

The work of the plantations is still done by the slaves. I met a slaveholder who was the owner of three hundred slaves. He complained of the hard times—he could not get his slaves to work well. He said he was in the habit of promising them holidays as an inducement to work. In the morning, when they were together, he would toss a few handfuls of coin among them, and let them scramble for them. Then he gave them the day to gamble. After that they would come back and work awhile. I visited these poor creatures in what they call their homes. The able-bodied were at work in the cane-fields, and I saw them in the distance, with the driver at their side. Only the old men and women with the little children were left behind to drag out the day by themselves. We entered the oblong yard through a high gate, and found ourselves among them. A row of sheds occupies each side, divided into small apartments, each large enough to hold a narrow bed and a few small household articles of the rudest kind. The building at the opposite end of the enclosure was used as a kitchen, and several large pots were boiling over separate fires, built on the brick floor, while the smoke found its way out through an opening in the roof. One old woman was watching the fires; and another, who was not quite so decrepit, was sweeping the yard. All who can work, male and female, are driven to the field at four in the morning, and do not return until dark, work being suspended a little while at noon to allow them to take a lunch.

On the other hand, the life of the master is one of indulgence and amusement. He does a little business before breakfast, perhaps—which comes at eleven o'clock. In the afternoon he takes his *siesta*, which refreshes him for the evening. I should conclude that the evenings were devoted, as a regular habit, to some exciting kind of entertainment. It was so during all the time I spent on the island. They take to dancing by nature—all classes and all colors, in doors and out. You will hear, almost any hour of the night, as you pass along the streets, the light, tripping Spanish melodies thrummed on the tamborine or drawn out on the violin. Life is excessively frivolous, with one exception. They have come to be serious on the subject of government. It is only a little while since they have had any disposition to discuss such questions; but the sight of soldiers in the streets has made war seem a reality. There is a substratum of heroism in the Spanish character beneath the characteristic bravado; and the revolution through which the nation is now passing will develop it. It has not come an hour too soon.

Of course, we found our way to the church; for there is only one for this city of ten thousand souls. It is an old-looking, rather dilapidated affair, with two belfries, having four bells in each. In front is the plaza, or central park of the city, surrounded by stores. Gambling-tables are to be seen, with here and there a player, on the sidewalks around the church. The priests themselves go from the altar to the gaming-table, or throng to the cock-pit, the stated amusement for Sunday afternoon.

The accompaniments to the Roman Catholic service were rather interesting. Pressing our way through a dense crowd of buyers and sellers on the plaza, of a Sunday morning, we entered the church at 10 o'clock, the time of the third regular service of the day. On both sides, as you pass up to the chancel, are images of the Virgin Mary, Saint Anthony, Saint Raphiel, and others in wax, life-size, with altars before them. We saw one sorrowful woman worshiping at the shrine of St. Raphiel, the tutelary divinity of the sailors. Most were preparing themselves to pay their first vows to the patron saint of the island. She is represented by a female figure in wax, about fifteen feet from the floor, directly above the altar. The veil that usually conceals her from view is drawn up for twenty minutes. She is dressed in a brilliant silk, and gaudily embellished with gold ornaments. Every head is bowed while the veil is drawn, and many silent prayers offered. We noticed that the audience was composed almost entirely of women. The men were probably at their places of business, or away in the country for amusement. The service of mass followed, in which the whole congregation seemed to join most heartily. It doubtless appeared to them the extreme of irreverence that my friend and I should remain standing while all the rest dropped on their knees as the host was elevated, and I thought I observed an angry glance from one of the worshipers near me; but we could not bring ourselves, even in appearance, to yield our scruples on this point. A Spanish sermon occupied about twenty minutes, which we were not disposed to criticise—mainly because we did not understand so much as one word of it. The elevating contest of pluck and feathers appointed for the afternoon I did not witness; but remained at my own quarters, to recall the image of our Puritan Sabbath, and to thank God for New England institutions.

THE MONETARY PASSION.

BY REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.

THE generic attribute which gives to money its peculiar character, and constitutes the ground of its convenience and utility among men, consists in its general adoption as a medium of *exchange*. This is the one fact in the case upon which all others depend. This it is that makes money the universal language of all property, the most negotiable article with which one can go into the market of the world; in virtue of its popularity always in demand, and on account of its purchasing power a practical friend whom it would be exceedingly foolish to despise. This it is that gives to gold and silver their special charms.

It is evident, upon the very face of the statement, that money in itself is no evil, and especially that it is not "the root of all evil." Its value is just equal to its services, and these certainly are very great. That men should *desire* money, and labor to procure it, is both natural and proper. It is just as desirable as the powers, conveniences, and comforts which it bestows. If one is hungry, the means of obtaining food are just as important to him as the food itself. He who places no value upon money is either a fool or a monster. Many of the anathemas hurled against money, and also against its acquisition—sometimes from the Christian pulpit—are simply the ravings of those who do not really know what they are talking about, and who, moreover, do not practically believe their own words. That desire for money which is based on its instrumental uses, and violates no moral law, is not a vice to be condemned, but an important quality in its relations to the present life. It is one of the prime impulses of all industrial activity.

Unfortunately, however, for our race, this desire, that may have its good reasons, and exist within perfectly lawful limits, is very liable to become a *dominant* passion, that knows no rule but the attainment of its own end, submits to no restraints, and scruples at no means. It is then one of the strongest feelings that can actuate the human mind, existing either as a blind and stupid avarice, or the love of money for its own sake, or as the desire for money as the instrument or means of selfish and personal ends. The latter is the more common form of the monetary passion. One, for example, may love money because with it he can gratify his animal appetites; another, because he can indulge his desire for display; another, on account of the distinction and position in society which wealth bestows; and still another, for the sake of the power incident to large possessions. Most men chargeable with the improper love of money love it for more reasons than one, and some for all the reasons of which the case admits.

It is undoubtedly true that the love of money involves no little peril to all men. Comparatively few persons can acquire wealth without in some way being injured by it. One will begin to swagger and pride himself on the mere possession of property, and turn a supercilious glance toward those in whose ranks he once moved. The mere consciousness of wealth makes him strut, and ask society to do him homage. The rich must be his companions, and what are called first-class families the only ones he now consents to know. Let him take his family and make the tour of Europe, and the probability is that they will all come back full-blown fools. Another will launch out into extravagant expenditure and parade, playing the game of "the spread eagle," and wasting vast sums to his own damage. Still another will encase himself in cold and selfish avarice, and become the meaner man just in proportion as he becomes the richer. To make money, to make it lawfully, to spend it lawfully, and at all times preserve the even balance of a good conscience and good sense, is no moderate attainment. Here and there one fills up this outline; yet the great majority of men fail to do so.

The *extent* of the evil springing from the sinful and selfish love of money an apostle characterizes by saying that "the love of money is the root of all evil." We cannot suppose that he means that *all* the wrongs of earth have their seat in this single passion. The statement would not be true upon so rigid a construction of the language. It is, however, true that a vast horde of evils, having various kinds and degrees of enormity, comes from the love of money; and, because this is the fact, we may say in general terms that "the love of money is the root of all evil," subjecting the statement to the qualifications and limitations established by experience. This is what Paul means to say.

Thus understanding his language, we cannot doubt a moment as to its truth. Facts settle this point beyond all debate. If we could bring before our minds in one collected vision all the evils which have deluged our world as the natural fruits of the monetary passion; all the wrongs connected with the methods of acquisition, and all those which have marked the manner of use; all the demoralizations of character which this passion has wrought; all the temptations it has supplied; all the frauds, pilferings, peculations, robberies, and even murders which it has inspired; all the acts of meanness, oppression, and injustice to which it has given birth; all the lies which it has led men to tell, and all the deceptions which they have practiced under its influence; all the crimes against civil law which are due to this single cause; all the misunderstandings and quarrelings between men that here have their basis; all the types of misery with which it has cursed our world; all the persons whom it has ruined in time, and consigned to a burning hell in eternity—yes, if we could thus set the whole assemblage before the eye of thought, we should not be disposed to criticise Paul for saying that "the love of money is the root of all evil." This

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passion, unrestrained and unregulated by moral law, is one of those foundation vices on which millions of others build, in the end rearing the most appalling structures of human depravity. It may seem singular that what men must have, and may lawfully desire and acquire, should, nevertheless, be the theater of such enormous evils; yet such is the case, as a bitter experience amply proves. If we want evidence of the depravity of man, we need only to read his history in connection with money and that which it represents, and we shall have this evidence in the most startling forms.

The transfers of property from one ownership to another, on the basis of a just exchange of equivalents, constitute the transactions of legitimate business. A has what B wants, and B has what A wants; and they agree to make an exchange of values. A gives and B takes, and B gives and A takes; it may be to their mutual advantage. Neither does any injury to the other. Their relations are those of friends, and their service mutual. The volume of business thus done is simply the measure of the activity, industry, and thrift of the people. Each, in the honest pursuit of his own interest, holds such a relation to the common good that all are served. The monetary ticket which society has agreed to honor to the full extent of its representative value passes from hand to hand as the common blessing and convenience of all. This is business, this is trade, this is buying and selling, under the government of the moral rule. All violations of this rule belong to the category of those evils which have their source in the sinful and selfish love of money.

Measuring the facts of life by this standard, and thus ascertaining the amount of actual dishonesty that is current among men, we are compelled to draw up a most fearful indictment against the human race. The contest between the *meum* and the *tuum*, in the ten thousand forms of *cheating* to which it leads—to say nothing of the stealing and robberies of earth—presents a sad contrast between the theoretical right and the practical wrong. He who desires what another has, and seeks it without being willing to return a fair equivalent for it, may write himself down a KNAVE. He who has received from another a value for which he has promised to make an adequate return, and who refuses to keep this promise in its true intent and meaning, may do the same thing. The inordinate love of money is the passion for which both alike sacrifice their honor and their honesty. Alas! that human society should be so largely a mere scene of financial gladiatorship between contending villains! The gospel of absolute HONESTY, if universally practiced, would work a wonderful revolution among men.

DEACON MINTURN'S TESTIMONY.

THE little hamlet of Hambleton, at the time of my story, was too far removed from railroads and business centers to have its primitive character endangered in the slightest degree. It was famous for eccentric old maids and fat tabby cats, and well-rooted prejudices and traditions. Hambleton could not have continued without its gang of loafers and loungers about the store-steps and on the stoop of the old red tavern. The houses straggled along through Hambleton street like a marching regiment of raw recruits. The Squire's mansion seemed to bully its humbler neighbors. It was tall and obtrusive, with a fan-light over the front-door, and a coat of white paint that fried in blisters in the hot July days.

The picket-fence, through which currant bushes were straggling, had lost a slat here and there, where the hens crept out into the road. Bunchy lilac bushes and a small thicket of unpruned cinnamon-rose vines grew by the parlor windows, that looked as if they were but seldom lifted for light and air. Tufts of grass were struggling up between the planks of the walk that led to the door-step, where the blue-eyed star of Bethlehem and great clusters of white and purple phlox and knots of striped grass were growing.

Across the road was Squire Opdyke's tannery, with a glimpse of vats and hides in the rear, and a barky smell coming up from the brown yard and diffusing itself along the road.

The Squire was on the school-board, besides being path-master of the district and occupying the position of the rich man of Hambleton. He was tall and portly, with an air of square-toed importance; and he wore a dangling watch-chain and seals, which Hambleton considered aristocratic. His face was red, and his under lip had a disagreeable way of thrusting itself out to indicate ill-humor.

Next to the store, where white dimity curtains were fluttering in the windows, over some odd pots of balsams and pansies, lived the Miss Peabodys. There was a joke among the lads and loungers that they would dry and shrivel up, until some day they would blow away. But Hambleton could not spare them. They gave the village life part of its distinctive flavor. Sophrony was a tailoress; and Ann took in little jobs of fine sewing, which she did beautifully, without pouces.

On a little knoll flanking the village street stood Deacon Minturn's house. It seemed to have been placed wrong end foremost; and the small, bulbous porch looked as if it had been tacked on by accident beyond the true middle of the house. The house was yellow—a good, substantial, cheap color for Hambleton. The pictorial shades at the windows had astonishing dwellings and landscapes depicted upon them. There was a long, narrow front-yard, with a clump of locust-trees at the gate, and a little footpath winding and trickling through the grass and clover to the porch. The Deacon had just burnt off the worm-nests from his young apple-trees and choice grafts that stood about. Over one end of the house ran a honeysuckle and rose-vine, twined together like a pair of loving sisters clasped in each other's arms. Hints of sothernwood, caraway, sage, and lavender came up from the lower garden, where holyhocks were ranged against the gooseberry bushes.

The Deacon's wife had just pulled up the shade at her little corner window, and was looking through her glasses down the street.

"Deacon, there goes Squire Opdyke out of his gate. I should just like to know what he's got in his hand. He looks pretty smart in his store clothes; but I wouldn't have that man's heart. He's clost enough in the house, and poor Horace has to stay under the harrer. Melissa was here last night, and she had a good talk and cry. I do believe the Squire means to bear down on Silas Binkley about that mortgage. Its the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches, Deacon. You know how hard it is for a rich man to get into the Kingdom; and you ought to go and talk to him as a Christian, and tell him he's in the gall of bitterness."

"How do we know his temptations, Crissy? You and me never was rich. We might have gone astry, if we had been; and it don't do to sit in judgment." The Deacon looked up, with his mild, childlike expression. His teeth were nearly all gone. The white hair hung round his face, which was singularly soft and unwrinkled, and his pale blue eyes looked out of a huge pair of silver-bowed spectacles. He was robed in a long dressing-gown of striped calico, fastened about the waist with a stout band.

He was naturally tall and large of bone, with a slight bend in the shoulders. His support when he walked was a thick, knobby stick, worn smooth about the head; or an expansive, old-fashioned, blue-cotton umbrella, very baggy in appearance. Both of these articles were now reposing in the corner; above which, on its accustomed peg, hung the Deacon's broad-brim, going up in a sugar-loaf, with a convenient watershed. The room was odd and cornering. Everything in the house seemed to run off into passages and angular cupboards. There were many outside doors; and this one stood wide ope.. filling the little apartment with light and air. The short grass and white clover blooms of the side-yard grew close up to the broad, flat door-stone. There was a sleek brindle cow tethered not far off; and you could hear her teeth nipping the juicy blades, while the dame's "bantya" ran about and peeped in the chickweed. The sprays of a sweet-brier bush touched the window-pane. A great slow-moving clock stood in the corner, with its case stuffed with papers. A comfortable tabby cat, with paws and tail extended, lay on a mat at the door. There was a shelf of the Deacon's contriving, with a ring of peonies and curdy snowballs upon it. Most of the rooms in the house went up or down a step; and through a little vista could be seen the spare bedroom, with its mountainous feather-bed, covered with a blue-and-white counterpane.

The Deacon sat writing now at a queer little table, draped with an oil-cloth spread. His big-ended fingers closed rather clumsily over the long quill-pen, and his mouth worked as he painfully constructed his letters; for pot-hooks and hangers did not come to him by nature. The sunshine stole through the sweet-brier bush, and touched his white head, and went flickering and wavering off into the dim, peaceful rooms beyond.

"There, Crissy," said the Deacon, raising his head, "I've done my verses; and I hope Melissa will be pleased. I promised to compose some lines for her a good while ago; but the feet pestered me, and I had a deal of bother with the meter."

"You don't tell me verses go on feet!" said the dame, turning on him a pair of twinkling eyes from a face that was sharper and more eager than his own.

"You'll see how it is; this ought to be seven-by-nine poetry. I have a great notion for seven-by-nine. Now listen." And he read, in a somewhat cracked and quavering voice, the following stanza:

> "Melissa B. in Hambleton doth dwell,
> A likely youth, as I know well.
> Her carriage chaste, her manners mild.
> She formed her character when she was a child."

"You see there are too many feet, Crissy, and I had to use a poetic license."

"So you have to take out a license to write poetry!" put in the dame, settling her cap and smoothing down her apron. "Laws a massy, Deacon, you didn't use to make verses for the girls when we was young. There was something else to think of then. We had to dig and slave on the old farm from morning till night. There wasn't much poetry about that, was there, Deacon? It's only since you got easy, and have had nothing to do in your old age, that you've took to spinning verses."

"I don't know about that," returned the Deacon, seriously. "Somewhere in the till of my desk there's an acrostic I wrote on your name—Crissy Badger—before we was married. The paper is as yellow as saffron, and tender in the creases; but I mind there's something about ringlets and rosy cheeks. Think of that, Crissy; you had rosy cheeks, and there wasn't a tidier stepping girl in the Short Meadows. Not that you have changed so much to my eyes, Crissy; but that was nigh on to five and forty year ago."

"Fy, Deacon! you must be getting childish," said the old wife, softly, with the light coming into her dim eyes, and something like a glow brightening her brown, withered cheek.

"No, no, Crissy. But I'm sure, if I had had eddycation—book knowledge—I might have made a poet."

"Book larnin' is all well enough in its way," returned the old lady; "but it won't stand folks instead of gumption. There goes Hi Bates, nippin' and tuckin' across the road. He's had plenty of schoolin'—been to the academy at Brockway two terms, they say; but he'll never be anything but the ninth part of a man."

"He was born crooked," replied the Deacon, putting his papers away in an old atlas, where he kept them; "and I guess the Lord takes notice of the way folks was born."

"For my part, I wouldn't give up that blessed doctrine of election," broke in the dame, feeling that perhaps a dangerous theological idea had been broached. "It's such a comfort! The neighbors do whisper it about, Deacon, that you're a little too easy with sinners. They say you'd better be looking after them that's backslid, instead of puttering around the girls and playing with the children."

"It's the sap in the old tree-trunk that makes the new blows every spring. I have a notion that the sap is always young," said the Deacon, evasively; "and so it is with me. I can't help being fond of young folks. You know, Crissy, when you and me started there on the old place, we thought we should have some of our own growing up around us; but the Lord willed otherwise. I'm too ignorant and blind to understand all the deep and hidden things in the Bible; but I know what it means when it says, 'Unless you become as a little child you cannot enter the Kingdom.' There, now," he continued, folding his best copy of the verses, "I'll just happen over to neighbor Binkley's. And I must take Ned his pop-gun; and light a candle, and go down cellar, to see if I can hunt out a few of them late russets for little Sally. If not, I'll put a handful of nuts in my pocket, and make out the treat with a copper. I never did disappoint a child, and it would lie heavy on my conscience to begin now."

"Do come here, Deacon, and see what that mess of men is doing down by the tavern steps. There is Columbus Grimes, swinging his arms and pumping the air. I do hope there ain't agoing to be a fuss. Hambleton is a kind of sink-hole, anybody knows. There's a great deal of bad talk; but they don't often come to blows. 'Spose you just step over, Deacon, and see what it's all about; and then you can let me know on your way back. And, while the pot-cheese is dreening, I'll run over to Saphrony Peabody's; for I know she'll be in a twitter to hear what's going on."

The deacon planted his hat firmly upon his head; and, with his knobby stick in his hand and the off skirt of his long dressing-gown floating in the wind, set off down the little hill upon which his house stood. The old red stage from Brockway, with its creaky springs and flapping leathern curtains, had just driven up to the tavern steps. The driver was unhooking the check-rein of the leaders and preparing to give them a long pull at the watering-trough. One seedy old passenger, with a red nose, and a very small bundle tied up in a checked pocket-handkerchief had alighted from the top of the stage, and was inquiring his way to Rickett's Hill. Hambleton folks looked down on Rickett's Hill, and despised Burnt Hollow almost equally as much. Columbus Grimes stood with one foot on the crazy old railing that ran round the tavern stoop, swinging his long arms, and exercising what is known in the country as the "gift of gab."

"We've disgusted the subject," said he, being not too discriminating in the use of words. "The Holler folks are so far behind the times, they needn't be afraid of the Day of Judgment. They're so slow they won't get there, sir. No, sir. The show'll be all over. I'll bet any man five to one that Hambleton deestrict can spell down the Holler folks, and lay 'em out stiff. The Holler may begin pretty smart, but it'll peter out."

"I'll take the bet," responded Hi Bates. He was a somewhat stunted youth, with a pimply complexion and a bad, tobacco-laden breath. There was a certain elevation of the nose and appearance of swagger about him, that gave one the impression that the pimply state had extended to his moral nature. "You see," he continued, "my folks live half way between Hambleton and the Holler; and I don't care a durned which beats, only I go in for sport."

"Then the match shall come off here in Hambleton school-house, Friday night, to begin at early candle-lighting."

The Deacon turned back just as the stage wheeled round in front of the store and post-office, to get the lean mail-bag His wife came down to the gate to meet him.

"They're going to have a spelling match with the folks down to the Holler," said the Deacon, leaning on his staff.

"Then Melissa must come over," returned the dame; "for she's the best speller in the township."

"Melissa's smart enough," said the Deacon, slowly; "but I don't feel easy about her. Things are pretty bad with Silas Binkley. They will levy an execution on some of his property if he don't get help soon; and I can't see where its coming from. The Squire has set his face like a flint. Melissa has got the making of a blessed good woman in her; but, if she don't marry Horace, she'll be like that old cherry-tree down there in the road by the gate in spring-time—anybody can come along and pick the blows. I shouldn't wonder if she took up with Hi Bates."

"Hi Bates!" repeated the dame, scornfully; "she wouldn't have him if he was made of diamonds. But, as you are a Christian man, let alone your being a deacon, you ought to speak to the Squire, and tell him he's going down the broad way to destruction."

The Deacon hemmed, and turned with his face toward the shady road, patched here and there with sunshine. "I shan't see Silas Binkley ruined," said he, slowly, "without speaking my mind; and, if the Square shows a still neck and a haughty stomach, I shan't keep back my testimony against him."

The old man's path lay along the pleasant, deeply-fruited orchard, where in leafy shadows pearmains, russets, and golden pippins were gathering their juices. The rank timothy and beautiful pink clover nodded and danced and waved over the old stone-wall, where wild clematis and brier-bushes were running riot. The Deacon looked lovingly at the gnarled gray limbs of his apple-trees, for most of them he had planted and grafted with his own hands; and all winter long the children of the country-side were feasted from his generous bins. Beyond the orchard stretched a dense piece of wood, that sent its army of plumed ferns out to the unfenced wagon-track Wild geraniums and dog-toothed violets nodded by decaying stumps. All the wild flowers of the district blossomed under that green tent, and Melissa knew them all. "There never was such a hand for posies," the Deacon's wife said. There in its season was the pink azalea and wild spirea, the shad-bush and cornel flower, the painted cup and pyrola, May apples, the gentian and cardinal flower. There were many-hued velvet mosses, the pretty ground-pine and partridge berry. The sassafras tree sent its pungent perfume to the passer-by. Pepper root and wild artichokes tempted the steps of barefoot boys; and here and there a brown, moist cowpath turned in and was lost among the green undergrowth.

The timber terminated abruptly where the ground began to fall, and just beyond stood the old Binkley farm-house. It was gray with age and bearded with mosses along the ridge-pole. The shaft of a great chimney-stack pierced the center, and the little blinking window-panes looked over a pleasant, secluded valley-reach, with checkered farms and bright islands of verdure. The old Binkley grandmother, who was rising of ninety, stood every fine morning in the "fore-door," to watch the long, slant beams of the rising sun fall on the little family burying-ground, where so many of her kin lay buried. Silas Binkley thought he could bear anything but "to see mother go away from the old place."

As the Deacon paced along in the shadow of the woods, he took off his hat and let the breeze play in among his white locks, while he composed an acrostic and lined off aloud, as was his custom when alone, the verses that went somewhat haltingly in spite of their superfluity of feet. He was engaged in this way when a young girl came walking rapidly along the road toward him. She was a little above the medium hight, with a well-developed waist, and finely-formed hands, that showed marks of toil. There was a mass of dark hair—straight and glossy, and long enough to sit on, folks said—coiled about her head. She stood erect, which is not common with country girls. Her skin was of a fine brown tint, and her large dark-blue eyes were veiled by long lashes. There was as much character as beauty in her face.

"Oh, Deacon Minturn," cried Melissa, for it was she, with a look of distress. "I'm so glad to see you; for there's such trouble at home. I ran away to the woods, just for a moment, to think what can be done. A man was over with a bill from Brockway this morning, threatening to sue father. He stopped his horse in the middle of the road, and swung his arms, and swore so loud that mother was frightened and ran out of the house. Father came in as white as a sheet, and took some of the interest money he'd been saving out of the till of his desk. Now he says the Squire will foreclose, and we shall all be turned adrift. Mother was crying when I came away; and grandmother was trotting about, saying she must get down her red chest and pack her things, and not be a burden on us any longer. She must go and live with Uncle Joel. Poor old soul! she's so childish she don't remember that Uncle Joel died more than five years ago."

The tears rushed into Melissa's dark eyes, and, her Shaker sun-bonnet falling back, the Deacon laid his kind old hand on her head and tried to comfort her. Just at that moment the sound of rapid, light wheels broke the stillness of the woods. O, there's Hi Bates, in his sulky," said Melissa, hurriedly. "He's the last person in the world I want to see." And with that she seized the old man by the hand and together they disappeared in the shadow of the trees.

The night for the spelling match had come, and Hambleton was in quite a ferment of excitement. It required a pebble no larger than this to make its little dull pool vibrate with interest. Before dark buggies and single wagons began to drive up quite briskly in front of the tavern. Young men had come over with their "girls," and even the old folks did not scorn to turn out. When the tallow candles began to twinkle in the windows of the old stone school-house, the merchant locked his store-door; and Dr. Higby, a jolly, round, good-natured little man, in shiney highlows, came across the road; and Sophrony Peabody put aside her goose and pressboard for an hour's amusement. "The Hollerites are turning out strong," said Columbus Grimes; "but we'll give 'em fits."

The Doctor nodded and winked in reply, to show he was of the same mind, and passed in just in time to be named one of the two who should choose sides. Down the middle aisle of the school-house extended a dreary length of stove-pipe, attached to an old, rusty box-stove, that maintained its position summer and winter. On either side the benches and desks, hacked by many generations of Hambleton urchins, rose up in successive tiers. Hi Bates was hanging around the door, with a very bad cigar in his mouth, when Melissa Binkley came up. She was dressed in a light cotton frock, with a bunch of pink rose-buds in her belt. Hi withdrew his cigar, and, stepping up to her, said, in rather a low voice:

"Melissa, may I keep you company home this evening?"

"No, I thank you," returned Melissa, looking straight before her and brushing quickly past him.

"Gosh! She shall pay for her uppishness," muttered Hi, under his breath.

"I choose Melissa Binkley," cried the Doctor.

So Melissa went and took her place on the Hambleton side. By this time both districts had got their "crack" spellers ranged in opposite rows. The village school-master began giving out the words; and the rivalry was as genuine and honest as that which an old-fashioned spelling-school generally elicits. Most of the young fry on both sides gave in before reaching polysyllables. Columbus Grimes said he wasn't acquainted with Polly, and so was content to sit down. Dr. Higby did the same; but a few old veterans of the class called by country-folks "natural spellers" still held their own with remarkable tenacity. They had, however, in the end, to yield to the educated spellers; and chief among these was Melissa Binkley. The schoolmaster was puzzling them now on regular "jaw-breakers." There were five up on the Burnt Hollow and only three besides Melissa on the Hambleton side; but she was a host in herself. A word was given out, and two of her opponents bit the dust.

"I'll bet on Meliss," whispered Columbus to the Doctor, in high glee. "Burnt Holler is a gone coon."

Young Bates was still hanging about the door, with a string of rather disreputable youths from Burnt Hollow. The "Holler," as it was called, had a reputation for rowdyism; and these were the incipient loafers such a place is always breeding up. Only two against Melissa now, and they were sure to go down. She was standing firm and erect, with a triumphant gleam in her eye.

"Boys," whispered Hi Bates, "Melissa Binkley is going to beat. I don't want to lose my bet for that girl. She's as mean as pusley. 'Spose you go and let fly a few stones at the windows."

A moment later, and there came the crash and sharp splintering of glass. The lights were put out, amid cries and confusion. Fortunately, nobody was hurt, although Sophrony Peabody said, when she got home, that "her bonnet looked for all the world as if somebody had sot on it." The school-house was cleared in a few minutes, and for a month to come Hambleton had an absorbing topic of interest.

Squire Opdyke, on the whole, had passed a particularly bad day; and his temper, not to be relied on at any time, had kept his timid little wife, who looked as if all the color had been washed out of her face and eyes, in a constant state of worry. In the first place, Old Binkley, as he called him, had come over to ask for a short extension of time; and, his request having been denied in a particularly harsh and forbidding manner, he had gone back home, with his lean shoulders bent lower and his scanty iron-gray locks dangling against the collar of his unbleached shirt—gone with a kind of hopeless patience, and thinking how he had worked and dug all his life, and it had come to nothing but ruin and loss.

Soon after he went away, Horace Opdyke opened the door of his father's little office at the end of the tannery. He was in his work-day clothes; but there was a look of determination in his face which showed that he had come on no pleasant errand. A year before, Horace had attained his majority. He had worked out his time at home without complaint, and afterward had agreed to remain on for wages; but the bulk of the wages had been kept back, and now he had come to demand a settlement of his father.

The demand was reasonable, but the old Squire did not meet it in the same spirit. Horace was in some respects a chip of the old block. He had energy and business tact. He was useful in the tannery, and there were other reasons why the old man wished to keep him under his thumb for a year or two longer. But Horace was a man now, and he meant henceforth to be his own master. It was impossible to avoid high words. Poor little Mrs. Opdyke was listening in fear and trembling outside on the step. She could remember the time when the old Squire, in his anger, used to whip Horace dreadfully to break his will. But the boy's will never was broken. He remained proud and obstinate, and opposition brought these qualities to the surface. She heard him threaten his father with the law unless the debt was paid; and at last the old man, in very shame, drew a note, to avoid public scandal.

"I am going away from home, sir," Horace said, as he opened the door and stood holding the knob in his hand, with a white, set look in his face. "I've done my last day's work here."

His mother was sobbing now, and she got hold of him in the passage. "You don't mean what you say, Horace."

"Yes, I do, mother. I'm a man, and I shall strike out in the world for myself. I didn't ask for anything but what I've earned; but I've been ground down long enough. Don't cry, mother; you shall hear from me. I'll make my way, never fear. Now I must go and pack my trunk. The stage-driver will call for it to-morrow morning."

She clung around him and plead with him, but all in vain. He took off his overalls, washed, and put on his best suit of black. The last moment was bitter; but still his face was set like a flint toward the great world, that seemed warmer and kindlier to him than his father's house.

After Horace's departure, there was no living with the old Squire. The younger children crept away out of sight and hearing; and the weak, broken-spirited little wife was left to bear the brunt of his anger.

"The miserable whelp!" he muttered, striding up and down the sitting-room floor, and swinging his arms. "It all comes from his sneaking after that Binkley girl. He's gone to Old Binkley's, and he may stay there till he starves; for I won't let up on the mortgage if he comes crawling back on his hands and knees."

But Horace did not come crawling back; and before the Squire had had time to cool down he heard of the disturbance at the school-house, and it only added fuel to the flame. It would cost the district at least ten dollars, in glass and putty, to repair the damage; and be determined, in his official character, to discover the offenders and make an example of them. "That Binkley girl was there," he thought to himself; and I dare say Horace was hanging around somewhere, making a fool of himself. It occurred to him that, if he could get the Binkley girl up before him in the character of a witness, he might throw some light on Horace's plans and movements. He might mortify, embarrass, and cower the Binkley girl, which would in itself afford a keen satisfaction.

It was a bright, sparkling morning—warm in the sun, but deliciously cool in the shade of trees. Pleasant sights and sounds came up from the teeming earth. Glimpses of waving grain and sunny waters and fields, pied with daisies and buttercups; and wafts of piney smells from the woods stole in at the window of Grandmother Binkley's room, where Melissa was setting the homely furniture to rights. Pretty soon there came the grinding of buggy-wheels before the house; and Dr. Higby's gray mare, with a dainty little net on her head, began pulling away at the boughs of the big maple.

"Hallo, there! Any of the folks at home?"

Melissa put her head out of the window, with a handkerchief twisted round it not unpicturesquely.

"What's wanted, Doctor?"

"You're wanted. Squire Opdyke is going to examine some witnesses about the shindy at the school-house, and he says you must appear. So rig up as quick as you can, and I'll take you over in my buggy. Don't stand all day prinking before the glass. There, whoa!"

An amused look crossed Melissa's face as she went away to dress, and a mischievous little gleam danced in the corner of her eye. She thought she knew what she was about to undergo; and the truth was that Melissa was one of the few persons in and about Hambleton who was not afraid of the old Squire. The Doctor let his mare go a good round trot, and in less than fifteen minutes after leaving the farm-house Melissa was alighting by the store, where, in an upper room used for such purposes, the examination was taking place.

"Keep your courage up, Melissa," said Columbus Grimes, as he came forward to help her out of the buggy. "There was everything fair and square on our side. Don't let the Squire browbeat you. I'll bet you'll give him a wipe, if he comes that game."

The peculiarity of Columbus's mind was that he was willing to bet any hour in the day, and had an unlimited talent for standing round and ejecting tobacco-juice between his teeth.

The Squire was sitting behind a table, with as much magisterial dignity as he could command in an apartment impregnated with the smell of codfish and kerosene oil. One or two Burnt Hollowites had been called up to testify; but little, it appeared, had been elicited. Hi Bates, at an early hour in the morning, had taken himself off in his sulky to attend the camp-meeting at Stockburn. The Squire's face was red and his under lip was pushed out, betokening a variable state of temper. A dozen loungers and loafers had strung in behind Melissa, from idle curiosity. There were some preliminaries to be gone through with; and then she stood modestly and firmly in her place, meeting the sharp looks he gave her with a clear and steady glance.

"Now, you know the nature of an oath," said the Squire. "Answer me, did you attend the spelling-school, last night?" "I did." "How did you go there?" "On foot." "Who went home with you?" "I don't like to tell," returned Melissa, shrinking back and dropping her eyes. "You shall tell, or I'll commit you for contempt," cried the Squire, his face quite purple with rage. "But it's so mortifying," faltered Melissa. "I expect it is; but for all that you shall tell," and he brought his big fist down on the table with a thump. "I don't see what it has got to do with the disturbance." "Don't stand there arguing with me, young woman; it isn't safe." "Well, then, if I must," rejoined Melissa, very reluctantly, "why, I—went home alone."

A titter ran round the room; and the justice, with an irritating consciousness of having made himself ridiculous, after a few more useless questions, was obliged to dismiss the witness. The joke soon crept down to the bar-room and the tavern stoop. The stage had just come in; and where he sat he could hear Bill Granger's horse-laugh, which was not calculated to salve his feelings. He knew he was not popular among his neighbors. They were all glad to have him discomforted. But one thing had come to light calculated to soothe his wounded vanity. It was clear that Horace was not hanging round Binkley's. He had probably backed out of the scrape just in time; and the old man should pay for his girl's impudence.

After that the Squire began to feel easier about Horace. He reasoned it out, quite to his own satisfaction, that no one belonging to the old Opdyke stock—and Horace was a clear Opdyke—would ruin all his prospects in life by marrying a girl like Melissa Binkley. Let him stay away a year, until this folly had blown over; and then his boy might come back, and he would do well by him.

The beautiful weather continued; and the next afternoon, when light breezes were ruffling the foliage along the brook-side, Deacon Minturn stepped out of the door of his little yellow house, dressed in his Sunday clothes, and wended his way across the street to Squire Opdyke's office.

"I wish you'd step over to my house," said the Deacon, putting his head in at the door.

The Squire complied without asking questions; for it occurred to him at once that Horace had come back, and had engaged the old Deacon to intercede for him, as he was the general peacemaker of the neighborhood. They walked back without exchanging many words; and, as he passed the little sitting-room window, the Squire gave a quick glance through the sweet-brier bush, and there was Horace bending over Melissa Binkley.

"What does this mean?" cried he, white and quivering with anger. But the Deacon was gently pushing him over the threshold, and saying at the same moment:

"This is Melissa Opdyke, Horace's wife. They were married last night."

"You've caught me in an infernal net, Deacon Minturn; and, if it wasn't for your white head, I'd have satisfaction." And he raised his hand.

"Don't threaten," returned the old man, mildly. "Sit down, and let us talk the matter over before the report spreads. I shall do what I can for Melissa; for she's like my own, and there's never been a likelier girl raised in Hambleton. I let Horace have the money on your note, and he went to Brockway and got a license. Now about Silas Binkley's mortgage." The Squire had turned his back, but was quivering with suppressed rage. "Let me talk," continued the Deacon. "I'm slow, and I can't express myself as if I'd had eddication. But that don't signify. You mean to run for office next election; and it won't sound well to get abroad that you're cast off your son and made a beggar of his wife's father. You mind the speech o' people, Squire; and stories will fly all over the county."

"Let him take it!" cried the Squire, bringing down his arm. "Let him take the mortgage. It's the last cent of mine he ever handles. I'll throw it to the dogs first. He needn't come whining round me. Let him clear out, and take his wife with him. She shan't darken my door."

"I wouldn't take a cent for myself, if I was starving," said Horace, his lips growing white. It was the first time he had spoken, and he put his arm around Melissa. "The mortgage money shall be paid back some day, if I live; and don't be afraid that my wife will trouble you. I can take care of her."

"O, Horace, speak a kind word to him. Don't part in anger," whispered Melissa. But Horace sat stiff and rigid.

"You have played a pretty part," said the Squire, turning to the old Deacon, with a bitter sneer. "You had better fuss away at your poetry, and let your neighbor's business alone. A fine deacon of the church! What does the Bible say about children's obeying their parents?"

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord; not in Satan," put in the Deacon's wife.

"Hush, Crissy," said the old man. "Bear with me. I must say a word. I don't often feel a call to exhort and tell folks of their sins; but God forgive me, Squire Opdyke, if I do you wrong. You're a hard man—hard in your family. No man has a right to make his wife and children miserable, and then quote Scripture to uphold him. You oppress your neighbors and grind the faces of the poor; 'but what does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' I had to give my testimony against you, and I shall suffer if I've said one word amiss."

The Squire turned and walked out of the house. Three years passed away; and Horace, in a Western town, had succeeded beyond the expectations of many. He was thriving and prospering. There had been changes in Hambleton. The old Squire was bent and gray. He looked older by half a score of years. One of his boys had been accidentally drowned in a mill-race; and after that the little, weak, timid mother began to fade away. Folks whispered about that it was a judgment on the old man, and it was known that Horace and Melissa had written home to heal the breach.

One mild day in October, when the golden pippins were hanging on the old man's orchard-boughs, and the Deacon, whiter of brow, but unwrinkled and bland as ever, sat by the table in his little sunny room composing some lines to Melissa's baby girl, a shadow fell across the paper, and Squire Opdyke entered.

"Deacon," said he, in a tremulous voice, "I've been writing to Horace and Melissa to come and make me a visit. I'm a changed man, for your testimony has been hanging like a mill-stone around my neck for three years."

The old man could not speak, but he reached over and grasped his neighbor's hand.

RISE AND FALL OF THE SLAVE POWER IN AMERICA.*

BY HON. HENRY WILSON.

No. XXI.

THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

WHILE the doctrine of immediate emancipation, proclaimed with so much earnestness and boldness by *The Liberator*, startled and incensed the many, it was welcomed and gladly accepted by a few. Adopting such sentiments, they naturally looked to association and co-operative action. Accordingly, on the 13th of November, 1831, fifteen persons met at the office of Samuel E. Sewall, then a rising young lawyer of Boston, to consider the expediency of forming an anti-slavery society. It was the understanding that, if twelve persons were found who would agree on the basis of immediate emancipation, such a society should be formed. As only nine of that number would thus agree, no action was taken.

On the 16th of December, another conference was held at Mr. Sewall's office. There were present Samuel E. Sewall, Ellis Gray Loring, David Lee Child, lawyers of that city; William Lloyd Garrison, editor, and Isaac Knapp, publisher of *The Liberator*; Oliver Johnson, Robert B. Hall, Isaac Child, John Cutts Smith, and Joshua Coffin. Mr. Child, Mr. Sewall, Mr. Garrison, Mr. Loring, and Mr. Johnson were appointed a committee to prepare a constitution. The meeting was then adjourned till the first day of January, 1832, at which time there was an additional attendance of Alonzo Lewis, known as the Lyme Bard, William J. Snelling, Dr. Abner Phelps, Rev. Elijah Blanchard, and Dr. Gamaliel Bradford. The committee reported a preamble and constitution. After discussion, the constitution was adopted, and the preamble referred to another committee, to report at an adjourned meeting, to be held on the 6th, in the schoolroom under the African Baptist church, in Belknap street.

At that meeting the preamble, which was written by Mr. Snelling, was reported; and, after discussion and amendment, adopted. The constitution was then signed by William Lloyd Garrison, Oliver Johnson, Robert B. Hall, Arnold Buffum, William J. Snelling, Ellis Gray Loring, Moses Thacher, Joshua Coffin, Stillman B. Newcomb, Benjamin C. Bacon, Isaac Knapp, and Henry K. Stockton. There were in the conferences which preceded the formation of the society differences of opinion in regard to its name, principles, and policy. David Lee Child, Samuel E. Sewall, and Ellis Gray Loring, members of the committee to prepare the preamble and constitution, at first declined to identify themselves with the movement, as they did not fully concur in the expediency of putting forth at that time and in that form all the sentiments contained in the preamble. But after a brief period they became members of the society, and gave to the anti-slavery cause the earnest and life-long devotion of their large abilities and influence. Among the earliest to join the new society was the venerable John Kinnick, of Newton, who had been for many years an earnest and active abolitionist. He was subsequently made president, and in his will left the society the first legacy it received. Several colored men soon became members, though at that early period no women joined its ranks.

Its officers consisted of a president, two vice-presidents, a corresponding secretary, a recording secretary, treasurer, and a board of counselors consisting of six members. Arnold Buffum, a member of the Society of Friends, was made president. His father was a member of the old Abolition Society of Rhode Island, and he was nurtured in the faith of immediate emancipation. Seven years before, he had visited England, and made the acquaintance of Thomas Clarkson and other eminent anti-slavery men and women of that kingdom. He brought to its service faith, earnestness, and devotion. William Lloyd Garrison, whose name is more prominently identified with modern anti-slavery than that of any other individual, was made corresponding secretary. On the board of counselors were Moses Thacher, Oliver Johnson and Robert B. Hall. Mr. Thacher was a clergyman, and somewhat distinguished for his earnest advocacy of the theology of Dr. Emmons, and also for his hostility to the institution of Free Masonry. He was the author of the first address put forth by the society, and continued till the close of the struggle an effective laborer in the cause of emancipation. Mr. Johnson was a young man, intending to enter the ministry. He however early identified himself with the anti-slavery cause, and became a practical and efficient worker, sometimes as a lecturer, but more extensively as an editor. When the society was organized, he was the conductor of *The Christian Soldier*, which he made at once a champion of the cause. During Mr. Garrison's visit to England, in 1833, he had charge of *The Liberator*, and at different times subsequently he was an assistant editor. Afterward he was connected for several years with the New York *Tribune*, and subsequently at successive periods editor of the *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, and the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, each of them a radical anti-slavery journal. He labored in these different fields with tireless persistency for the emancipation and enfranchisement of the negro race. Mr. Hall entertured upon the work with much activity, but his subsequent career hardly came up to his early promise. He became a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and from that or some other cause he lost something of his early zeal; though as a member of the Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth Congresses his votes were steadily on the side of freedom.

In the preamble the declaration was made that every person of full age and sane mind had a right to immediate freedom from personal bondage; that man could not, consistently with reason, religion, and the eternal and immutable principles of justice, be the property of man; that whoever retained his fellow-man in bondage was guilty of a grievous wrong; that difference of complexion was no reason why man should be deprived of his natural rights, or subjected to any political disability. "While we advance these opinions," so read the preamble, "as principles on which we intend to act, we declare that we will not operate on the existing relations of society by other than peaceful and lawful means, and that we will give no countenance to violence or insurrection." Its second article declared "that the objects of the society shall be to endeavor, by all means sanctioned by law, humanity, and religion, to effect the abolition of slavery in the United States, to improve the character and condition of free people of color, to inform and correct public opinion in relation to their situation and rights, and to obtain for them equal political rights and privileges with the whites."

The New England Anti-Slavery Society, beginning its career with the promulgation of the doctrine that immediate emancipation was the duty of the master and the right of the slave, held its first public meeting in Essex-street church, in Boston, on the 29th of January, when a very able address was delivered by the Rev. Moses Thacher, then editor of the Boston *Telegraph*, a Hopkinsian journal of that city. Other public addresses were made. Arnold Buffum and Oliver Johnson were appointed agents, and subsequently did much to arouse public attention by their labors. Eminent philanthropists, in the United States and England, were early chosen honorary members, and the society entered at once upon its work. It issued an address to the people, and voted that, with a copy of the Constitution, it be sent to all the editors and clergymen of New England. This address, from the pen of Mr. Thacher, chairman of the board of counselors, was very significant of the spirit and purpose of the abolitionists at that time, and that instead of violent they counseled only moral means. He declared the object of the society to be "neither war nor sedition"; that the only influence it could exert must be that of "moral suasion," not "coercion"; that in the truth and the God of truth alone we trust for the success of our exertions; and with the truth and in the name of the God of truth we plead for the cause of humanity." The address asserted that the "fundamental principle upon which our Constitution is based is our Saviour's Golden Rule: '*All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.*' Hence the grand articles in our creed: that 'God hath made of *one blood* all the nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth'; 'that all men are created equal'; that 'they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and that among them are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'"

The address also declared that the whole American people ought to be an anti-slavery society; that the spirit of civil and religious liberty, the Declaration of Independence, the spirit and letter of the Constitution required it; and that the spirit of the Gospel of Christ and the voice of public, commutative, and retributive justice imperiously demanded it. The duty of immediate emancipation was unqualifiedly asserted and maintained. "We believe," said the address, "that slavery is an evil *now*; and, of course, the slaves ought to be *now* emancipated. If the thief is found in poss

The Independent.

A SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER,

IN THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER, BROWN UNIVERSITY, 20TH 7TH MONTH, 1870.

To-day the plant by Williams ect
Its summer bloom discloses;
The wilding sweet-brier wears to-day
Its crown of cultured roses.

Is't fancy that he watches still
His Providence plantations?
That still the careful Founder takes
A part on these occasions?

Methinks I see that reverend form,
Which all of us so well know:
He rises up to speak; he jogs
The presidential elbow.

"Good friends," he says, "you reap a field
I sowed in self-denial,
For toleration had its griefs
And charity its trial.

"Great grace, as saith Sir Thomas More,
To him must needs be given
Who heareth heresy and leaves
The heretic to Heaven!

"I hear again the snuffled tones,
I see in dreary vision
Dyspeptic dreamers, spiritual bores,
And prophets with a mission.

"Each zealot thrust before my eyes
His Scripture-garbled label;
All creeds were shouted in my ears
As with the tongues of Babel.

"Scourged at one cart-tail, each denied
The hope of every other;
Each martyr shook his branded fist
At the conscience of his brother!

"In rattled Madam Hutchinson,
Loud-voiced for rights of woman;
And Garton led his saints elect,
Who held all things in common.

"Their gay robes trailed in ditch and swamp,
And, torn by thorn and thicket,
The dancing-girls of Merry Mount
Came draggling to my wicket.

"Shrill Anabaptists, shorn of ears;
Gray witch-wives, hobbling slowly;
And Antinomians, grown so pure
Their very sins were holy.

"Hoarse ranters, crazed Fifth Monarchists,
Of stripes and bondage braggarts,
Pale Churchmen, with sluged rubrics
snatched
From puritanic faggots.

"And, last not least, the Quakers came,
With tongues still sore from burning,
The Bay State's dust from off their feet
Before my threshold spurning.

"A motley host, the Lord's *débris*,
Faith's odds and ends together;
Well might I shrink from guests with lungs
Tough as their breeches-leather!

"If, when the hangman at their heels
Came, rope in hand, to catch them,
I took the hunted outcasts in,
I never sent to fetch them.

"Unasked they came. I never sought
A Massachusetts Quaker
To pitch a tune for Baptist throats;
I was my own rhyme-maker.

"I fed, but spared them not a whit;
I gave to all who walked in,
Not clams and succotash alone,
But stronger meat of doctrine.

"I proved the prophets false, I pricked
The bubble of perfection,
And clapped upon their inner lights
The snuffers of election.

"And, looking backward on my times,
One thing, at least, I'm proud for:
I kept each 'sectary's' dish apart,
And made no spiritual chowder.

"Where now the blending signs of sect
Would puzzle their assorter,
The dry-shod Quaker kept the land,
The Baptist held the water.

"A common coat now serves for both,
The hat's no more a fixture;
And which was wet and which was dry
Who knows in such a mixture?

"Well! He who fashioned Peter's dream
To bless them all is able;
And bird and beast and creeping thing
Make clean upon His table!

"I walked by my own light; but, when
The ways of faith divided,
Was I to force unwilling feet
To tread the path that I did?

"I touched the garment-hem of truth,
Yet saw not all its splendor;
I knew enough of doubt to feel
For every conscience tender.

"God left men free of choice, as when
His Eden-trees were planted;
Because they chose amiss, should I
Deny the gift He granted?

"So, with a common sense of need,
Our common weakness feeling,
I left them with myself to God
And His all-gracious dealing!

"I kept His place whose rain and sun
To tare and wheat are given;
And, if the ways to Hell were free,
I left them free to Heaven!"

Take heart with us, O man of old,
Soul-freedom's brave confessor,
To love of God and man wax strong,
Let sect and creed be lesser.

The jarring discords of thy day
In ours one hymn are swelling;
The wandering feet, the severed paths,
All seek our Father's dwelling.

And slowly learns the world the truth
That makes us all thy debtor—
That holy life is more than rite,
And spirit more than letter.

That they who differ pole-wide serve
Perchance the common Master,
And other sheep He feeds than they
Who graze one narrow pasture.

Co-workers in the fields of God,
We share this restful nooning;
The Baptist with the Quaker here
Believes in close communing!

Forgive, dear saint, the playful tone,
Too light for thy deserving;
Thanks for thy generous faith in man,
Thy trust in God unswerving.

Still echo in the hearts of men
The words that thou hast spoken;
No forge of Hell can weld again
The fetters thou hast broken.

The pilgrim needs a pass no more
From Roman or Genevan;
Thought-free, no ghostly tollman keeps
Henceforth the road to Heaven!

THE COMING CONTEST.

BY HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

No one can shut his eyes to the fact that the Democratic leaders enter upon the contest just opening for the control of the next House of Representatives with more confidently-expressed hopes of victory than for many years past; and it is timely at this moment to examine into the grounds of these sanguine expectations. They can be summed up as follows:

They have dwarfed, if not ignored, the differences existing in their own ranks on funding the debt and how it should be paid, its taxation, etc., on which so many prominent Eastern Democrats disagree so radically with their brethren in the West.

They have hopes that, reconstructive legislation having been virtually completed, the new issues as to the finances, the tariff, internal taxation, and foreign policy may tend to disintegrate, and thus render powerless, the hitherto compact and invincible Republican phalanx.

They draw encouragement, too, from dissections as to patronage; and the fact that victory for ten consecutive years, embracing three presidential contests, tends to weaken a party so long in power, giving its opponents more opportunities for attack.

But their highest hope is in the severe and sweeping criticisms of Congress, during the recent session, by prominent and influential Republican papers, editors, and correspondents, permanently alienating tens of thousands, as they trust, and thus, if their theory is correct, converting the Republican majority of the past into a minority, ready to be overthrown by the united forces of the Democracy, energized now by their long exile from power and animated by the zeal and confidence with which they are preparing for the contest.

It needs, however, only thorough unity, an energy worthy of their principles, and a zeal akin to that which has given them so many brilliant victories, to enable the Republicans to baffle all these hopes, as they have baffled them before, and to place their flag again in triumph on the Capitol. Contests in which our opponents opened more hopefully than now have resulted in their defeat. Even the congressional contest of 1863, when the Democracy carried every Northern state from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, was saved for the right by unexpected victories in the Border States of the South. And the greater contest of 1864, when, after the renomination of President Lincoln, disaffections in our ranks led to a rival national convention and nominations, and up to August defeat seemed possible, was, by the energy and unity of the succeeding months, converted at last into the most magnificent political and national victory ever won in this country.

It is easy to criticise Congress—nay, it is popular to do so. The dangers to the land and its institutions when Mr. Johnson was President caused these criticisms to be suspended, after the issue was clearly manifest to the people; for they realized then, as never before, the value and the power of that Congress. But, with that danger removed, it became easy again, with the tendency to criticism so marked amongst our independent thinkers, and never to be deprecated except when carried to excess, to review sharply and complainingly the action or non-action of those in power. Let us look calmly at some of these complaints.

All through the session there was faultfinding at the differences in Congress as to financial plans, and their failure to agree till near the period of adjournment. But in these differences, be it remembered, the Republican majority exactly represented the people behind them. Take one hundred of the leading Republican papers of the nation from Maine to California, last winter and spring, and you would find precisely the same conflict of opinions. Nay, more, assemble at that time one hundred of the leading Republicans of any state, and insist that they should agree on a specific financial plan, and you would have found the same divergence in their views. What was finally agreed on, after months of debate and comparison of plans, I will briefly allude to hereafter.

While the appropriation bills were passing through the two branches of Congress, the people were almost led to believe that the Senate especially were loading them down with almost innumerable and indefensible, if not profligate, amendments. The 256 amendments of that body to the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill were specially and severely criticised, as all will remember. *What were they?* A half dozen, on which there were no party divisions in the Senate, and which were finally abandoned at the demand of the House, embraced such items as the extension of the Capitol Grounds; a new State Department, which is now occupying a former orphan asylum, not fireproof; and the increase of the salaries of United States judges—the Supreme judges receiving now $8,000 per year less than the Cabinet and $4,000 per year less than the police justices of New York City. Nearly all the remainder of these multitudinous amendments, about "the piling on of which by the Senate" so much was said, related to the clerical force of the departments, the sub-treasuries, custom-houses, etc. The House had retrenched in all of them severely. The Senate preferred to follow the estimates of the Admoistration. And, as nearly every paragraph in the bill contained one or more items of this kind, the number of Senate amendments needed to bring up the curtailed House bill to the official estimates seemed extraordinary. I may add that in the conference committee an average of the views of the two houses was settled on—perhaps more wisely than the extreme views of either. Many smaller charges could be as easily explained.

From these criticisms, also, vast numbers of the people doubtless inferred that lobbyists for subsidies, etc., were triumphant as never before. When Congress adjourned, however, it was found that *neither the Senate nor the House had voted a single dollar out of the Treasury for subsidies* to steamboat lines, to Mississippi levees, to railroads, or to private or public companies of any character. With a river and lake commerce estimated at fifteen hundred millions of dollars per year, a river and harbor improvement bill of four millions (less than one-third of one per cent.) had passed; but this had been usual under all administrations. And land-grant bills which had passed the Senate all failed in the House except two—the supplemental North Pacific, and one through a country mountainous and mainly unsettled, from Portland, Oregon, to Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River.

Let us turn from this brief review of the strictures to which I have alluded, to an equally abbreviated statement of what has been done by the Republican Administration and Congress for which it deserves well of the country.

1. *Reconstruction.* When Congress convened, last December, four of the insurrectionary states were still unrestored "to their practical relations to the Government." When it adjourned, in July, they were all restored, and every star on our banner symbolized a state.

2. *The 15th Amendment.* Not only was this irreversible guarantee of equal rights and self-protection enshrined in our National Constitution; but Congress enacted legislation, against the bitterest opposition, to enforce the 13th, 14th, and 15th Amendments against all who would seek to nullify or violate them.

3. *The National Revenues.* The fidelity of the Administration in collecting the revenues is signally illustrated by a comparison whose figures are more impressive and conclusive than the most potential argument. Gen. Grant, in his first sixteen months of service (from March 4th, 1869, to July 1, 1870), collected $32,006,735 more internal revenue than was collected in the last sixteen months of Mr. Johnson's service (from Nov. 1st, 1867, to March 4th, 1869), no taxes having been increased during Gen. Grant's term, and having the same country to collect from and the same laws to collect under. During the same sixteen months Gen. Grant's officers collected $19,401,193 of duties under the tariff more than Mr. Johnson's officers collected during *his* closing sixteen months. When this gain of FIFTY-ONE MILLIONS is cited, the answer is sometimes given that the assessors and collectors had to be confirmed by a Republican Senate under Johnson's Administration. The reply to this is obvious. Saying nothing of the officers who changed their politics with him, and who, being already in office, were beyond the power of the Senate, that body cannot nominate any one, and often had to accept the best they could get from him; and that, besides, the inspectors, weighers, gaugers, etc., were not within their control at all.

4. *The Debt.* The few millions of the national debt paid during the last sixteen months of Mr. Johnson's term will be remembered, and the contrast between that exhibit and the $140,000,000, paid by President Grant during his first sixteen months rejoices all who hold that the national debt, as the cost of our national existence, must be paid to the uttermost farthing. Not so rapidly, it may be hoped, in the future; but that each year shall see its volume and its burdens materially reduced.

5. *Retrenchment.* In every department there have been retrenchments. The clerical force at Washington has been reduced by the thousand, every year finding it smaller. The large force of civilians in the employ of the Quartermaster's Bureau has been steadily curtailed, devolving their work, as far as possible, on soldiers. The army has been ordered to be reduced, and the large surplus of officers are to be mustered out. The grades of general and lieutenant-general, created by the war, are to cease when vacancies occur in them. The major-generals are to be reduced to three, and the brigadiers to six, as vacancies occur. And, after this year, four millions per annum will be saved by the various retrenchments of the Army bill, without impairing its efficiency. Thus, with honest collections, the destruction of the whisky rings (relieving the honest taxpayer from bearing his own burdens and the burden of the dishonest besides), with economy in expenses, with retrenchments in every branch, with the appropriation bills for the future below the estimates, with the national credit maintained, and with the national debt steadily diminishing, Republicans have no cause to fear an appeal against them to the country.

6. *Reduction in Tariff and Taxes.* With all this healthy financial result, the Rebublicans in Congress were able to pass a bill, for which the Democracy refused to vote, reducing the burdens of internal and external taxation in the aggregate about EIGHTY MILLIONS per year. In changing the duty on Bessemer steel rails from *ad valorem* to specific (that is from a per cent. on value to a fixed amount) a slight apparent increase has caused them to be denounced. Without arguing the point, for I have desired to state facts rather than to argue them, a word of explanation may not be amiss. *Ad valorem* duties give high duties when not needed. Specific duties enable all, consumers as well as producers, to know precisely how much duties are to be paid, irrespective of fluctuations in cost. When Bessemer steel rails, then a new invention, were taxed 45 per cent. *ad valorem*, under the tariff, their cost was about $150 per ton. The duties then amounted to over $60 per ton. Increased production and competition on both sides of the ocean brought the price down to $100, $80, $60, and finally to about $50 per ton. The last Congress made the duty on them hereafter specific (as it is on tea, coffee, sugar, etc.), and fixed it at one and a quarter cents per pound, or twenty-eight dollars per ton. This would be less than twenty per cent. on their price when first introduced into use; and would, if they rose to over $60 per ton, be a less rate than the fluctuating *ad valorem* duty which it supersedes. But, without claiming that every feature of this bill is exactly and absolutely correct (for no tax bill in all its details ever fully satisfied all who voted for it or support it), its great leading objects commend it to all who feel the burdens of taxation. All the vexatious special internal taxes are swept away after this year. The tax on gross receipts of railroads, steamboats, express companies, which increased the rate of travel and freight, is also abolished. The income tax is reduced one-half—from five per cent. to two and a half—limited to two years, and the exemption raised from one thousand to two thousand dollars. As the amounts paid for rent, taxes, etc., are also deducted, this burden is lifted from all whose annual incomes are below about twenty-five hundred dollars; and those persons whose incomes are below the exemption are relieved from the necessity of furnishing detailed statements of their means hereafter. So that our internal taxation hereafter is to be mainly on luxuries, realized wealth, and the operations of finance and commerce. Many articles used as raw materials by home manufacturers are placed on the free list of the tariff, with hundreds of others which did not pay the expenses of collection. Pig iron, the basis of all manufactures of iron, is reduced from $9 to $7 per ton. And coffee, tea, and sugar have had nearly half their tariff duties abolished after this year, reducing the daily expenses of all in limited circumstances. Although this last reduction curtails the revenue fourteen millions per year on sugar, nine millions on coffee, and two millions on tea, for the benefit of those to whom these articles have become necessaries, and who use proportionately nearly as much of them as the rich, I regret that the bill which enacted it failed to receive the Democratic vote.

7. FUNDING. Congress also passed, over the opposition of the Democratic members, a bill for funding the national debt, on which six per cent. interest is now paid, into bonds to run 30, 15, and 10 years respectively, at 4, 4½, and 5 per cent. interest: saving, if all are funded, twenty-six millions of interest per year. The rise in gold occasioned by the war may retard this desired consummation; but, if our opponents regard the new rates of interest as too high and too liberal, their capitalists have an excellent opportunity now to avail themselves of them.

8. *Increased Banking Circulation.* Without inflating the currency, but at the same time saving nearly a million and a half of interest per year to the Treasury on 45 millions of three per cent. certificates, Congress authorized 70 millions of additional circulation to the South and West, which had now less than their share of national bank circulation.

9. *Pensioners.* A much-desired change was effected by Congress in providing for the payment to all pensioners quarterly hereafter, instead of semi-annually, and in checks sent to their homes; the Government paying all the expense of the necessary vouchers, instead of deducting it from their pensions, as has been the practice hitherto in all our history. And, as the artificial limbs supplied to our crippled soldiers wear out, on an average, in five years, new sets are to be furnished them every five years, or the money value therefor, if they are unable to use them.

10. *Peace.* Despite our strong and unDisguised sympathy with all who struggle for liberty and self-government, we have been fortunately preserved from any embroilments abroad, from war or entangling alliances, as well as from the threatened Indian war on the Plains: leaving our work of development to progress unchecked; our national wealth to increase; our national sinew and muscle to handle the plow, rather than the rifle; our debt to diminish; and, till European war disturbed the money markets of the world, gold to steadily settle downward till within nearly ten per cent. of par.

I must not trespass further on your space. The picture thus imperfectly presented is one of which none need be ashamed. The Republican party represents the power, growth, progress, development, and humane and liberal ideas of the American people. Every lover of liberty and human rights throughout the world sympathizes with it. Millions at home as well as abroad rejoice over its triumphs or are saddened over its reverses. Unity in its ranks guarantees the one; disaffections and divisions hazard the other. Grave will be the responsibility on any whose course should bring to it defeat instead of victory.

THE PENDING CONFLICT.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE precipitancy with which France has been put in warlike array against Prussia is as marked as the cause for it is frivolous and hollow. It has revealed, on the part of the French Emperor, a foregone determination to measure weapons with the Prussian King, with or without the slightest provocation and regardless of consequences; and, therefore, as between the two, waiving all other considerations, the moral verdict of the civilized world will be overwhelmingly against the former. Nor will it be changed by any number of victories he may win; for success can furnish no justification for headlong aggressive warfare, and the instinct of mankind clearly apprehends the difference between a bullying assailant and one who stands strictly on the defensive.

Aside from this aspect of the case, there is porchance little to interest the friends of popular freedom in the bloody drama about to be enacted on the Rhine. If it were a people struggling to break the chains of imperial or despotic power, as against their further subjugation; if it had direct reference to an enlargement of their civil, political, and religious rights, even to a very limited extent, there would be some consolation to be drawn from the sad spectacle. But it is essentially a war of dynasties; and dynasties are neither of the people nor for the people. It is a war of rival nationalities; and all nationalities are selfish, proud, clannish, ambitious, and emulous of superiority. It is a war of physical forces on a tremendous scale, to see which party can whip the other—to decide which can show the most pluck and endurance, bring into the field the heaviest battalions, use the most destructive engineery, successfully assault the strongest defenses, leave the widest tracks of desolation, destroy the most property, and kill and wound the greatest number of the enemy. True, in this instance, Napoleon is the colossal transgressor; and, having received the first blow, King William is justified in returning it in self-defense, according to the code and practice of mankind through all ages. But, whether it be offensive on the one hand or defensive on the other, neither emperor nor king is animated by any regard for the rights and liberties of the masses, who, though as Frenchmen or as Prussians entering into the conflict with national unity, have really had no voice in regard to it, but are to have all their burdens made heavier by it. Possibly, in some inscrutable manner, it may be overruled for the advancement of liberty and justice in the earth by Him who causes the wrath of man to praise him, and who restrains the remainder of wrath; but in itself it is none the less to be deplored, and surely there is "a more excellent way."

A million of French soldiers stand at this hour fiercely confronting a million of Prussians! The former are Catholics, the latter Protestants. However diverse in their religious views, they are believers in the rectitude of war, as circumstances may arise. Is there a professedly Christian nation that does not cherish such a belief? What one of them all that has not its army, its navy, its fortifications, its arsenals, its flag, its military reviews, its battle-scarred "heroes" and "veterans," its commemorative monuments? What one of them all that is not ready to give blow for blow, to inflict injury for injury, to contest (if need be) the palm for bloody supremacy with Mohammedans and Pagans, barbarians and savages? What one of them all that does not profess to look to God for his protection and blessing when involved in war? and, if victory be won, that does not specially honor those who most distinguished themselves in the fight? What, then, is the relation of Christianity to war? Does it sanction war, and the usual preparations for war? If so, how can it ever subvert that which it sanctions, maintains, and honors? If otherwise, how many may be fairly claimed as within its pale? Or has it really nothing to do with Christian character whether men believe in the rightfulness or the sinfulness of war?

Again: what is the relation of Christianity to nationalities? What does it know of the United States, or Great Britain, or France, or Spain, or Prussia, or any other country, as such? If it be world-wide in its spirit, embrace, and aims, then surely a Christianity which is governed by geographical limits and considerations must be spurious; and, instead of possessing any redeeming power, needs itself to be converted.

What light do we get on this subject from the recognized religious teachers of Christendom? Not only are they not found inculcating the duty of beating swords into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks, and learning war no more; but, as a class, they give their zealous sanction to war measures, and are as belligerent in spirit as the very sinners whom they are calling to repentance! In France they are now supplicating Heaven for the success of the French army; in Prussia they are doing the same thing for the Prussian army. But will their supplications avail aught with that God who has "called us to peace"? During the recent awful conflict on our own soil, at the North they went with public sentiment; and at the South they were equally facile. As a professional body, they never deviate from, they never transcend that standard. They are not the successors of prophets or apostles, of saints or martyrs; but only representatives of whatever form of government exists and popular echoes. "And there shall be, like people, like priest."

How much the interpretation of Christianity depends upon the individual spirit! "To bring war to an end," says William Ellery Channing, "was one of the purposes of Christ; and his ministers are bound to concur with him in the work." Again, he says: "War is made up essentially of crime and misery; and to abolish it is one great purpose of Christianity."

Yet even he shrank from an uncompromising application of his peace doctrine. For in the same discourse he says: "I may be asked whether a people, however forbearing, may not sometimes owe it to its own dignity and safety to engage in war. I answer, Yes." These utterances cannot be reconciled; and it is because our religious teachers thus affirm and deny in the same breadth that so little progress is made in disseminating the principles of peace. But as soon as Channing places his feet upon universal ground his vision is clear, and his language becoming a follower of Him who "gave himself for the world." "I cannot now, as I once did," he impressively says, "talk lightly, thoughtlessly of fighting with this or that nation. That nation is no longer an abstraction to me. It is no longer a vague mass. It spreads out before me into individuals, in a thousand interesting forms and relations. It consists of husbands and wives, parents and children, who love one another as I love my own home; it consists of affectionate women and sweet children; it consists of Christians united with me to the common Saviour, and in whose spirit I reverence the likeness of his divine virtue. It consists of a vast multitude of laborers at the plow and in the workshop, whose toils I sympathize with, whose burden I should rejoice to lighten, and for whose elevation I have pleaded. It consists of men of science, taste, genius, whose writings have beguiled my solitary hours and given life to my intellect and best affections. Here is the nation which I am called to fight with, into whose families I must send mourning, whose fall or humiliation I must seek through blood. I cannot do it without a clear commission from God." The same survey of the world makes all mankind our countrymen, and merges all nationalities into one.

I trust I am no dreamer in this matter. I am not so infatuated as to expect a harvest where no seed has been sown. I do not believe in a permanent peace between nations where the essential conditions are wanting. Those conditions are manifold. We must "study the things that make for peace." While there is intolerable oppression or overshadowing injustice, there will be war. While there is a conceited nationality of spirit exhibited and a disregard of all foreign rights and interests, there will be war. While peace is admired in the abstract and sacrificed *ad libitum* in practice, there will be war. While there is abounding ignorance, depravity, lawlessness, and intemperance, there are all the elements of war. While the animal nature is allowed to dominate the spiritual, there will be war. While the passions are "set on fire of hell," either for real or fancied wrongs, there will be war. We shall reap as we sow. We make provision for war, and in due time it comes. The land is full of combustible materials, which a single spark may conflagrate. These are not indigenous, but foreign; but all the more dangerous on that account. The pending conflict between France and Prussia threatens to involve all Europe; in which case we shall be fortunate indeed not to be participants. Great Britain, by the activity shown in her navy-yards and arsenals, is indicating a warlike purpose—if not at once to join in the fray, at least to be ready to do so when she perceives the opportune moment. Similar activity in putting the American navy on a war-footing is seen at Charlestown and elsewhere. But surely the baptism of blood to which Divine Justice has so recently subjected us should suffice! "Let us have peace." Let the press give no countenance to inflammatory war appeals, come from what quarter they may. With peace perpetuated, we shall have unnumbered blessings showered upon us. "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God."

HINTS FOR LYCEUMS.

BY JAMES REDPATH.

THE Lyceum is as deeply rooted in our national life as the Sunday school or the caucus. It is pre-eminently an American institution. It was never so popular, never so profitable, and never had so bright a future as to-day. The opposite opinion quite generally prevails; but it has come, for the most part, from a limited outlook and from conspicuous individual failures. My statement is made from a personal knowledge of the actual condition of a large majority of the lyceums in the country.

Let me give, for the benefit of officers connected with lyceums, but not yet familiar with their workings, a few hints that have been furnished by the experience of the hundreds of secretaries and lecturers with whom I have had intimate relations. And, first, about "New Stars."

Every enterprising manager desires to secure on his course, in addition to the standard lecturers, one or more "new stars"—that is, eloquent or famous speakers whom his audiences have never heard before. Hence the apparent ease with which the rawest recruits so often succeed in beguiling lyceums into the payment of the highest fees—due only to the ablest speakers of national renown and established reputations for eloquence. I have known, again and again, the merest will-o'-the-wisps demand and receive higher sums than the greatest lecturers would have named; and this for their first season—not only before they had been tested, but solely on the strength of a reputation created for them by unscrupulous agents, aided by newspapers of easy virtue. I have often been asked how lyceums can guard themselves against these adventurers, without at the same time shutting the door against genuine merit.

One or two rules we have found it perfectly safe to act on from a wide comparison of notes. If a young, unknown man, for example, demands or expects the same fees that Wendell Phillips receives, and if his testimonials aver that he is "equal in some respects to Gough," let him pocket his "princely honorarium," and let him equal the entire human race, if he desires it; but give him none of your superfluous assistance in doing so. Such genius needs no merely human aid. If a young woman, never before heard of at all, or never before heard of as a lecturer, is suddenly heralded as "the greatest female orator of the age (I quote from a recent handbill), or if an agent writes to you confidently and confidentially that she can "lay Anna Dickinson out" (I quote from an actual letter), suffer no considerations of gratitude for the patriotic services, nor of sympathy for the impending fate of the great Quaker lecturer, to induce you to appeal for mercy. Let the fair stripling go on her rampage, with your biggest benedictions, but without your dollars. Money is not necessary for such Heaven-descended maidens. With "new stars," as with new books, it is safe to adopt the philosopher's rule: leave them alone for a year; and, if they stand that test, try them. There will always be lyceums enough to enable any lecturer of merit to try what he or she can do. Of course, this rule does not apply to those who have made a great name in kindred fields; for celebrated persons almost always draw, and managers are seldom blamed if *they* disappoint the audiences.

How shall lyceums be protected against charlatans? Simply by a manly and honest remedy, within the power of every lyceum—by passing resolutions expressing emphatic dissatisfaction with them, and reprobating by name the persons and papers that endorsed them. *Publish these resolutions in your local journals*, and the evil will evaporate like malarial mist. When our eminent men and eminent journals find, if they yield to pity or importunity, and express an opinion more kind than honest, that they will be sharply called to account for it, the present system of giving testimonials without due consideration will be bought to an end; and not till then. Few people have any adequate idea of the influences brought to bear on celebrated persons in behalf of unknown lecturers. It requires greater social courage to resist it than is either common or, on the whole, desirable. "Henry is here," said Miss Catharine Beecher, "because he can never say *No* to a woman." However that may have been on that special occasion, there are a good many good-hearted Henrys in the world, as the readers of the endorsements of some lecturers can attest.

Another rule is: *Always* to suspect a "new star" whose praises are suddenly in all the papers. No true orator, or not one in a thousand, ever leaps into the foremost rank at a single bound. Merit wins its way; sometimes rapidly, but never *spasmodically*. You may depend on it that where a new name is thrust in the public face in this fashion it is only done by managers' tricks—stale and unworthy tricks, transferred from the theater to the lyceum. From time immemorial actors and actresses have been puffed in the wildest style. This unscrupulous policy is now sometimes employed to advance the interests of lecturers. Beginners often offer to give half their receipts to agents who can influence the press. They are not always repulsed, as they ought to be. I know of instances where the list of flattering notices produced by lecturers have been written by a single pen; and I have often seen accounts of the great success of novices going the rounds of the papers which were wickedly and scandalously exaggerated.

Still another rule is this: Never select a new lecturer from any other than professional reasons. It is a cruelty and a vulgar impertinence both for an applicant to plead his or her social necessities as a reason why he or she should have a chance to make a living by lecturing. The lyceum was not established as a genteel workhouse. If a secretary does not believe, after due inquiry made, that a candidate will give a satisfactory lecture, it is a breach of trust on his part to let any other motive sway him. This rule applies also to political, ecclesiastical, and personal sympathies. If a secretary runs the lyceum in the interest of his party, or church, or friends, he will soon run it into the ground. The plan has been tried scores of times, and always with the same result. Sooner or later, the majority, here as elsewhere, rule; and, here as everywhere, in the long run, their verdict is right.

THE SARATOGA CONVENTION.

WE reached the pleasant town of Saratoga just as the night revels were at their hight—dancing in the great hotels, lights flashing, and music sounding everywhere. My life lately has lead me much among the poor and struggling of the earth, and I had almost felt as if every one was poor. Here, as by magic, I seemed transported to a spot where every one is rich. It is hard to realize that there is such a thing as want in such a spot, where every one is well dressed, where there is so much luxury, and life seems only a long dream of idle amusement.

There are, as is apt to be the case at watering places, a great many more young ladies than gentlemen here. If any one fancies that marriages are facilitated by this sort of life, I fancy they are notably mistaken. Simply to look at the toilets of the young women is enough to frighten the few young men who drift here from all thought of trying to support one of them. If these girls were working side by side with the lads in counting-houses and offices, they would have a fairer chance of "catching husbands" than they can ever have under the present system.

This observation brings me naturally to the description of the bold women who have ventured to come here on a campaign against "the world, the flesh, and the Devil," by preaching the new gospel of a better life for women, having for its object something higher than mere frivolity.

Into the very heart of this gay scene came Susan B. Anthony and her friends, and warmly were they welcomed. Hawthorn Hall, where the convention was held, was crowded during the five sessions with the best people of the many hundreds here assembled. Fashionable women, gay girls, and a noticeably large number of the solid men who are here, have come session after session to listen to the words of these earnest women; and I think I may safely say they have been well entertained.

Miss Susan B. Anthony never looked or spoke better. With her wonderful vitality, she came from her long journey from Kansas fresh and full of fire, with a fund of new facts and telling points to illustrate her arguments in favor of woman's enfranchisement.

Mrs. Adele Hazlitt, of Michigan, was one of the attractions of the convention, as she well deserved to be. A young and fine-looking woman, with piquant features and brilliant eyes, her manner is speaking very easy, and her keen satire and bright points exceedingly well put, she has rare power with an audience, created a sensation at the New York Convention last spring, and shewed that she deserved the title, which has been given to her, of the Anna Dickinson of the West.

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, of New York City, was also one of the most attractive women on the platform. In her style of speaking she is clear, collected, and eloquent. While good sense, candor, and earnestness are the distinctive characteristics of her oratory, she shows a vein of humor that is quite irresistible, and thus appeals to the sympathies as well as the reason and judgment of her audience. She is peculiarly easy and graceful in her gesticulation, possesses a bright, intellectual face and pleasing manner. She cannot but become one of the most popular speakers in behalf of woman suffrage.

Mrs. M. E. S. Gage, the president of the convention, is a woman of great dignity of appearance, with rich bands of gray hair, though she is yet young for this crowning glory to be her due. She presided with much ease, and her reports and state papers were all exceedingly able.

The Rev. Olympia Brown, last but not least, though small in stature—a woman of fine, keen intellect—made some of the best speeches of the convention. Her two arguments on the scriptural aspects of the woman question were admirable, and her appearance awakened constant enthusiasm.

I think you will agree with me that we had a fine band of women to present the cause, and their arguments attracted so much attention that they were the constant topic of talk among the guests. Several people handed over money, which was excellent indorsement of their views; and many owned that they were converted by what they heard to the great cause of woman suffrage. One hotel proprietor here, when asked his views on the subject, replied that he had seven daughters, and that he wished they could all vote.

Everywhere the ladies met with attention and courtesy, and we may hope that even here, among these idlers, some impression has been made. One man kept fresh flowers constantly on the president's table and adorning the candelabra, and other tokens of good-will were abundant.

S. X.

LETTER FROM SWEDEN.

STOCKHOLM, June, 1870.

WE entered Sweden at Malmö. The Oresund at this point is about as wide as the English Channel at Dover (twenty miles), while at Elsinore it is only about six or seven. It is a natural division between the kingdoms of Denmark and Sweden; but anciently Denmark included several provinces—nearly all of Southern Sweden, including Skane, the Scandia of history, whence comes the general term for all these countries.

Malmö is a well-built town of about twenty-two thousand inhabitants, the most important port on the west coast of Sweden after Gothenburg.

Instead of stopping at Malmö over night, we went immediately to Lund. There is a Swedish saying that Lund was a flourishing city at the date of the Christian era; but, not to go back further than the reign of Gorm the Old, A. D. 883, where we have firm historic ground, at the introduction into Denmark of Christianity, we find Lund in 1060 the seat of a bishop, and in 1104 the seat of the first Scandinavian archbishop, Asker, before whose time the Church had been under the See of Hamburg. King Eric the Good procured this papal favor, but did not remain long to enjoy it; being seized with a "mighty enthusiasm," this early Christian "set out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, to do penance and expiate a murder he, most likely in a state of intoxication, had committed."

Probably the cathedral had its origin in those days, but it is impossible to fix its date. The building now standing is two hundred and seventy one feet long and has a short transept. The interior is seventy-two feet high, and has both pillars and columns belonging to an early period. Its apse is Romanesque, and ornamented on the outside by the colonnade one sees in the Cologne churches which date back to the ninth century. Successive repairs have doubtless left little of the original building; but there are some interesting carvings, both of wood and stone, yet visible. The towers have been taken down, and are now being rebuilt. When this is done, the whole will be in a sound condition, and will long stand as the finest and most interesting church in Southern Sweden.

Supposing that we were not in a country where early morning services were held, we were awakened on Sunday morning by hearing, from our hotel opposite the church, a great chorus of voices filling the whole air with grand religious music. For an hour we listened to the swelling harmonies, and then saw the people pour out from the church in a vast crowd. At the later service we with difficulty found seats, so thronged was the place. Again were our thoughts raised and our hearts made stronger by the same grand harmony, sung by the people. A person traveling in Europe, and seeing something of the worship in the Roman Catholic churches, is apt to draw some rather serious contrasts between the crowded bare floors of the Old World and the sparsely-occupied cushioned pews of the New—is apt to recall the assertion which some one has made that Protestantism (as a worship) is a failure. On that morning Protestantism seemed a great success. At both services the church was crowded by a devout, worshipful assemblage. Peasants, soldiers, citizens, servants, and students, all on a footing of equality, all taking a share in the worship. Is not the constantly-increasing separation of classes in our churches due to the fact that we have no universal expression for our religious worship, but only an individual one? Depending on chance for our spiritual expressions in the churches, we lose more and more the idea of worship. It is a question neither of millinery nor incense; but of the deep want, felt through all human history, of a worship. We must not go backward; but out of the present poverty and want must spring some form suited to the needs of a people so broad-minded, so catholic, and religious as ours.

Lund has now ten thousand inhabitants, and is the seat of the second University of Sweden, with some six hundred students and a library of eighty thousand volumes, which makes it the intellectual as well as the episcopal capital of the south. It is noted as the residence for a long time of Tegnér, the greatest Swedish poet, whose statue stands near the church.

His greatest poem, "Frithiof's Saga," is well known in America. "Axel," very popular in Sweden, has been translated into English lately, and should be also read, if one wishes to appreciate those "mighty shapes in mantles blue" which followed Charles XIIth through Europe.

The province of Skane is reputed to be the most fertile of Sweden, gently rolling in surface and supporting a large population. As we go north by the railroad, the character of the soil changes, becoming wet, swampy, and desolate, relieved in aspect only by the numerous lakes and the beautiful white-birch and evergreen trees which predominate. The country improves on nearing Lake Wettern, and at Jonkoping it resembles somewhat the lake country of Central New York, though not so rich. Here is the largest match factory in the world, whose products are shipped to all parts of Europe, to India, and to South America. Just outside the town is a cascade well worth seeing. Lake Wettern is some sixty miles long, but narrow—not over fifteen miles in the widest place. Its shores are well cultivated, softly rounded, and but gently elevated.

Leaving Wettern, the road runs to Falkoping, which was the scene in 1388 of a decisive battle, wherein Margaretha, the "Semiramis of the North," queen of Denmark, gained a victory which made her queen of Sweden also, and led to the celebrated Union of Calmare, by which she united the three kingdoms—Norway, Denmark, and Sweden—under one fundamental law, making a strong power. Her great mind was, however, needed to perpetuate the Union; and the advantages of a united Scandinavia, always patent to every one, have never been realized—personal ambition and prerogative always taking the place of any feeling of race.

There now seems to exist no enmity on account of the old quarrels, but simply a lack of any desire for a union. A Dane looks upon a Swede very much as a rich neighbor, who has an abundance to eat, drink, and wear, looks upon a poor one, who has to work pretty hard for his daily bread; and the Swede prefers his own activity of mind and body to the ease of affluence. It is not unlikely that the new marriage between the royal families, which revived for a moment the sentiment of race, will place the two countries under one crown; but it can no more effect a real union than now exists between Norway and Sweden. Norway has been under the crown of Sweden since 1814, when she was handed over by the Great Powers to Sweden as indemnity for the transfer of Finland to Russia; and Denmark was deprived of her as a punishment for her alliance to France. For over four hundred years she had been under the crown of Denmark; the language was substantially the same, and a strong feeling of friendship yet exists, while between Swedes and Norwegians there seems to be, to say the least, great coldness. One might say of the Norwegians that they are physically proud, as the Danes are purse-proud in their feelings toward the Swedes.

From Falkopiog to Allingsas, toward the west, the road runs through the most desolate part of Sweden. Formerly covered with forests, the history says, now barren and nearly deserted, it is a striking contrast to the route beyond to Gothenburg. Several fine lakes appear, and form a stream, by which the road runs. The scenery is charming—rocky, but well wooded, pleasant glades, and many fine mansions. At Gothenburg one sees the Gotha River, the commencement of

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LILIES.

BY REV. D. MUNSON HODGE.

The lilies are in bloom upon thy grave,
In the white-towered city of the sleepers;
I pass, for them, the other flowers that wave,
Heavy-dowed with tears of other weepers.

They speak a language, tender to my pain,
Of the white soul that blossoms up above them.
They are like thee; and in this leafy fane
I have kissed them and, certes, grown to love them.

I love them, though I know they soon must fade;
But their pure, pretty life which God has given—
If taken from this altern light and shade—
Will blossom on with thee, I trust, in Heaven.

God gives and takes; His work is not destroyed.
Life glides through death, unlessened and immortal.
A sparrow's life is not cast into void;
A brighter land awaits it at death's portal.

If lilies which my lips to-day have pressed
In thy land pale out into perfect blossom,
Give one, I pray, to our dear Jesus Christ,
And place another in thy saintly bosom.

THE FRENCH PROFESSOR.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

Hard is the fate of a dry old Frenchman, condemned by dire necessity to impart the mysteries of his native tongue to a class of mischievous, tricky, fun-loving girls, whose tender mercies are cruel. The treadmill is pastime to such employment, if the wear and tear of one's sensibilities is to be taken into the account.

Such a life led poor Jules Tanteau in the noted "Boarding and Day School" of Madame de Smith, where French was advertised to be the "language of the institution; the best professors being employed, without regard to cost, in order that the pupils might be advanced as rapidly as possible."

Little was really known of this same M. Jules Tanteau, except that he was numbered among these "best professors," and was employed and endorsed by many of the most aristocratic families in N——, where he had *professed* acceptably for years.

Rumor said, however, that he had left his native land to escape from a monastic institution and order with which he had been connected, and whose vows he had violated. Having no wish to abide the penalties of such violation, and withal possessing no special gust for mortification in general, or a life of poverty and self-sacrifice, he had made up his mind that, having broken a part of his vows, he would break the rest, and take "French leave" of a mode of life for which he had no natural bias or conscientious attachments. Casting off, therefore, his monkish costume, and concealing his tonsure under a wig, he had succeeded in escaping to the "land of the free and the home of the brave," without detection or impediment. Here he had gained a subsistence, and even a competence, by teaching the French language as he found opportunity; and other valuable acquirements for which a liberal education had qualified him—such as drawing, painting, book-keeping, etc., when his more strictly professional duties were in less demand. He had spent, so it was said, much time in Southern cities and in the distant French colonies and settlements. But he led everywhere the same reserved and unsocial life. Nobody had any special acquaintance with him, or intercourse, except in a business or professional way. What were his virtues or vices, his joys or griefs, no one ever seemed to know, save Madame Rumor; and, as she belies everybody, no doubt she belied him.

In appearance Prof. Tanteau was anything but attractive. Short in stature; stout built; with a small, round head, set upon his square shoulders without much visible intervention of neck; a fat, oval, monkish face; bald, shining pate, surrounded by thin and grizzled hair; a long, thin mouth, and watery blue eyes—one may well imagine he was no very alluring spectacle to an indifferent observer, much less to the bevy of blooming Houris into whose presence Madame de Smith introduced him one sharp autumn morning, at the commencement of her academical year. Madame had tried young and handsome professors to her heart's content, and had found them wanting when weighed in the balance of discretion and prudence. The hideous phiz of Mons. Tanteau was quite in his favor—quite.

"Now, Professor," said the good lady, in her best English. (Madame could neither speak nor understand a word of French; being only a smart Yankee woman, who had turned her attention to this business as one by which money was to be made, having also be-Frenched her name for policy's sake.) "Now, Professor, I wish you to classify and instruct those young ladies according to your best judgment. Some are much more advanced than others; but I wish them all to make equally rapid progress in French, which you know is the language of the institution. Spare no pains, Professor."

"Ah, *oui*, Madame," returned M. Tanteau, smilingly. "*N'avez pas de peur. Ah, excusez moi, Madame, ne parle pas Français.* Do not be afraid. I shall very soon make them to forget their Anglais—English, I should say, Madame."

This was the Professor's usual introductory; and he now pronounced it with an elegance so satisfactory to Mme. de Smith that she soon left him to his duties and, perhaps it should be added, to his doom!

Prof. Tanteau's method of discipline was an original one; but it sufficed in many cases, especially where his pupils were of adult age. He always made a stiff little speech in French, setting forth how much he desired their improvement, and his conviction that they had also the same ambition to acquire as he had to impart a thorough knowledge of the *langue Français*, and that he had no other motive in teaching them except to make them perfect and brilliant scholars in that *belle langage*.

He would then translate his little formal address into the best English he could command, for the benefit of those who might not be able to comprehend his French; and, having done this, he proceeded with his duties as an instructor.

If things went smoothly on, no more was heard of these sensible but stereotyped phrases. If, however, the Professor's equanimity was disturbed by bad behavior, inattention, disrespectful treatment, or anything for which the class justly incurred his displeasure, out trotted the little speech, with no other variation than the emphasis of loud and angry tones, and the vehement gesitures peculiar to the nation he represented.

To do him justice, however, Mons. Jules Tanteau would stand a great deal before he entirely lost his temper and fell back upon his speech; especially when it is remembered that, according to its terms, he employed his gifts as a teacher entirely for the love of making brilliant scholars. He seemed, in general, determined neither to hear nor see what was blameworthy, if he could possibly avoid it; for an outbreak with the refractory and ill-disposed he always dreaded. If a lesson was very ill prepared day after day, he would say sharply to the offender: "*Ce m'est egal, Mam'selle, ce n'est pas ma parte—c'est à vous!*" and pass by the offense, or else report it to Madame. At other times he would rage furiously, or snatch his hat and take an abrupt leave of his pupils.

The class to which we have just seen him introduced by Madame de Smith was composed of about a dozen girls, from ten to sixteen years of age. Some of them were studious and ladylike, while others were the very incarnation of mischief, and never lost a chance to make fun, if they could help it. Two of them, veritable antipodes in appearance every way, were recognized as adepts and ringleaders in trickery *of all conceivable kinds*. So that when Leura Balderstock and Alphonsie De Vlin were seen with their heads together, it was a foregone conclusion that something evidently her Teutonic origin. The other was extremely slender and petite, with jetty hair and eyes, a dark velvet skin, teeth pearl-white and even, and lips in which were concentrated all the color of her face. She gave you a hint of Cuba or Mexico, or some other land of tropical heat, whose thickets gave birth and shelter to sly and dangerous creatures.

It would be an endless task to relate the thousand little annoyances that these girls, aided by others, prepared from day to day for the hapless "Perfesser," as they always designated him; nor with what heroism he endured them, trying for the most part to ignore any ill intentions on the part of the lovely young culprits, whose faces never expressed anything but innocence and sincerity, however outrageous might be the plot they had devised.

One morning the girls were assembled in the class-room some minutes before the arrival of Mons. Tanteau, who was usually very punctual.

"What's become of our Jules," said Leura Balderstock. "I tell you what, girls, I'm so brimful of mischief that I know I shall bile over before we get through the lesson. Come, now, who'll help me? We've been awful quiet for a week."

"See here, Leura," said Alphonsie De Vlin, taking from her pocket one of those abominable toys that consist of a box which conceals a monster of some kind, ready to spring out if the lid be opened.

"Gire it to me, quick!" said Leura. "Twould be so nice to scare the 'Perfesser' with it; and he scares easy, you know. Where shall I put it? Quick, somebody, or he'll be here. Oh, if I could only get it into his hat!"

"You can, Leura," said Alphonsie, in a loud whisper. See here, you can fix the lid so it will not spring open till something touches it. Put it in his hat while he sits with his back to it, as he generally does, you know. You can go round as if you wanted a book, or to copy some of his old phrases from the blackboard. Clap it in, and pull the bandanna over it; and then the minute he takes it up to start, out will pop the dragon. Of course, none of us will know how it got there."

Alphonsie's advice was accepted. The Professor came in and placed his shining stovepipe, as usual, on a wide window-seat, near the blackboard.

The lesson was admirably recited, and elicited much commendation. When it was nearly finished, Leura innocently asked the privilege of copying certain exercises upon the blackboard which she had forgotten to take off yesterday.

"*Si vous pouvez le demander in Français, Mademoiselle,*" responded the Professor, graciously.

It was done to his satisfaction; and Miss Balderstock placed herself before the blackboard, after having deftly deposited the box in the depths of the stovepipe hat and covered it with the bandanna which was always to be seen there.

When Mons. Tanteau had made his handsomest *bonjour*, accompanied by a stale little compliment expressive of his pleasure at so good a recitation, he took his hat in hand, when in an instant popped out of it a grinning horror, with a human face and dragon's body!

The hot haste in which that irreproachable beaver was dropped upon the floor, while its owner leaped to the opposite side of the apartment, with eyes starting from their sockets and a shrieked "*Scinti vierges,*" was a spectacle of such indescribable comicality that no human witness of it could possibly avoid falling into convulsions of laughter. Some of the soberest girls in the class, who invariably discountenanced such pranks, actually laughed themselves into a hysterical state, and cried about as freely as they laughed.

The miserable and indignant victim of the trick, having a little recovered the use of his wits, suddenly clutched the dragon and slung it violently into the blazing grate; while, with a frantic glare about the room, and a growl which better scholars in the *belle langage* would have recognized as fearfully profane, he bolted from the house.

When Mme. de Smith entered to ascertain the meaning of the disorderly sounds she had just heard, all was quite again. Nothing unusual was apparent, except the flushed faces and compressed lips of the young ladies as they dispersed to other recitations.

The Professor was careful after that not to turn his back for an instant upon his bearer, but to keep it in full view till he was safely off the premises; showing that he labored under the insane mistake of supposing that such girls would ever attempt to repeat the same trick, when their variety of tormenting devices was perfectly inexhaustible.

Sometimes they would vex him half to despair by their questions or remarks or intentional blunders; pretending all the while to be innocently seeking for information.

"Perfesser, what's the French for '*so much water*'?

A giggle would soon inform him that a wretched pun had been attempted on his name.

"Perfesser, what's the difference between *Taisez vous* and *Baisez vous?*"

"*Ouvrez votre dictionnaire!*" he would reply, curtly.

"Perfesser, what do you mean by *smit a gal?* Have you smit any guis in this city but us?"

"*Point d'impertinence, Mam'selle!*" the poor man would roar; and very likely the little speech would be found necessary before he could quiet his nerves again. This was precisely what was intended.

Or, perhaps, smothering his choler, he would explain, as if he believed the question put in good faith:

"'*Ce m'est egal*' *signifie, comme je vous ai dit mille fois.* 'It is all the same to me.' *Ne me repais jamais cette question.*"

The weeks and months passed on, but they brought no amelioration to the hard lot of the unhappy Tanteau. The incessant wear upon his temper had been such that he was no longer able to control it even under slight provocation; so that of late he had almost daily given his class the advantage over him, which some of them were not slow to take—considering the "Perfesser" always fair game. With Leura Balderstock and Alphonsie De Vlin the determination to torture him amounted almost to an insane impulse. It was in vain that the more quiet and kind-hearted girls plead earnestly not only for the Professor, that their classmates would let the poor man alone; but for themselves, that they might be allowed to reap the advantage of his instructions. Nothing could prevail on them to abandon their cruel and disgraceful trickery; and it was at length decided to communicate to Mme. de Smith the exact state of the case. The very next time he was imposed upon they resolved to do it, whatever resentment might be felt by the two ringleaders of the mischief. An opportunity soon presented itself.

It was one of the coldest mornings of the season, and bright fires were burning in all the class-rooms. Professor Tanteau was late, as had grown his custom, to shorten the period of his martyrdom. The petite Alphonsie was whispering eagerly in a corner with the strapping Teuton, Leura Balderstock.

"Good, first-rate!" said the latter, clapping her large, fat hands. "Fetch the chair, quick!"

"For shame, Leura Balderstock," said several of the girls, as soon as they understood the game; "for shame!"

But Leura was not to be put down; and as for shame, she had no idea what it meant.

When the Professor came in, the girls were all in their places, looking as demure and innocent as possible. After bowing politely and giving them the morning salutations, he sat down at his desk to commence the usual exercises. In an instant, however, he bounded into the air, shouting, "*O bon Dieu!*" But, dreadful to relate, the wooden chair-seat, which had been heated almost to ignition, refused to part from his broadcloth, inasmuch as the varnish with which it was covered was in a melted state!

The rage and agony of the unfortunate sufferer knew no bounds, as he rushed about the room, roaring like a maddened bull, with his chair still adhering to his garments, and the melted varnish blistering his skin. The oaths he swore, the imprecations he uttered, the curses he called down on that institution and all its members would have been awful to hear in English; but, being in French, the effect was not so terrible upon the plotters of this last unkindest cut of all—though it is fair to say that they never thought of the last-named effect when they resolved on the first.

But when they saw him seize the poker and begin to lay about him savagely, the girls one and all thought it time to beat a precipitate retreat.

Mme. de Smith soon made her appearance on the scene of action, having been aroused in a distant part of the school edifice by the unearthly shrieks and howlings of the much-abused Professor. What assistance she was able to render him never transpired. But it is certain that from that day forth he never darkened her doors again, and that he presented her a bill for damages received beneath her roof to the amount of five hundred dollars! Which amount was duly levied upon the papas of Leura Balderstock and Alphonsie De Vlin, whose coarse and cruel conduct was at last faithfully reported.

As a natural result, the institution was suddenly relieved of the presence of these two experts in trickery and mischief.

YOUR VISITATION.

BY REV. H. N. POWERS, D.D.

Blind Bartimeus, at the gate of Jericho, when informed of the approach of Jesus, raised an importunate cry for mercy, which was graciously answered. "Rise up; go in peace; thy faith hath saved thee," was the response of the pitying Lord. So, with sight restored, and in a blessed newness of life, he followed the Good Physician with rejoicing.

As he had his gracious visitation, so we have ours. All whose eye may catch the heading of this article have enjoyed favoring seasons, when the Divine One was passing by, ready and willing to fill the soul with light and the life of his own renewing love. However different may have been your experience, or whatever the result of heavenly influence upon your heart, it could be said in your case, "He calleth thee." Let me briefly remind you of some of these opportunities, which are so significant to those who trace the undercurrents of life and their bearing upon its everlasting destiny.

Some of you have welcomed the invitation that came with such a dawn of comfort to your heart. The rod of chastisement was not applied in vain. While many around you were pressing into the Kingdom, as the cloud of mercy distilled its awakening grace, you could not be indifferent and untouched. The sweet counsel of a mother, long since at rest, came back to you with pathetic and successful solicitation. The appeals of a dear pastor, long unheeded, awoke in your conscience with power to persuade. Seeing the face of the lowly Jesus in such winning beauty of love, you could not deny him. As the inner voice whispered with unutterable tenderness in your lonely walk or secluded chamber, "Give me thy heart," you bowed in childlike faith and said, "Lord, it is thine. Keep it and make it thy dwelling-place forever." And so in experiences of trial and in times of prosperity, when the sunshine was sweetest in the family and the spirit of peace was most plenteous in the church; in seasons of sacred festivity, and when you planted flowers on holy graves, you welcomed the coming of the Master. He gave you light and comfort, and a great hope shining into eternity. In his strength you could rise up to duty, and take meekly your burdens, and gather out of tedious and painful ways the dews of a gracious refreshment. And, as you think over these times of his nearer approach, though sometimes you shrank from the trial, you are thankful for every experience that showed you your poverty and disclosed to your heart the Lord; thankful that he visited you just as he did, that he has dealt with you so mercifully, and that you can say,

> "Through all my dark has shone thy face,
> Thy peace has flowed beneath my pain;
> Stumbling, I fell in thy embrace.
> My loss by thee was turned to gain."

But others of you give little sign of spiritual sensibility or interest in his love; though it is said, "He calleth Thee." Still are you not waiting by the great world's wayside for a good that is satisfying and enduring? Has it come, however, in all your material gain and fleeting pleasures? Have you secured what you are willing to regard as the sum of blessedness? Is life progressing in a direction that you would like to pursue forever? What do you confess to yourself after the fatigue and excitement of business has past, after the fever of passion has subsided, after the savor of pleasure palls, when you know best your most secret self, but that life has not been a success, that you do hunger for heavenly bread and thirst for water that springs up unto everlasting life? Away down in the depths of a nature endowed with immortality, you are conscious of an immortal desire, and of spiritual possibilities which can be realized only in Christ. As your memory lingers over the days that are no more, many of them speak of sacred visitations which were too clear to be misunderstood. There was a gracious rain upon the Lord's inheritance, and still you waited for a more convenient season to open your heart to its refreshment. Sometimes, in the midst of the worshiping assembly, a message wafted on the wings of praise and prayer came to you, sweet and holy; and for a moment nothing seemed so desirable as the "better way." You have walked the fields in the summer eventide, and stood on the brown hills of October, with solemn whisperings in your hearts, feeling that the Being whose smile was over all was worthy of your love. And, sitting alone by the decaying fire, when the house was still, the days of childhood have come back, all perfumed with a mother's prayer; and the spell of holy Sabbaths has fallen again, with its sacred voices and household peace; and out of the hallowed places of hope and friendship looked once more the fair, bright faces that are dust, and awoke the sad, far-off echoes of lost affections. And, as you thought of the graves that were green over those who were loved so well, and of the beautiful visions that had vanished, and how strangely you had been led on and spared, despite your unfaithfulness and ingratitude, there seemed nothing so becoming for you as the consecration of your life and all to your Divine Preserver and Redeemer. Ah, how many times has it been said, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. He calleth thee." But you hushed the voice that spoke within, and still sit by the wayside begging. The years pass on, the burdens of existence grow heavier, the sweets of early enjoyment are exhaled, the habit of worldliness increases, unexpected evils worry and perplex you; and, summing up all your gains, can you believe that there is real profit without Christ in the heart? If decisive action is delayed, the consequences may be fatal to the soul.

In his fervent desire and importunate faith the blind beggar thrust all impediments to the Saviour from his way. But it is strong, resolute effort that you are reluctant to make. The diverting solicitations of business and pleasure, the fear of the world, a sense of personal unworthiness, untoward social or domestic influences, are allowed to hinder your cordial response to the call that summons you to a blessed discipleship. Still, none of these things need keep you from the Lord. You have the ability to take the hand that is extended in blessing. The cross grows light when borne affectionately in the Master's strength. For you the Lord of Glory died. The divine love is summed up in this act of infinite grace. This same Jesus who died for you invites you, visits you, and would shine into your heart with the light of pardon, purity, and a plenitude of peace.

THE BEE LOVER.

Round the red-ripe headed clover
Hangs the honey-begging lover,
Eager from her cells to sip
With his dainty-loving lip.

As around her head he's swinging,
In her ear this song he's singing:
"Red-ripe clover, red-ripe clover,
Yes, I love you, o'er and over;

"And I've come a tollsome journey,
Just to plead as Love's attorney;
Just to float about your ear,
And to hymn my love sincere."

So the lay he never ceases,
Till she ev'ry sweet releases;
Then his sails to air he flings,
And floats off on zig-zag wings:

Ah! there's many a honey-lover
Buzzing through life's fields of clover:
Tales the same he still repeats,
Till he steals our nectared sweets.

Royal E. Jeremy.

THE ORIGIN AND MEANING OF "THE HOLY GRAIL."

The popular interest excited by Tennyson's last poem has called forth considerable discussion as to the meaning of the "Holy Grail." The theories on this subject have been as numerous and as conflicting as those which used to be framed for the purpose of determining the authorship of the Junius letters, or discovering the man in the iron mask. As regards the etymology of the word, it is now generally, but by no means universally, believed by scholars to be derived from the medieval Latin *gradalis, gradale, grasale graxals, grassaletus*, or *garalis* (for all these forms are employed by Latin writers of the Middle Ages), meaning a dish or platter, broad but not very deep (*scutella lata et aliquantulum profunda*), as Helinandus, a monkish chronicler of the 13th century, defines it. He then goes on to say that in common parlance (*vulgari nomine*) this is called *graale*, because it is grateful and acceptable (*grata et acceptabilis*) to the eater, both on account of the excellent food which it contains and the precious material of which it is made. Aelfricus, a learned grammarian and Archbishop of Canterbury of the 11th century, uses in his glossary of the Anglo-Saxon the word *garalis* as equivalent to *acetabulum*, and defines it by the Anglo-Saxon *aceed-fæt*, vinegar-cruet. From these medieval Latin forms were probably derived the Provençal and old French words *grasal, grasel, grael, greale, greil, graille, great*, etc. A French writer of the 14th century speaks of "*un grant greil qui est à dire un grant plat*"; another says of a woman that she prepared "*un grasal ou jatte plain de prunes.*" Many other passages might be quoted in which the same word reappears, with slight variations in orthography, and always signifies a dish or vessel of some kind in which food is served. It is possible, therefore, that it may have been derived originally from the Greek verb γράω (Sanscrit *gras*), to eat; although Borel suggests that the material of which these vessels were made—viz., *grais cuit* (modern French *grès*), stone-ware—may furnish a clue to its etymology. The fact that the *grail* (as it is spelt in Middle High German) was supposed to be fashioned out of a precious stone would not militate against Borel's derivation; since, according to one version of the old legend, Christ made the dish himself from common clay, for the purpose of eating the passover in it, and then by a miracle transformed it into an emerald. This sacred use to which the *grail* was put has caused some etymologists to derive it from *gratialis*, which is formed from the medieval Latin *gratia*, eucharist or sacrament. The legend then proceeds to relate how Joseph of Arimathea (*unq gentilhomme cheralier*, as he is styled in *Le Roman du St. Graal*) went to the house of Simon, after Jesus was crucified, and inquired where Christ had eaten with the twelve. Simon directed him to the place, which was on the house-top; and there Joseph found a dish (*ung plat ou escuelle*), out of which the Lord had eaten with his disciples. Joyfully he took it with him to his home and collected in it the blood that still flowed from the Saviour's wounds as he laid the body in his own family tomb. But the Jews were angry at Joseph, and cast him into a dark dungeon, which was five leagues from Jerusalem. Here Christ appeared to him, gave him the dish containing the blood, and exhorted him to be of good cheer; for, although Caiaphas had sentenced him to starvation in this prison, yet his life should be preserved. Two and forty years Joseph remained in this dungeon without food, but sustained and strengthened by the presence of this sacred vessel. Then came Titus, the son of the Emperor Vespasian, guided and incited by St. Veronica, and at the head of a great army, to avenge the death of Christ. The wife and son of Joseph appeared before him, and bewailed the fate of the husband and father, of whom they had heard no tidings for forty-two years. Titus threatens to burn a multitude of Jews alive unless he is informed of the place where Joseph is imprisoned. Finally Caiaphas makes Titus swear not to take vengeance upon him, and then conducts him to Joseph's dungeon, into which Titus causes himself to be let down by ropes, and calls the prisoner by name. "Good God, who calls me?" exclaims Joseph. "It is I, the son of the Roman emperor, who am come to set you free!" answered Titus. Therefore they drew him out of his dungeon, and asked him how long he supposed he had been incarcerated. "Only two days," replied Joseph. So miraculously had the presence of "The Holy Grail" (for so the vessel was called) served to shorten the time. The night before Titus's departure for Rome, Jesus appeared at Joseph's bedside and commanded him to baptize Titus and his officers in the Euphrates. Joseph then went forth as an apostle and an evangelist into the whole world, bearing with him the sacred vessel, whose magic power not only sufficed to sustain him without food, but also performed wonders in the conversion of the heathen. When the allied Pisans and Genoese captured Cæsarea, in 1101, they brought with them to Europe as a part of the spoils a vessel which was believed to be the Holy Grail, and under the name of *Il Sacro Catino* is still reverently preserved in the cathedral of San Lorenzo, at Genoa. This "sacred dish" was for centuries thought to be cut from a single emerald; and as long ago as 1501 Jean Danton, in his *vie de Louis XII*, gave a minute account of this "*emerande entaillée en manière l'un grand plat*," which he furthermore described as "of such a beautiful green that every other emerald is obscured by it when placed near it." Napoleon I sent it to Paris, where it was examined by savants and proved to be glass of oriental manufacture. The exquisite perfection of the workmanship and the rich luster of the material show the extraordinary skill of the ancients in this branch of industry, and place it as a monument of antique glass-making and glass-carving in the same rank as the Portland vase of the British Museum and the Pompeian *vaso di vetro blu*. A Dominican of the 13th century, Jacobus de Voragine, in his Genoese Chronicle (quoted in Muratori's *Rer. Ital.*, vol. ix) refers to the *Sacro Catino* as *illud vas quod Angli in libris suis Sangreal appellant*. As the sacred and miracle-working character of this dish arose chiefly from its contact with the blood of Jesus, this association became so strong as not only to wrest the word from its original meaning, but also to rend it asunder and transform it into *sang real*, royal or holy blood. Thus arose a new etymology, which was for a long time generally accepted and is still adhered to by some German and French philologists. But it is not for a moment to be assumed (as is done by Sir George Bowyer, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*) that it has any connection with "the Real Blood in the Sacrament of the Altar." It has nothing to do with the dogma of Transubstantiation; but refers only to the pure and divine royalty of Christ. To the medieval mind this idea was the prominent one; it was this that made it the palladium of the knight-errant and the supreme goal of Christian chivalry. Another theory, first promulgated by *Kanne*, and once indorsed by so great an authority as *Von der Hazen*, derives it from the Hebrew *garalah* (foreskin), in allusion to the circumcision of Jesus. The famous Orientalist, Von Hammer, on the contrary, maintains that the *gral* was not the dish which contained the Paschal lamb; but a baptismal basin, which he connects with the mysteries of gnosticism and the cave (Arabic *garal*) of Mt. Rakim, where the twelfth Iman is sleeping until the time when all religions shall be united into one—a very obscure and unsatisfactory interpretation, but interesting from its resemblance to the old legend of Frederic Barbarossa and the Kyffhaeuser. The true etymology is probably the one first mentioned; which traces *gral* or *grail* to the medieval Latin *gradalis*, etc. But what is the origin of the latter word? Diez says it is uncertain; but suggests (as Roquefort has done before him) that it may be derived from *crater* (goblet, large bowl), in medieval Latin *cratus, cratalis*. Others derive it from the Celtic *croig* (stone), old French *cray* or *grais* (pottery). In Southern and Eastern France a basin is still called *grasal, grasau, grial*, or *gras*. In the city of Metz *gras* means a wooden bowl. In Celtic mythology the wash-basin of the goddess Cæidwen is known as the *gral*; hence, Kurz infers that the legend of "The Holy Grail," like that of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, is of Celtic origin. According to the "War of the Wartburg" (a poem written toward the close of the 13th century, and describing the contest of minstrelsy which is said to have taken place at the Wartburg, in 1206), the "Holy Grail" was made from a jewel (*lapis erillus*) which dropped from the crown of Lucifer, as the rebel angel was hurled from Heaven. It was also one of the gifts which the Queen of Sheba brought to Solomon; and Sale, the translator of the Koran, endeavors to show its relation to the Caaba, or black stone of Mecca, which, according to Mohammedan tradition, fell from Heaven, was taken away during the Deluge, and afterward restored to Abraham by the Angel Gabriel. But enough has been said to show what is the significance of "The Holy Grail," without rehearsing the countless and conflicting legends which medieval poets and romancers relate about it. The finest of all these poems is the "Tarzival" of Wolfram von Eschenbach, composed between 1203 and 1215. It is well not to be too positive and dogmatic in discussing a question of etymology so very doubtful as is this of "The Holy Grail."

E. P. E.

ECCE HOMOS IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY.

BY JAMES LEONARD CORNING.

Even since Jesus of Nazareth was laid in the tomb, he has been an ideal in the eyes of Christian faith. I do not intend by any means to endorse the theory of Strauss and his school, and assign the biographies of Christ wholly to the realm of myth. But I mean to say that every Christian has an ideal Christ, which, though it grows out of, yet is in some real manner distinguishable from the historical Christ. How far this is true in individual experience depends upon the diversities of mental constitution. People with small imaginative endowment do not get far outside of the record; but poets, and all their kith, not seldom allow faith to travel far into the region of dreamland. Here we have the philosophy of the legendary literature of Christian faith which Mrs. Jameson has so profoundly explored.

I take it to have been a deliberate and well-considered intent of Divine Providence that no authentic portrait of Christ should be given to the world. Of course, if the All-wise had thought it a necessity, he would have so ordained. We know the Catholics have a tradition that Luke was a portrait-painter, and they profess to have the features of Christ as this evangelist painted them. But we know, likewise, that this theory is wholly imaginary, however devoutly adhered to by many thousand saintly souls.

"Ecce Homos" may be said to epitomize the painted poetry of Christian faith; but it is a somewhat difficult task to define just what pictures come properly under this designation. In the broadest sense, any picture which represents Christ as the prominent figure may be called an "Ecce Homo." I believe, however, that the title is ordinarily restricted within narrower bounds, and is intended to signify a portraiture of Christ exclusive of other personages. In attempting some account of the Ecce Homos of the Dresden Gallery, it will be necessary, in order not to overstep our allotted space, to confine ourselves within these limits. Adhering closely to the condition of solitary portraiture, I believe there are just seventeen Ecce Homos in the Dresden Gallery, representing fourteen artists of greatly varying merit. The four master spirits of the group are Guido, Annibal Carracci, Carl Dolci, and Albert Dürer. Others whom I shall name are by no means contemptible in the roll of genius; but these four are confessedly high in the rank of superiority. Guido has three pictures—two half-figures and a single head—the last his masterpiece and the most precious gem of all the Ecce Homos in the gallery. The two half-figures—one representing Christ with his face uplifted in prayer, and the other picturing him bowed in resignation—are works of great power, and would have immortalized any master; but they hang too near the masterpiece to be fully appreciated, and suffer greatly by contrast. The head-piece is life-size, and is the most perfect incarnation of the whole mental life of the great Sufferer. The head is thrown languidly back, and the eyes upturned in mingled petition and resignation. The face has a deathly pallor, which perfectly comports with the ghastly history. Words are utterly wanting to describe the power of the one great Ecce Homo of Guido. I need not say that the copies of this work are a multitudinous progeny; but the best of them are only faint shadows of the original conception.

Close by this picture hangs the head of Christ by Annibal Carracci, a most wonderful portrait of its kind. The evident design of the artist is to represent Christ in some of the severer attitudes of his judicial function. The long auburn hair is parted in the middle. The eyes look directly at you; and, while there is no appearance of implacable rigor, one can fancy the unseen hands to be holding the scales of impartial justice. The picture is slightly repellant at first sight, the gentler qualities being almost absent. But it grows upon you wonderfully; and, long after you have left its searching presence, those far-seeing eyes are felt as if following you with judicial vigilance. It was well to hang the Guido and the Carracci on the same wall, and in close proximity; for they give us at a glance the two poles of Christ's mental life. Carlo Dolci has given us "Christ Blessing the Bread and Wine." The copy of this picture, by his daughter Agnes, is in the Gallery of the Louvre, in Paris. At first view it seems to be overdone in the representation of feminine qualities; but a closer acquaintance in great measure dispels this impression. His left hand holds the sacramental loaf, and his right is uplifted in petition. The face and eyes are raised toward heaven, and every feature tells the story of tenderness and grief. You think of a womanly soul which greatly loves and greatly suffers. The rich auburn hair falls in ringlets over his shoulders. The drapery of blue and red is finely done. The cup stands before him, waiting for its benediction. The uplifted hand is wonderfully drawn.

The wonderful little Ecce Homo of Albert Dürer hangs in the room of Holbein's Madonna, and is very likely to escape the notice of all but vigilant eyes. It is the crucifixion scene. A solitary cross, with its victim hanging dead upon it. A thin line of light on the horizon sets forth in powerful contrast the black sky of lingering night. The face is expressive of an agonized death, the eyes and mouth being slightly open; and the power of the artist in getting so much expression into a space no larger than your finger-nail is surprising. It is the story of the last extremity of mortal anguish stereotyped in death.

After these four great pictures, we come to a lower grade of Ecce Homos; some of which are, however, deserving of much study, and are entitled to more than the brief mention which can here be given to them. We will take them not wholly in the order of merit, but as they naturally catch our eye in a walk through the gallery.

Lucas Van Leyden: Christ blessing a little cross which he holds in his left hand. The face is insipidity substituted for meekness. Valuable only as an antique.

Old German piece; artist unknown. Christ sitting disrobed, with the crown of thorns on his head. The anatomy and flesh are well done. A trace of sorrow and longing in the countenance; but as portraiture it is feeble.

Espinoso: Christ bearing the cross. The face indicates the extremity not only of physical but of mental effort. The body has sunk to earth with weariness.

Spada: Christ bound to the pillar of scourging. A half-figure. Neither persecutor nor scourge is visible; but the face and the attitude tell the story. In the attempt to picture the extremity of woe, the artist has left something lacking in intelligence. The dilated eyes and the open mouth give us a picture ghastly and repulsive, however real.

Morales: a head figure, hangs next to Guido's masterpiece, and suffers by comparison with it. A face from which suffering has driven every trace of beauty, flushed with hectic, thin, and haggard. It is simply a world of woe epitomized; nothing more.

Cima: two pictures. One of them might almost be called an attempted counterpart of Annibal Carracci's great picture, though far inferior to it. Undoubtedly the intention of the artist was to incarnate the same sentiments.

The second is a more successful piece, although not first-class. Christ lifting the right hand in blessing, and in the left holding a book. The artist has tried with some success to put something supermundane into the countenance. The eyes are large and deep, and you think of a soul in which love to God and man reigns supreme. The story of sorrow is also powerfully suggested.

Next, a very small piece by Turchi: Christ with the crown of thorns on his head and the reed in his hand. The flesh is well done. The uplifted face is in deep shadow, though a halo of light surrounds the head, and the body is also well lighted. This no doubt was designed by the artist to set forth the sorrow, which to fully portray in the features of the face surpassed the capacity of his genius.

Bembi: Christ blessing the world. A half-figure. His right hand rests on a globe. The face is common, wholly human, and on a low grade at that. The execution stiff and poor.

Lui: head of Christ. If it were not for the designation of the catalogue, you would pronounce it a beautiful female portrait. The hair is light, parted in the middle, and falls in rich ringlets over his shoulders. The uplifted hand, somewhat large for a woman, is the only thing that suggests the masculine. All the rest is as wholly feminine as a Madonna or a St. Cecilia.

Lastly, Ponte: Christ bearing the cross. Half-figure, life size. A face the extreme incarnation of woe. The blood is dripping from his thorn-wreathed brow, and the eyes have seemingly wept themselves dry. I never looked upon such a picture of disconsolateness. He is forsaken both by earth and Heaven—the loneliest sufferer that our eyes ever beheld on canvas.

And so we have but too hastily completed the brief catalogue. Of pictures of Christ in which other personages are introduced there are a great many in the Dresden Gallery, and not a small proportion of them have become world-renowned. They represent almost every scene in his recorded history, and present a field for attention and devout study. We may notice some of the great works of this class at a future opportunity. After all, gathering up all the Ecce Homos and conceiving a single picture composed of the select features of all, we find still an ideal floating in our souls, which refuses to be satisfied with anything in line and color which human genius has or can achieve.

Dresden, Saxony, May, 1870.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

One of the saddest things which come under the daily supervision of observing men, especially of business men, is the astonishing waste of power—nerve-power, brain-power, and moral-power—which is indulged in by the young men of our American society. Any one who will take the trouble of looking carefully around will see, within the circle of his immediate observation, scores of young prodigals, the sons of active, influential men, gifted with talents and capacities that might bless society, but who are wasting their rich substance in riotous living or elegant indolence.

Very few of the young men of our day are making the most of themselves. There may be something comforting in the petition "minds always contented with our present condition"; but we need to avoid this settling into a chronic, humdrum laziness, while flattering ourselves that we are cherishing a spirit of contentment. There is enough of undeveloped energy in the youth of this age to work a complete and radical change on the face of our society—a change which is needed, too. In every other family in the land can be found at least one young man of good address, fair abilities, backed by a hundred and fifty pounds, more or less, of serviceable bone and muscle, who is very patiently waiting for the swinging open of one of those scattered gates called "chances." It must be an easy, remunerative situation in a bank, or a fat office in a "department," or some sinecure, about which our young friend's ideas are altogether too vague to be expressed. He is decidedly averse to taking hold of anything that is not highly "respectable." Manual labor is the last thing to be thought of. He is content to drift along easily, secure in his nameless but great expectations. It is a great pity that such young men are no longer shipped over the proverbial sea of life with no outfit save the traditional twenty-five cents, the bundle of clothes, and the blessing of *pater-familias*.

A thoroughly self-reliant youth is rarely to be met with among what we strangely term the better classes. It is doubtful whether the age will again produce such a man from such a stock as was Horace Greeley, for instance.

The frugal habits, the patient toil, the indomitable energy of fifty years ago fail to find their counterpart in the race of easygoing young men of to-day, who cling to their life of indolence with a barnacle-like tenacity. This settled indolence is the curse of our social system. There is enough to be done, and enough who ought to work; but the months and years slip by, and the effeminate dreamer suddenly wakes to find himself on the down-hill side of life, with no purpose accomplished, no good done, no provision made for the relentless future.

An active, provident, independent, fearless young man; one who appreciates the personal gifts of his Creator; one whose talent is in a fair way of doubling; one who combines the power for good with the disposition for accomplishing it—a blessing both to himself (if we may so speak) and to community—how many such do we know?

We do not doubt the ability and capacity of our young men; but we do want to see them used to a purpose. Latent force, so long as it is latent, is equivalent to no force at all.

But worse than this state of idleness is the actual abuse of energy in the walks of dissipation. Half the planning and laboring which is given to sensual pleasure by the youth of our large villages and cities would impart a wonderful impulse to the better interests of the land, would dignify labor and benefit beyond calculation the very ones who could make such a change.

The remedy for the actual state of things is to be looked for in a better home training. So long as boys are allowed to despise old-fashioned manual labor, so long as parents attempt to have their sons begin where they themselves leave off, so long as a false and factitious standard of *eligibility* obtains in social life, just so long will we find the helpless, inefficient young man, genteelly waiting for something to turn up.

But the indications are that we are leaving the feverish, impatient life of the last ten years; and are, in a measure, actually returning to the more healthy state of the good old days when sturdy boys went forth from the cloistor of home to cut their way through all difficulties to positions of honor and influence, and succeeded, too. Let us hope that their success may be more frequently repented by the young men of to-day.

S. W. B.

Music.

A little ripple

lounges, and gorgeous mirrors? Shall it be a sin unpardonable to take a glass of ale or beer; and none whatever to rob or impoverish the Lord's treasury? Shall this fine lady of fashion squander her one thousand or fifteen hundred dollars upon an India shawl, and go unrebuked; whilst yonder hod-carrier shall be denounced because of indulging in his glass of whisky.

The truth is, we are afloat and adrift in regard to this whole question of temperance. I look around, on Sundays, in almost all our churches—the once plain Methodist, but now no longer so, not even excepted. And what do I behold from the pulpit or reading-desk, standing face to face with the congregation? Instead of a house of God, embracing people of all classes and conditions—all intermingled as upon a common footing before our Lord and master—I see a gayly-attired crowd, seated upon luxurious cushions, as in a theater, for the exhibition, regularly as spring and autumn shall come round, of the latest and most prevailing fashions; and the poor are nowhere! They simply stay at home, because they cannot afford to dress for church; and so the Devil holds high carnival! They cannot endure the contrast of their thread-bare habiliments with those of their more fashionable or wealthy neighbor.

And I do not know that we can blame the *Salt of the Church*—for such are oftentimes God's poor—in thus acting. "Did you come in a carriage?" queried the aristocratic sexton of one of our fashionable churches in New York, but the other day. Answering in the negative, the visitor was requested to await the opportunity of mere pedestrians for a seat in the Lord's temple.

Now, is there no room here for the practice of temperance? How long shall our Christian women, of easy circumstances, persist in excluding their poorer sisters from God's house, through this insane folly, nay, downright wickedness of ostentatious display, where *all* should sit alike as penitent sinners before the Lord? How long before they shall learn the lesson that all things may be lawful, but not expedient, and that we have no right to wound the feelings of the weak, for whom Christ died?

If ever reform was needed, I think it is needed here. The trouble is that the rage for dress on Sundays has become so universal it seems almost impossible to begin. Each apes and vies with the neighbor; and meanwhile the church runs to waste for lack of vital piety and through love of show and of outward form.

I think the *rich* must begin this reform, if it is to be accomplished at all. *They* can afford to dress plainly in the house of God. Is jewelry and plumes and costly robes *must* be worn, would that the day might come when their appropriate place shall be declared the theater or opera-house, rather than the Christian church! So long as the present shall be the mode, few will be found of sufficient moral courage to breast the tide. Who, oh! who of her sex, in this day of redress of woman's wrongs, will inaugurate this one—so much needed by THE CRISIS's poor sisters, now fashion-banished from the worship of his courts—by the introduction of a plain and simple *Sunday garb* for woman's use in the Lord's house?

Ministerial Register.

SETTLEMENTS.

Arnold, F. L., Presb., of Marengo, Iowa, to Larimie, Wyoming Territory.
Ausland, J., Luth., Isanti, Minn.
Blood, C., Bapt., Independence, Mo.
Cavalliu, J. O., Luth., Cannon Falls, Minn.
Champlin, O. P., Cong., ord., July 10th, Fairmount, Minn.
Dickinson, F. W., Cong., of Turner, at Coventry, Vt.
Greene, Jno. M., Cong., of So. Hadley, ord., July 20th, at Ware, Mass.
Holbrook, C. S., Bapt., of Davenport, Mass., at Saco, Me.
Hood, John, Presb., ord., June 15th, Kaskaskia, Ill.
James, N. B., Cong., ord., June 8th, New Orleans, La.
Jackson, Geo. H., ord., June 25th, New Orleans, La.
Kingdon, J. A., Bapt., Paris, Ky.
Lench, D. F., Bapt., of Unadilla, N. Y., at Yorkville, Minn.
Lindsay, W. C., Bapt., Wilson, N. C.
Magny, J., Luth., ord., Wasa, Minn.
Prescott, G. H., Bapt., St. Paul, Minn.
Spangler, A., (Germ.) Ref., ord., July 16th, York Spring, Pa.
Woerr, M., Presb., Paxton, Ill.
Waller, Wm. Bapt., of Bethel, to Mason Village, N. H.
Warren, G. F., Bapt., of Boston, to Lowell, Mass.
Wiley, Vernon R., Bapt., ord., July 9th, Sulphur Springs, Ky.

CALLS.

Bondreault, P., Presb., to Second French church, St. Anne, Ill.
Barnard, J. H., Presb., of Waukesha, Wis., to Kankakee, Ill.
Baugh, J. M., United Presb., of Chicago, to Biggsville, Doolines.
Bennett, B. L., Univ., Irvington, N. J.
Brown, J. H., D.D., Presb., of Springfield, Ill., to Wabash-ave. church, Chicago. Accepts.
Brown, John, Presb., to Elko, Cal. Yes.
Clark, J. H., Presb., Warrensburg, Mo. Yes.
Chambers, J. P., Presb., Dayton, Wis.
Cumming, L. P. (Dutch) Ref., Manhattan church, N. Y. Accepts.
Canfield, A. J., Univ., of Brooklyn, to Utica, N. Y.
Dodd, S. C., Cong., to St. John, Canada. Accepts.
Fairchild, T. B., Epis., of Hudson, O., to Lake Cayuanee, Ill. Accepts.
Gapp, P. H., Moravian, of Riverside, to Egg Harbor, N. J. Accepts.
Hays, Geo. P., Presb., of Allegheny, to Erie, Pa.
Hay, B. F., Cong., of Hartford, Vt., to New Ipswich, N. H. Accepts.
Holbrook, C. F., Bapt., of Davenport, Mass., to Saco, Me. Accepts.
Hall, R. T., Cong., of Oberlin, O., to Pittsford, Vt. Accepts.
Hanse, Edward, of Philadelphia, to South Cong. church, Bridgeport, Conn.
Huebener, Louis, of Bethlehem, Pa., to Hope, Ind. Accepts.
Jones, Harvey, Cong., Grasshopper Falls, Kansas. Accepts.
Lowry, Chas., Unit., First Parish, Cambridge, Mass.
Manly, J. M., Presb., of Neshannock, Sharon, Pa.
Matthews, J. B., Presb., Astley, Mo. Yes.
McAdam, H. P., of Troy, N. Y., to Tenth church, Philadelphia.
Mongeau, J. F., Cong., to Oswego, Kansas.
Oehler, G. F., Moravian, to Lake Mills, Wis. Accepts.
Post, A. H., Cong., of Milton, Wis., to Jamesboro, Iowa. Accepts.
Parker, Prof. J. D., Cong., of Topeka, to Burlington, Kansas. Accepts.
Post, Alfred B., Presb., of Indiana, to Santa Clara, Cal. Accepts.
Rosboro, S. R., Cong., of Lincoln, to Woodland, Cal. Accepts.
Romanus, C., Moravian, of Lake Mills, Wis., to Riverside, N. J. Accepts.
Service, W. H., Bapt., Clarkston, Mich.
Schaeffer, Jno. Luth., of Germantown, to Easton, Pa. Accepts.
Steck, Daniel, Luth., of Pottsville, Pa., to Middletown, Luth., of Pottsville, Pa.
Smith, D. Z., Moravian, of Sharon, O., to Chosky, Minn.
Stow, J. M., Cong., of Sullivan, to Hudson, Mass. Accepts.
Taylor, E. G., D.D., Bapt., of Chicago, Coliseum church, New Orleans. Accepts.
Torrey, Chas. W., Cong., Callaver, O.
Wildman, J. C., Epis., of Goshen, Ind., to Wallingford, Conn.
White, W. M., Presb., Long's Run, Pa.
Wilson, A. G., Presb., of Onarga, Ill., to Beloit, Wis. Accepts.
Westover, J. T., Bapt., of Keokuk, Fifth avenue, Chicago.
Wirt, D., Cong., Bapt., of Dubuque, Iowa.
Wheeler, C. H., Unit., of Winchester, Mass., to Troy, N. Y.

DISMISSIONS AND RESIGNATIONS.

Axtell, S. J., Bapt., Monroe, Mich.
Bacon, J. M., Cong., Essex, Mass., dies June 30th.
Elliot, Wm. D.D., Unit., St. Louis, to Ireland.
Foster, B. F., Univ., Dayton, O.
Graves, C., Luth., Milan, Pa.
Hansen, Joseph, D.D., Cong., resigns professorship in Chicago Theological Seminary.
Loring, L., Cong., Madison, O. Resigns.
Martin, B. L., Bapt., Oakland, Cal.
Reid, A. S., Presb., Anderson, Ind.
Smith, A. R., Luth., Sandyville, O.
Sewall, D. M., D.D., Presb., Yonkers, N. Y.
Sloat, A. H., Presb., White Pine, Nevada.
Skeorer, J. G., Bapt., Sitka, Alaska, Ind.

DEATHS.

Abbot, Ephraim, Unit., Westford Mass. Aged 91.
Kingsbury, Cyrus, D.D., missionary to the Choctaws since 1816, June 16th.
Monroe, Dr., professor in the Georgetown College, D. C., of the intense heat.
Pierce, Prof. Jas. E., Presb., of Auburn Theo. Sem., July 11th, aged 56.
Spencer, Theodore, Presb., Utica, N. Y. Aged 71.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cromlish, John, has been deposed by Bishop Potter for leaving the Episcopal for the Methodist Church.
Cheever, William M., Presb., becomes financial agent of Lane Seminary.
Conrad, G. L., Luth., resigns professorship at Gettysburg.
Jacobs, H. E., Luth., accepts professorship at Gettysburg.
Prentiss, Geo. L., D.D., of New York, declines the professorship of theology in Presbyterian seminary of Chicago.
Ulery, W. F., Luth., of Greenville, accepts professorship in the new Theological Seminary at Phillipsburg, Penn.

Our Young Folks.

VOICES OUT OF THE WOODS.

BY MARY E. ATKINSON.

'Now come to me, my children,"
The mother said, "and tell
What you have seen in the wildwood
And down in the feray dell."
The boy hung down his curly head,
And never a word said he;
But the little girl looked up and smiled,
And answered glad and free.

'It was dark, you know, dear mother,
In the shade of the forest-trees;
But I heard them talking overhead
With the cool, sweet evening breeze.
And, as I stood to listen
Beneath the broad old oak,
Up in his nest in the branches
A dear little birdie spoke.

'The whip-poor-wills were calling
And the crickets chirping shrill,
So I listened all the closer
For the sounds that were sweet and still.
I heard the flutter of moths' soft wings,
And insects' tiny call;
I heard the gurgle of hidden brooks,
And the rush of the waterfall.

'All pleasant and beautiful things, I thought,
Spoke out of the woods to me;
And I wished that a little voice might come
From the flowers I could not see.
I had scarcely wished it when came a Breeze,
Bringing along with him
The spirits of flowers out of the woods,
Fairylike, sweet, and dim.

"The dear Sweet-brier came first, and then
Wild Rose, with spicy breath,
Elder, and Mint, and dewy Fern,
And Honeysuckle wreath.
Of course, I could not see their face,
Nor hear them call my name;
But like a silent, viewless sprite
Each separate fragrance came.

"It was too dark for seeing much;
Yet I saw the shadows deep,
And I thought how cool and soft they lay
On the birds and flowers asleep.
And I saw the stars between the trees,
With sudden sparkle across my path
As I came through the woods alone."

The word was spoken unawares,
But it fell on the mother's ear.
"Alone, my child?" and she turned to the boy.
"Did you leave your sister dear?"
The tears stole down his bluishing cheek
As he answered soft and low:
"Forgive me, mother, and-sister mine;
I did not want to go.

"I hate the sight of the squalid hut,
Sick woman in dirty bed,
And I did not want to carry so far
The heavy basket of bread.
So I waited down in the ferny dell
While sister went alone.
I would have come home, but I was ashamed;
So I sat on a wayside stone.

"But nothing pleasant spoke out of the woods.
There were tree-toads shrieking shrill,
The owl's grim hoot, the bullfrog's scream,
And the tiresome whip-poor-will.
Upon a lizard's chilly back
My startled hand I laid;
A slimy snake slipped out of a hole,
And rustled away afraid.

"Blind, blundering beetles, whizzing past,
Struck sharply against my face,
And bats flew low on their ugly wings
Around the dreary place.
I heard strange whispers out of the wood,
And I did not like to stay;
I heard my own heart beating loud,
Till I dared not come away.

"Oh, I wish I had gone with sister,
My sister sweet and good;
Then pleasant things would have talked with me
Out of the shadowy wood.
I wish I had gone with sister
In Duty's path! Dear mother,
Forgive your naughty boy—and, sister,
Forgive your selfish brother!"

MY BOY.

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

LITTLE TIP was a tumbler; not a glass tumbler, though he might perhaps be truly called an earthen one. His peculiar vocation was to make a wheel of himself, by which he annoyed unprotected women and children. He would tumble over and over the entire length of the street, bobbing his head and holding out his hand for pennies between every somersault.

Poor Tip! he got more kicks and bruises than pennies. Not that the ladies—gentle hearts—ever repulsed him with rudeness; but the policemen did.

To them, poor little Tip, with his shock of untidy hair, his tearful eyes, and active legs, was simply a nuisance, and must be put down. As to his being a human bit of flesh and blood, I don't suppose such an idea ever came into their heads. It was their duty to keep him down or up; for he contrived to be on his head half of his life, and was a great trial to them.

Now, Tip was not an ugly, wizen-faced, meager, starved-looking boy, at all; neither was he very cunning or very vicious, that I could see. He had eyes large, dark, and really beautiful, fringed with heavy silken lashes; a fair skin, where you could see it for the dirt, and pretty features. I never met the little torment but I found myself wondering how he would look dressed in Knickerbockers. His curly hair carefully combed out, and his face thoroughly washed.

One day he appeared at my window, crying, as usual. He was a veritable little crocodile. I had never spoken to him; but now, obeying a sudden impulse, I had him called in.

"What is the matter with you, my boy?" I asked.

"I—I'm hungry," he said, whimpering.

"Then why don't you buy some bread? You've more than one penny in your pocket." I touched the ragged jacket with the paper-folder I held in my hands, and the coppers jingled. He looked up scared; but, seeing me smile, took courage.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Tip Toodles," was his rejoinder.

"No, but your other name. The children, I suppose, call you that."

"I hain't no other name," he made reply.

"Was that your father's name?"

"I hain't got no father."

"Well, is your mother's name Toodles?"

"No, she's Mattie," was the answer.

"Are you really hungry, Tip?"

"N—not very," he stammered.

"Who do you give your money to, my boy?"

"I gives it to my mother," he replied, looking down, while his child's face burned.

"And do you never spend it?"

He shook his head.

"Would you like a new suit of clothes, and do you think your mother would let you go to school?"

"I dunno," he answered, looking down and casting furtive glances about the room.

"Well, Tip, if you will wash your face nicely," I said, "I will give you a good breakfast."

His eyes brightened as he looked up. I led him to the bath-room, gave him plenty of soap and water, and when the child came out I should not have known him.

"He's a regular beauty," spoke Katy, stealthily, as she set out some breakfast for him on the kitchen table.

After he had eaten all he wanted, I put on my bonnet and water-proof, as the day looked threatening, and told the boy to lead me to his home. We were soon there, in the very heart of a crowded, miserable, shapen court, in the very top room of a horribly vile tenement-house. There I found the woman he called his mother.

She was old and haggard. When we went in, she was on her knees trying to blow a few damp chips into a flame. Some stale bread lay in slices on the broken hearth, in the midst of scattered ashes. I supposed she intended to toast it. The woman herself was not bad looking, but her dress was odiously foul with dirt. There were only a broken chair, a pan of coals, and a heap of rags in the room. No table, no beds; nothing of comforts. Even the windows were stuffed with paper to keep the pure air out.

"I have brought home your boy," I said, cheerfully, as the woman arose.

"I'm sorry I haven't a cheer for ye," she said, politely; "and, as for Tip, why he ain't my boy, you know, of course."

"But you take care of him."

"Laws, no, Miss, he takes care on hisself, and helps me a little, by tumbling."

"Are his parents living, then, and whose child is he?"

"You asks me more nor I can answer," was the reply, as she wiped her hands on her ragged gown. "Old Tom Green, him that was a tinker, had him a couple o' year; and they do say hereabouts as how Tip was stole."

"Then you don't know as Tip is his name?"

"Bless ye, miss, no, indeed. That's what we calls him hereabouts. He's a good child as young ones go; but I reckon, if you asks Granny Loot, who lives in the basement, she'll tell you somethin' about him. Tip, take the lady down to Granny Loot. You'll hev to holler some!"

The boy went obediently down-stairs; and, shipping a piece of money into the woman's hand, I followed him.

The way was fearfully dark and frightfully dirty; but the basement into which I was conducted was clean and almost comfortable. In one corner, on a low bed, crouched a strange, shrunken old figure, as like to a mummy as anything alive could possibly be. At the one window sat a tidy-looking girl, busily sewing.

"I have come," I said, addressing the girl, who looked up with a startled face, "to find out something about this boy."

"O, Granny remembers when he came here. Don't you, Granny?" she shrieked in the old creature's ear. "It's about Tip. The woman wants to know. Old Heeps brought him here, didn't he?"

"Yes," muttered the old woman, with many nods, her bright eyes fixed on my face. "Heeps, he did. Stole 'em, he did. Il always knowed it. Who is *she*? This mummy?"

I shook my head.

"Heeps is dead now. He was a wicked man," pursued the old woman; "and he stole that child. I remember he wasn't much more'n a baby then, and there was an accident out on the L. road—a dreadful smash-up. When Heeps brought that boy home, he had on pretty clothes, and pretty trinkets, hey, did he; and, if Heeps hadn't had us all under his little finger, there'd a been trouble, there would. But Heeps is dead now, and I'm 'glad of it, I am; he did a sight o' dirty work, did Heeps."

My heart beat high. Providence was doubtless leading me to right the wrongs of this helpless child.

"I suppose Heeps christened him Tip Toodles," I said.

"Yes, Miss; that's what he alleys called him, and that's what he's been going by ever sense. Heeps learned him to tumble, and I'll say for him that he sot a sight by the boy; and when Heeps died, why the woman up-stairs took him, and he makes all the money she gits. She's a good-hearted critter, is Mattie, barring she loves the drink."

I learned what I could from this old woman (who assured me that she was ninety-eight) about the accident; and, telling Tip to call at my house on the following day, I returned home, full of speculation. Suppose, and suppose, and suppose—my dreams and my waking hours were full of supposing. I took the boy home with me at last, dressed him in neat new clothes, and sent him to school.

For one year he had been with me, proving himself promising and capable in more ways than one. He was, of course, backward in his studies, but extremely intelligent. In fact, day after day I found him developing a beautiful character, and day after day I grew to love him more. Old Mattie became my pensioner; every Saturday she called to see the boy, and she never went away empty-handed.

One beautiful autumn day (shall I ever forget the fragrance and calm of that day—the wonderful tinting of the elm-teees, the pale golden splendor of the October sun?) a handsome carriage drove up to the door, and a servant in livery handed in a card, on which I read,

"Hon. James Corbet."

The name was entirely new to me. Nevertheless, I gave my orders to the servant, slipped off my working-apron, and, as soon as I could compose my startled nerves, I entered the parlor. Two persons rose as I came in, a lady and a gentleman. The former was tall and strikingly beautiful; the man, yet in the prime of life and handsome, gave me the impression of a powerful character. I was quite prepared for what followed.

"Some months ago, said the gentleman, I understand you advertised for the relatives of a child supposed to be killed by the terrible accident of forty-nine."

I bowed, with a fluttering heart.

"My sister was on board the ill-fated train," said the lady, very quietly, but I saw her lip tremble; "and we hope, we believe, from the description, that the boy you name was her child, the son of this gentleman, my brother-in-law."

"Can we see him?" asked Mr. Corbet.

I went out into the small sitting-room, where little Tip sat, busily engaged in making bobs for a magnificent kite which I had that morning bought for him. For one moment I paused, sorrowfully, to look at the picture—the boy, with his flushed cheeks, sparkling eyes, pretty curling locks, and round, white throat.

"Darling," said I, softly.

He looked up with a bright smile.

"See what a lot of them!" he exclaimed, tossing the paper bobs up. "I'm 'most through."

"Come with me, dear," I said; "somebody wants to see you."

He sprang to his feet, and at that moment I knew the boy was no longer mine to love and to cherish. The likeness to the beautiful woman in the parlor was striking. I had noticed it from the first.

I smoothed his hair a little and led him in. In another moment, with strong emotion, the gentleman said, "That is Helen's boy."

And as I saw them crying over him and embracing him, the child startled and wondering, I felt both glad and sorry.

So I lost little Tip Toodles; but perhaps it is his gain. My boy comes often to see me, and sometimes I go to pay him a short visit in one of the finest avenues in New York. My boy lives in splendor; but he does not forget his friends—he never will.

As for Mattie, who shared her wretched room with him so long, you would not know the woman. She has a tiny home of her own in a pleasant country place, and sells milk and butter and eggs. She tells me she is making money. Mr. Corbet gave her the little home, with its pretty garden; and Tip (his real name is Frank Corbet) never forgets to make her fine presents on the holidays.

AT a late revival meeting, an impulsive young sinner prayed that God would bless the two young ladies between whom he had been sitting—"especially the one on the right."

The Sunday School.

WE are greatly in favor of mixed classes in secular schools; but we are afraid that the lack of authority on the part of the teacher in Sunday school would make it difficult to keep the flirting and ogling of large boys and girls from consuming the time that should be devoted to the lessons. In the infant-class the separation is simply absurd. They will behave better together than apart. But there is an age, between twelve and sixteen, when the boys are neither boys nor men; the girls have passed out of childhood, but have not touched womanhood. A witty friend of ours calls this period between childhood and grownhood, this awkward chrysalis time, *foolhood*. Now, in mixing the classes we are afraid of foolhood. But we think it of the greatest importance that young people pass out of this season of awkwardness and insane flirtation before they are sandwiched in classes in their Sunday clothes. We are led to these remarks by an article from the pen of Mr. J. H. Kellogg in the *Sunday School Times*, the latter part of which we agree with in so far as it applies to older classes of young people. But, as Mr. Kellogg is the only prominent Sunday-school man in the country who is unmarried, he is perhaps a better judge of these things than we are, and we print his testimony:

"Certainly, at the restless age of young manhood and womanhood, such association, with the social influences of the class outside the time of recitation, could not but have a strong attractive tendency, and tend greatly to accomplish the desired object of the retention of older pupils in our schools. We do not now suppose for a moment that the discipline of a mixed class in Sunday school will, in the hands of a competent teacher, be at all lower than that of a well-regulated secular class. Nor do we make these suggestions with any reference to mere sentimental views of the social relations of society. One thing is apparent: there is often difficulty in maintaining the interest of the older pupils of our schools. At this time this social influence upon each other is becoming strong and important. Is it not practicable for the Sunday school teacher, through the plan of mixed classes, to wield this personal influence, of either sex, for their mutual advantage and the good of all?"

....It has been often said before, it needs to be often said again, that Christ was the model teacher. Wherefore, we must give our readers the benefit of this well-put paragraph from an article by Miss Mary E. Perkins in the *S. S. Workman*:

"Professor Green says: 'The best treatise on object-teaching extant is the Four Gospels.' Most of our Lord's teaching was done out of doors, surrounded by all that is beautiful in Nature. He makes use of the lilies, the vine, the waving grain, the shepherd on the distant hills, the fishermen mending their nets, the passing incident of everyday life, and, with matchless skill, leads his hearers from these real, visible, well-known things up to the abstract truth he wishes to make plain, which without these helps would have fallen meaningless upon their untrained, ignorant minds. It is wonderful, the way in which He adapts his teaching to the capacity of those he teaches; and, doubtless, this is one reason why the common people flocked so eagerly to hear him wherever he went. Every unconscious sinner was not only an evidence of his loving compassion for suffering humanity, but served to illustrate the diseases of the soul, which he also came to cure. He led them through their everyday occupations, and cases of bread-making, sowing and reaping, fishing, buying and selling, grinding at the mill, up to the higher life of which they had never before had even a glimpse. Very seldom does he teach an abstract truth *abstractly*. 'Without a parable spake he not unto them.'"

....We have a mind to suggest some maxims. True-isms they may be; but, therefore, they should be the more observed.

1. Attention is the first round of the ladder that leads to success. Until that step is taken no other can be.
2. Attention is, A. and Z. first and last.
3. When attention fails, you must recover it or quit.
4. Preach to the fishes, like St. Anthony, rather than to a class who do not listen.
5. A teacher who can never gain the attention of a class should make way for one who can.
6. Attention is the door: while it is shut you cannot enter.
7. Quick sympathy is the key that unlocks the door of a child's interest.
8. Unless children are interesting to you, you cannot be interesting to them.
9. Childlikeness of spirit, freshness of feeling, is the password to the child's heart.
10. If you have to translate your thoughts into a child's language, you cannot interest him. Learn to think and speak naturally in his vernacular.

Our maxims all bear on one subject. But it is the foundation. Learn this alphabet well, and we will pass to the next lesson.

....Sunday school men are coming to be held in honor by the press. The St. Louis *Mail* has a portrait and biographical sketch of E. D. Jones, the widely-known superintendent of Benton-street Mission.

Scientific.

IN mentioning, a few weeks ago, some cases of hereditary genius in American history, we did not record the Edwards family, of which President Jonathan Edwards and his son were two of the most distinguished theologians of the country. The connection of this family with President Burr and Aaron Burr is generally known. Besides the Burrs, are the Dwights, of whom President Timothy Dwight was President Edwards's grandson; President Dwight's son, Sereno Edwards, was president of Hamilton College; and Timothy Dwight Woolsey, now president of Yale, is a grandson of President Timothy Dwight. Among the cases of hereditary genius mentioned by Mr. Galton, in his book on this subject, may be mentioned Alexander the Great, whose father was the celebrated Philip, and whose half-brother, Ptolemy Soter, was the first of the line of Egyptian Ptolemies, which ended with Cleopatra. Pyrrhus was his second cousin. Julius Cæsar's grand-nephew was Augustus Cæsar, and Mark Antony belonged to the same family. Hannibal's military fame was only greater than that of his father, Hamilcar, and of his brother, Hasdrubal. The father and the grandfather of Scipio Africanus were both distinguished generals; and Cornelia, the daughter of Africanus, was the mother of the two Gracchi. Charlemagne was great-grandson of Pepin the Great and grandson of Charles Martel, who conquered the Saracens, and was ancestor of the Carlovingian kings. Among his sons was Louis le Débonaire. Gustavus Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus, and Charles XII of Sweden belong to one line. From the Corsican judge, Carlo Bonaparte, are descended many who have been helped by the fortune of the family, and others who have been hindered; including, besides the Great Napoleon, Louis Napoleon, the present emperor, Charles Lucien Napoleon, the ornithologist, Prince Louis, the philologist, Prince Napoleon, and several kings of no great note. In the family of Maurice of Nassau, the greatest captain of his age, we find that his father was William the Silent, whom both sides "the guiding-star of a great nation"; his grandfather, Maurice of Saxony, also a great general; his nephew, Turenne, the greatest French general before Napoleon; and his great-nephew, William III, the greatest of the kings of England. These names are all selected from those of military men.

....In a long paper in *Nature*, H. Charlton Bastian gives the details of his experiment to discover whether he could obtain, by what is often called "spontaneous generation," any low forms of life in vegetable solutions that had been protected from the ingress of foreign germs. He suspected that in many experiments with sealed flasks the generation of gases caused such a pressure as to retard the development of life. Accordingly, he exposed the flasks for some time to a boiling heat, allowing the steam to escape through a fine glass tube, which he sealed up with a blowpipe. He now had a vacuum over the liquid, which he thought might render the equilibrium of the fluid more unstable, and thus favor the development of organisms. He says that his experiments, which were conducted with the greatest care, were quite successful, and that he found abundant proof of the genesis of vital forms. The particulars are to begin in a succeeding number of *Nature*.

....Teachers of botany often instance the case of the barbexy as showing how the sensitive stamens when touched throw the pollen upon the stigma. But this explanation implies a natural device to produce self-fertilization, while in most plants there are special devices to prevent this and to insure crossing by having insects bring the pollen of other flowers. If this case be examined more closely, it will be found that the stamen is suitable only close to its base: and that, if touched there, even with a hair, it will spring forward. Now, when a bee in search of honey brings his proboscis to this sensitive point, the stamen, in springing forward will generally strike the bee's leg, or proboscis, or body intercposed between the stamen and the stigma, and will thus carry the pollen to the next flower. The stamen then slowly recovers its regular position, so as to be ready for the next insect.

....Mr. L. Trouvelot has been noticing the tendency of trees to bend their branches in certain directions. He says this is especially observable in the cherry-tree, whose small branches so generally bend to the east that one can tell thereby the points of the compass. This is not due to winds, as it is equally observable in trees that are sheltered by walls or houses. As the cherry-tree is one especially difficult to make live when transplanted if several years old, this gives color to the notion of farmers that trees must be set out with the same relation to the points of the compass that they had before being transplanted. Mr. Trouvelot knew a case in which 20 rather large trees were set out, all of which were pretty well bent. Only the 5 lived which happened to be set out with the bend toward the east.

....Mr. Huxley lately read a paper before the Ethnological Society on the Races of Man. He made 5 races: 1. The *Australioid*, with slender limbs, dark brown skin, black, wavy hair, strong brow-ridges, and long skull. This type is found in Australia, among the hill tribes of the Deccan of India, and formerly in the valley of the Nile. 2. The *Negroid*, with dark skin, frizzled hair, and long skull, including negroes, bushmen, and negritos, of New Guinea and Tasmania. 3. *Xanthochroic* (the Caucasian). 4. *Melanochroic* (or Malay). 5. The *Mongoloid*, a large and ill-defined group, including China, North Asia, America, and Polynesia.

....M. Boulay has given a course of lectures on "Madness in Man and Animals." He has collected 302 cases of *rabies*, taking place in 6 years, and finds that hot weather is not a predisposing cause, as 76 cases occurred in summer and 75 in the winter, 89 in the spring and 66 in the autumn. Male animals seem to be more subject than female to this disease.

....Thus far one fossil animal, the Eozoon, has been found in the Laurentian rocks which underlie the Silurian. But Dr. Dawson says that in the very extensive beds of graphite found in these rocks there is presumptive proof that vegetable life also existed in very low forms, but in great abundance.

....Cordova, in the Argentine Republic, contains the oldest university in the Western Hemisphere. Dr. B. A. Gould has just gone there, at the instance of President Sarmiento, to establish an astronomical department. He takes with him a large supply of excellent instruments.

....The American merchants in China have subscribed $16,000 to assist a private geological survey of portions of China.

Missionary News.

....The Protestants connected with the United Presbyterian mission in Egypt, Upper Egypt, have formed an evangelistic society composed of those who are willing to go every Sunday to preach in the neighboring villages, or to help the students and other members who can go. They hold two meetings each week, at one of which an essay is read on practical questions connected with their work, followed by discussion, and the pairing off of the visitors for the next Sabbath. At the Tuesday evening meeting reports are given from each of the villages visited. During the first 4 months 17 towns or villages, at an average distance of 10 miles, were visited between 4 and 5 times, and between 14 and 15 persons addressed at each place. *The Christian Instructor* for July 23d contains a full report of one of these Tuesday-evening meetings, taken down in short-hand. We learn from it that the Copts regard Mr. Hogg, the missionary, as a conjurer, who prays over bread and dates, and gives them to people and makes them Protestants. The story is told of a dog who ate some of the missionary's bread, and then went to the seminary and would not leave.

....The religious movement in Oporto, Portugal, under the direction of Mr. James Cassels, an English Methodist, continues to be violently opposed. Lately, on a Sabbath, when the Rev. Antonio De Mattos, a naturalized American, went, as usual, to hold his Portuguese service at Santa Theresa, he found about 1500 rioters in the court before the hall in which the service was usually held. In spite of the mob, however, he and a few others contrived to enter the hall; but their devotions were sadly disturbed by the noise outside. The American vice-consul, who came to the spot for the purpose of defending Mr. De Mattos, was set upon by the mob, and would probably have lost his life had it not been for the protection afforded him by an English gentleman, who succeeded in convincing the rioters that the vice-consul was not, as they supposed, Mr. James Cassels, who providentially was absent on that day.

....The Swedish Missionary Society has had, since 1865, a mission in Shanguala, or, as they are called, the Kunama people, a heathen tribe on the Blue Nile, in the Southwest part of Abyssinia. We know scarce anything of the history of their effort until the recent expulsion of the missionaries from the country. An Abyssinian chief had come to collect taxes; and an Arabian tribe had attacked him, attempting to carry off the taxes which he had collected. In the ill-feeling that followed, the missionaries were charged by one party with having interfered to prevent the collection of the taxes; while the Kunama people demanded that the missionaries should deliver them from the hands of the tax-gatherers, and, when this was not in their power, deserted them and became hostile. Last March the missionaries were in Massua, the nearest seaport, waiting for instructions from home.

....In *The Missionary Herald*, Mr. Knapp, of Bitlis, Eastern Turkey, describes Havadoric as a "changed village." Ten years ago it was with the greatest difficulty that a catechist was allowed to remain. Now, in this village of 50 houses, 17 houses, or 150 souls, are Protestants; and the whole village, five persons excepted, are persuaded of the truth. Of the Protestants, 16 have promised to give tithes to the Lord. All the male members of the church but one give tithes. This church was formed the last of April, 11 out of 23 applicants being received. The simple piety of the converts much impressed Mr. Knapp. Several confessed thefts of which they had been guilty years before, and made restitution.

....The report of the Harpoot Station, Western Turkey, shows that during the past year 96 were added by profession to the churches, increasing the membership by 21 per cent. Neither the Congregational nor the Presbyterian churches of this country reported last year an increase of over 6 per cent. The average congregations increased from 2,847 to 3,395, a growth more than equally that of the two previous years. The contributions for religious purposes, church building, and education were $4,446.50, against $3,105 last year. This is an average of $8.35 gold, or 41 days' labor, from each churchmember. During the year 3 churches were organized, and 22 students graduated from the theological seminary.

....The Baptist Missionary Union reports about 20,000 members of its churches in Asia and 5,000 in its churches in Europe. Combining the statistics of the missions in Asia, Europe, and Africa, there is an aggregate of 1,919 stations and out-stations, 630 churches, 957 laborers of all classes, 4,600 baptisms, with 46,964 members; showing a gain over the previous year, as reported, of 169 stations and out-stations, 12 churches, 110 laborers, 1,059 baptisms, and 1,345 members.

....Rev. R. McDonald, of the English Church Missionary Society, is engaged in labor among the Indians of Northwestern America. He occupies 3 different stations during the year; one of which, Peel's Fort, is separated from another, Fort Youkon, by the Rocky Mountains and 600 miles of travel by river. The baptized Indians under his charge number 483, and 46 adults were baptized during the last year reported.

....On May 23d, 19 persons were received into the church in Bitlis, Eastern Turkey, as first fruits of the revival there. This is increase the membership to 83. At the services 400 were present, the largest congregation ever assembled there. The sunrise prayer-meetings continue, with an attendance of over 60.

Pebbles.

THE Memphis *Avalanche* tells the following: "A little negro boot-black entered the storehouse of one of our Front-street merchants, and politely invited the salesman in front to have a 'shine for five cents.' The clerk sought to excuse himself from the proffered invitation by saying that 'he would black the urchin's boots for five cents.' The boy eyed him for a second, and, with the utmost nonchalance, placed his muddy boot upon a box, and told the clerk to 'take a chair and he would pay him five cents.' The clerk determined to keep his word, and proceeded to pick up the boy's brush and blacking; but was immediately stopped by the youngster, who cried: 'Look ya here; you got to get your own brush and blacking for dis job.' Amid the laughter of a crowd, the plucky clerk at once produced brush and blacking, and in a few minutes the boot-black's boots became acquainted with a scientific polish. When the deed was done, the little 'nig' produced a five-cent piece and departed, whistling the once popular air, 'John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave.'"

....A queer adventure happened in a New Orleans street-car. A gentleman was disturbed by a singular rustling from a lady next him, like the crumpling of a newspaper; and, with the purpose of removing the annoyance, he quietly inserted his hand under her shawl, and sure enough came across the offending paper. It was, however, not there by accident. Some stay or lacing had given way. The young man didn't know this, however, and gave a savage jerk. The lady was turned half round and gave a loud scream. The youth, intent upon his work, jerked away. The lady screamed the louder: "Let me go, sir! O, let me go!" "Let go the paper yourself," the youth screamed in concert. "It ain't paper." "It is." "It ain't." "What do you call that?" he triumphantly exclaimed, as a shout gave way, and he held the fluttering tell-tale in his hand. "O, it's my bustle." "O!" And both parties made a hurried exit from the car.

....The Providence *Journal* says: Of old Dr. Gay, of Hingham, a very good story is told. Riding into Boston one day over the Neck, where the public gallows stood, a young clergyman, who was in the vehicle with him, said: "Dr. Gay, if the gallows had its due, where would you be?" "Riding into Boston alone," was the reply. The Boston *Transcript* adds: The locality of this anecdote reminds us of another in which "correspondents" may find a hint. Further down on the South Shore were two clergymen—one remarkable for his dry humor; and the other for his prolixity. The former, meeting the latter, asked him to preach for him at his Preparatory Lecture." The latter replied that he could not, as he was busy writing a sermon on the "Golden Calf." "That's just the thing," was the rejoinder; "come and give us a fore-quarter of it."

....A young man who carried a collection-plate in service, before starting, took from his pocket a five-cent piece, as he supposed, put it on the plate, and then passed it round among the congregation, which included many young girls. The girls, as they locked at the plate, all seemed astonished and amused; and the young man, taking a glance at the plate, found that, instead of a nickel five-cent piece, he had a conversation lozenge, with the words "Will you marry me?" in red letters, staring everybody right in the face.

....A New Hamshire editor went trouting the other day, and was encouraged this way by one of the natives: "Crossing a bridge, I saw a large trout standing upon his tail in the river. 'Did you speak, Mr. Trout,' said I. 'I did, sir,' said

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, August 4th, 1870.

THE ORLEANS PRINCES.

THE letter of the Orleans princes to the *Corps Legislatif*, asking for a repeal of the act exiling them from the territory of France, was, curiously enough, all but contemporaneous with the quarrel which Bonaparte has invented with Prussia. Of course, this coincidence was a purely accidental one, as no mere human forecast could have foreseen that enormous effrontery a week before it was displayed. And it is not likely that it had any influence upon Bonaparte's action; though it must have brought forcibly to his memory the fact that better-established dynasties than his had come to grief; and, also, that there was a plentiful supply of candidates for his place, should it happen to become vacant. It may, however, prove a fortunate coincidence for the House of Orleans that they were again brought to the notice of the French people at what may well prove the crisis of Bonaparte's fate. Should it go wrong with him in the conflict he has invoked, the days of his reign and of his dynasty are numbered; and, it is by no means impossible that whoever shall appoint his successor may turn his eyes toward the House of Orleans to look for him.

The princes of the House of Orleans have had the schooling of adversity, and are men of rare cultivation and of high character. Setting aside all dynastic jealousies, nothing could well be more damaging to Bonaparte than to have a family of admirably accomplished and perfectly well-conducted gentlemen and ladies of the highest descent—who would draw around them all that was most distinguished in talent and rank and purest in character—placed in comparison with his own vulgar and profligate *entourage*. The daily beauty of their lives would make his and that of his family and court more and more ugly. There has been nothing more infamous since the days of the Regency, not even the court of Louis XV, than the dissoluteness of the present court of the Tuileries. As an eminent Frenchman said to us, speaking of its debaucheries: "*C'est la Régence!*" And nothing more could be said to one acquainted with the French history of the eighteenth century. It is no wonder that Bonaparte made it a question of life and death to the legislative body, by intimating that hesitation about throwing out the petition might cause a dissolution of the Chamber.

The objection of M. Ollivier that the petition should have been made to the emperor in person, and that the petitioners should have thrown themselves on his "magnanimity," was not only absurd, but it was an express admission that the parliamentary government, on the credit of promoting which he rode into power, was a mere pretext, and that the absolutism of the personal power was as absolute as ever. For the Orleans family was not banished by Bonaparte, or yet by process of law; but by the Decree of the Constituent Assembly of the Republic of 1848. Consequently, they could only be recalled by a repeal of that law, by the law-making powers—supposing there to be a responsible parliamentary government. Their application was, therefore, entirely regular, and showed a respect for whatever show of constitutional government remained to France. Whether it were well in them to admit the rightful existence of the empire by making this application to one of its constituent parts is a question as to which their own party may differ. But the qualification of the act by Thiers as "one of schoolboys" is certainly rather more severe than the case called for. It was but keeping up a "continual claim" to their rights as Frenchmen, guilty of no crime against France.

The other objection of Ollivier, that these princes had not divested themselves of all dynastic ideas when they asked to be restored to the rights of simple citizens, had more weight in it. And one of the reasons he urged was not unreasonable, though apparently frivolous. And that was the order in which their signatures were affixed to the letter. Had all royal and dynastic ideas been expunged from their minds, the natural order of their names would have been that of age, beginning with the Prince de Joinville, the Duc d'Aumale following him, and the Count de Paris and his brother bringing up the rear. But the letter was signed first by the Count de Paris, who is the first prince of the blood of the Orleans branch, as the eldest son of the eldest son of Louis Phillippe. It is possible that this was a purely accidental circumstance, to which no weight should be given, he always having the precedence of his uncles; but it is not remarkable that it should have been observed and laid hold of by Bonaparte and his creatures. No sovereign *de facto* would choose to have a prince, who believed himself to be *de jure* king, holding a court, or what would look very like one, in the next street. And then no dethroned monarch and no prince, with a tolerable claim to a crown, ever gives up the hope of restoration, any more than an ex-president, or even a candidate who has had a single vote in a convention, ever abandons the hope of the White House. The Orleans family are always treated wherever they are as princes of the blood, and receive the precedence due to such. And not merely the princes and princesses who were born before 1848, and who might claim a rank which had been given them by a sovereign possessed of that legal prerogative, are addressed as royal highnesses; but those born since the family have been in exile—as the Duc de Guise, the eldest son of the Duc d'Aumale, and sundry youthful princesses. Now there is no power that can bestow these titles and precedencies, unless the family hold that they inhere in the blood.

From the Bonaparte standpoint, therefore, it is not surprising that the Orleans family should seem to claim hereditary rights which are quite inconsistent with his pretensions, and not unreasonable that he should decline having them in his neighborhood. But should he be tumbled over, as is the hope of almost every lover of liberty and humanity, by this execrable war he is waging, it is quite certain that the French nation will not accept a scrofulous boy as their sovereign, with a big-toted woman for regent. And, as it is also clear from the *plébiscite* that the frantic extravagances of Rochefort and Victor Hugo have disgusted the property-holders with the idea of a republic, it may well happen that they will accept the Count of Paris, as Lafayette presented his grandfather to the people, as "the best of republics."

THE JAPANESE STUDENTS IN AMERICA.

EVERY country on earth seems to be sending her sons to our land. What nation is not represented here? The Gentiles have come to our light, and kings to the brightness of our rising. From afar have come sons of the nation, and at her side are her daughters nursed. Our broad country opens her arms to all comers. Our practical people ask, "What shall we do with them? Will they pay?"

While the Chinese are penetrating into every part of the United States, let us see what the Japanese are doing.

Eastward from the Flowery Land is the Empire in the Sea. Its people are related to the Chinese, as the German are to the English. They have a different language, though they use the same alphabet and character-writing. Their territory (somewhat larger than the State of Texas) of 260,000 square miles is included in three great islands, with many small ones; and these support a population little less than our own. It numbers no fewer than 35,000,000 souls. Since the late revolution in Japan, the government has been modeled much after the pattern of England. The Tycoon exists only as a subordinate officer; the chief magistrate being the Mikado, or, as it is in Japanese, Ten-shi (Son of Heaven). The country is divided into 66 states, each of which is governed by an officer, whose name and functions are best represented by our word prince. The prince is called the Damio, meaning "great head" or "chief ruler." With the Mikado is a sort of cabinet, consisting of five officers, named Quggé. Their rank is higher than that of the Damios.

There are now in the United States nearly fifty Japanese students. They are scattered around at Munson, Mass., Middletown, Conn., Holland, Mich., and New Brunwick, N. J. The latter place seems to be a rendezvous for them all. There are now there thirteen, and more are expected. Besides those now studying at New Brunswick, two, after some instruction in scientific studies, left, and are now in the naval academy at Annapolis; several went back to Japan during the last civil troubles; one returned in poor health; and one, Taro Kusakabe, who unquestionably had the keenest intellect and most insatiable desire for knowledge of them all, died last April of consumption, having literally studied himself to death. Evidently the Japanese do not have any scruples concerning burial in a foreign land, since Kusakabe sleeps yet in New Jersey's red soil.

Out of the 66 states in Japan, 12 are represented in the schools of this country. The young men are not only from the sea-coast states, where they have come in contact with Europeans and Americans; but are quite numerous also from the interior states of Japan. American ideas and institutions are popular with the educated people of Japan; and, among the young students there, there is an ardent desire to visit and study in America. When the first students came over, five years ago, they were obliged to steal away secretly by night; but now they depart freely, without fear of opposition, and by the appointment and under patronage of the government.

Some of these students are appointed by the Damio princes, and their expenses defrayed by the state; some, after competitive examinations, are selected, sent to be educated, and are supported by the imperial government; while a few are sent out and supported by their own parents. In one or two instances the students' expenses are defrayed by gentlemen in this country. Their stipend from the imperial and state governments amounts to $1,000 in gold per annum. They are chosen with reference not only to their intellectual capacities and abilities, but equally with reference to their moral character. The number chosen, compared with the number of applicants, is very small.

From some newspaper statements, one would suppose that a troop of noblemen had visited us. So they have, if natural genius and the nobility of character and politeness is meant. There are no princes among them; though the Damios are so represented. At New Brunswick there are now two sons of the princes (Damios) and two sons of the Quggé (imperial counselors of the Mikado). The latter officers hold the highest rank below the Mikado. Japan's supreme magistrate. Nearly all the others are what are called in Japan "two-sworded noblemen." The remainder occupy the same scale of ranks as that of the American citizen-nobleman.

On their first arrival in this country, the special language in vogue in Japan—viz., of superior to inferior, and *vice versa*—was used; almost every sentence in the Japanese language being constructed in two different ways, according as superior or inferior is addressed. In the streets the prince's sons must walk ahead of the plebeians; and in their dealings with each other a little more than casual observation would show who was of the higher rank and who of the lower. This lasted a few weeks. Under the warm influences of our boy-democracy the iceberg of caste melted. Our boys *would* honor brains, good-nature, and manly worth, whether it inhered in Mr. Quggé, Jr., or in "only a Jap." Some of the old New Brunswick family trees long since run to stump and suckers, strive painfully to keep alive the distinction; but the students persist in thinking that "a man's a man for a' that."

Many of them were bright scholars in their own country. One or two have earned a reputation as historians. Chinese and Confucian scholars. Confucius being the culture and classics of Japan, all the young men are well educated in his writings and principles. Occasionally, if tales out of school and their American teachers' suspicions are to be trusted, the young Jap has been dull and lazy at home, and does not improve in America, greatly to the disgust of his comrades, who are jealous of their country and countrymen's reputation.

In general, they are quick and bright. They acquire the language, both by writing and speaking, in a wondrously short time, considering the radical difference in the construction, genius, and enunciation of the two. Their forte is mathematics. In this they are without peers. They evince a fondness for natural science, though the tenus puzzle them. In other languages they are apt scholars, except as to pronunciation. They delight in history. It is little less than astonishing to note the ease with which they grasp and unravel metaphysical ideas; and we have known two or three to split the hairs of most of the religious sects in our own country. They have not only quick apprehensions, but retentive memories and more than average judgments. They hold the first rank in their classes; and in the sphere of theoretical and applied mathematics have rivals, but perhaps no superiors.

In character they are manly, generous, extremely polite, temperate, chivalrous, and brave. They are all of them beloved and respected by their fellow-students. They join in the sports of their American brethren, and associate with them freely. They are well received and hospitably treated by the people of New Brunswick. The townspeople in a mass have learned to honor and esteem their Oriental brethren for their manly and polite deportment. In fact, most American young men might sit at their feet to learn a few lessons in the needful but neglected art of politeness.

It must be remembered, however, that these young men are the very best representatives of the culture of Japan. In morality, manliness, and honor they are not alone in Japan; yet they are the choicest specimens of Japanese youth and manhood. They themselves assure us that character as much as ability is indispensable to an appointment to education in America.

These students, on their return to Japan, obtain the very best positions under the government, as officers in the army and navy, the coast and land survey, corps of engineers, diplomatic service, etc. The Japanese Government is anxious to introduce gradually the civilization, though not the Christianity, of the United States into the Sea Empire. Two or three of the Japanese in New Brunswick have embraced and professed Christianity. One is connected with the Methodist, the other with the Reformed church of that place. Not the slightest religious influences were brought to bear on them, save their own reading of the Bible and attendance on public Christian worship and instruction. They are not allowed to publicly profess Christ in Japan; but hope to return and prepare the minds of the people for the reception of Christianity. They have already made known their belief and intentions to the Imperial Government of Japan.

It may be well to state why New Brunswick and Rutgers College and Grammar School should have been chosen as the favorite of the Japanese. The Dutch have always had a great foothold and influence in Japan, and previous to the treaty of 1858 were the only Europeans allowed in that country. "Their memory there is yet fragrant." The missionaries of the Reformed Dutch Church of America were the pioneer Protestant missionaries in Japan. The ex-minister, Hon. R. M. Pruyn, is a member of that communion; and Rutgers College and New Brunswick were formerly, perhaps now, as Dutch as they were Reformed; by which we mean anything but a sneer. Through the influence of the missionaries, students first came from Japan. In a quiet city like New Brunswick they found that they could acquire the language more rapidly; and, though they have been to Paris, London, Boston, and New Haven, they seem to be satisfied with centennial-crowned Rutgers.

Since nearly all these students discard their heathenism, since many now are ready and waiting to embrace Christianity, since numbers more are coming, who does not catch a glimpse of the "glory" of Christian civilization and gospel light "about to be revealed" to the Sea Empire?

MAIDS, MATRONS, AND MEDICS.

WOMAN, in these days, has, as Pindar would say, "her lucky foot in the sandal." We have some good news for those ladies—and they are already a multitude—who are conscious of a call to the sacred and difficult ministry of medicine. Like an artful novelist, however, we shall keep our secret till we near the end of the story. Woe be to any wight who, yielding to the sweet pang of curiosity, shall presumptuously skip to the last paragraph, and dare to read this article backward!

What women want, who want to study medicine, is simply a fair chance. They ask no special advantages; but they protest against special disadvantages. They claim the right to hear the best medical lectures now agoing, to be present at the most skillful clinics, to witness the ablest demonstrations in anatomy. It is no part of their claim that they should have these privileges in the actual company and presence of male medical students, so as only they have the privileges. Male medical students, as a class, are not so supremely refined, enlightened, and fascinating that the ladies who wish to pursue medicine should be absolutely inconsolable unless pursuing it *with* them. The wrong which is done to the lady students, and the one of which they so bitterly complain, is, not that they have been refused admission to the best medical colleges *with* men; but that they have been refused admission altogether. They say, very properly, that it is an infamous unfairness to admit one sex to the oldest and best-endowed institutions, and to turn away the other sex to such cheap and feeble colleges as have alone until lately been open to them. Now, if those institutions which can give the best medical instruction have an insuperable objection to giving that instruction to ladies and gentlemen together, then let them arrange to give such instruction to ladies and gentlemen apart. What the ladies desire is, not medical coeducation, but medical education. If the colleges can afford to duplicate their lectures, the lady students can afford to have them.

The methods adopted by the medical schools of Europe are by no means uniform: those of Edinburgh and of some German universities receiving the ladies into separate courses of instruction, while those of Paris and of Zurich admit them to the courses with men. With the latter arrangement the faculty of Zurich appear to have found no difficulty. Indeed, they seem particularly pleased with it; for they say "that, in their opinion, the mixed system is of mutual benefit to the students of both sexes." It ought to be mentioned, however, that the classes at Zurich are small, and that the members of those classes are very cultivated persons—two very important points of difference between Zurich and the leading medical schools of America.

The opposition to medical coeducation in this country has been furious. Why? Is it because our male medical students are more pure-minded, dainty, and modest than their brethren on the other side of the Atlantic? Was their barbarous treatment last winter of lady students in New York and in Philadelphia in the interest of delicacy? Was it from their zealous regard for the proprieties of life that they passed to the ladies who came to the lectures obscene pictures and notes containing infamous proposals?

The real reasons for all this American opposition to medical coeducation are at least three:

1. Some of the subjects to be lectured upon and illustrated are, of course, such as would be indelicate in "lay society"; and, although physicians always claim that they treat these subjects in a "professional" way and with "professional" minds, it can be easily imagined that medical students are not sufficiently developed out of the ordinary habits of thought to be able to hear such matters freely discussed in large mixed audiences without being embarrassed or hardened by it.

2. We have taken pains to drop in at medical lectures in many colleges; and, from what we have usually heard on such occasions, we can easily understand another reason for the opposition to the presence of the ladies. A custom appears to have grown up of introducing into medical lectures a peculiarly indelicate treatment even of delicate subjects. We have heard celebrated lecturers relate to their large classes obscene and profane anecdotes, in pretended illustration of their subjects, which would not be tolerated in any other legalized assemblage of Christendom. If ladies were to come in, these gifted instructors would have to leave out their best stories and their richest jokes, and wholly to reform their habits of discourse; while the young centaurs and hippogriffs who listen would lose many glorious opportunities of bellowing into horse-laughter and of stamping with their hoofs upon the floor.

3. Of course, the medical profession has many enlightened, noble, and generous men in it; and it likewise has many members who can only be described by epithets the very opposite of these. It cannot be denied that very often there is to be observed among them a mean, paltry, and hateful jealousy of female competitors in the profession, and a disposition to obstruct in every way the access of ladies to their ranks. Hence the young gentlemen who pass from their offices to the medical schools have been thoroughly imbued with the shocking impropriety of admitting young ladies to medical lectures.

But we will detain our readers no longer from the good news we promised them. It will be remembered that last year the regents of the University of Michigan proclaimed that all departments of that institution were henceforth open to women. No difficulty arose from this announcement in the departments of law and of letters; but the eminent gentlemen who compose the medical faculty, dreading the evils which they think would arise from the mixed system in such large classes as theirs, memorialized the regents against the introduction of that system. They appear to be sincerely willing to receive ladies to their school; but they cannot consent to their being in the same classes with the gentlemen. Owing to this objection, it has been feared that ladies desirous of availing themselves of the high reputation, able instruction, as well as inexpensiveness of the Michigan School of Medicine would be still longer baffled. We are gratified to announce that the difficulty is now removed; and that, by a system of duplicating lectures, all the benefits of the medical department are to be conferred upon women as freely and as carefully as upon men. This, at any rate, is progress in the right direction.

THE PROBLEM OF PAUPERISM.

THE problem of the best way of providing for the poor, that are always with us, without offering a premium on laziness and vice, has always been a perplexing one ever since Christianity made it one of the duties of its professors. During the supremacy of Catholicism in England the convents fed many idle mouths, and the exhortations of the Church to almsgiving filled many more, until England was overrun with vagabonds and sturdy beggars. The suppression of the convents, throwing so large a number of destitute persons out of provision, compelled the state to look about and see what disposition could be made of the poor which the Church used to look after. The right of every inhabitant to live was recognized; and, consequently, the duty of the state to furnish some means for their living. This was one of the beneficial fruits of Christianity, as the ancient world did not see the necessity of a beggar's living, any more than the French prime minister that of the pamphleteer who had libeled him. Thus the Poor Laws were enacted, and a system, well-intentioned, but unscientific and empirical, instituted for the salving of this sore of the body politic. As long as the population was comparatively thin this system worked tolerably well; but with the immense increase of the inhabitants the armies of the paupers have multiplied, until they have placed themselves across the path of civilization and threaten to impede its march. And this notwithstanding the multiplication of wealth, which has kept pace with that of poverty.

But we have not room now to consider the vital—the almost mortal—complications of the pauper question in England. There is enough to cause anxiety, and call for the wisest meditation, much nearer home. The vast extent of this country, the great regions of unoccupied land, and the demand for labor to develop the resources of the continent, have subordinated the dangers attending the increase of poverty which dogs the heels of our growing wealth. But it is gathering ground upon them fast, and all the lights of religion and science must be brought to play upon the best way of encountering it. The difficulty lies mainly in furnishing proper relief for the old, the sick, and the impotent; without making a desirable retreat for the sturdy vagabonds who are entirely able to support themselves, and without exposing the young to the contagion and vicious example. Attempts to improve on the English almshouse system, which our New England ancestors brought over with them, have been made in most of the states, and notably in Massachusetts. We believe the first practical attempt at making the dependent poor partially support themselves, and at separating the youth from the criminals that used to be sent to the almshouse for slight offenses, was made in Boston, at the suggestion chiefly of the late Josiah Quincy. The system of town-farms, which is now the general usage of New England, was very early urged by him, if he did not originate it; and he was the cause of the establishment of that created for Boston, fifty years ago, at South Boston, and of the House for the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders, which was of great advantage in its own uses and as an example for imitation.

The old almshouse system, assisted by the general adoption of that of the town-farms, worked extremely well until the great emigrations from the Old World set in. While the emigrants did much toward increasing the wealth of Massachusetts by their labor, they also did much toward increasing the sum of her pauperism. The old English law of "settlement" then existing, the towns were not liable for the support of foreign paupers. But they could not be permitted to starve or suffer, so the state had to assume that responsibility. The towns supported such foreign paupers as came to need within their precincts, and kept an account of the expense, which was defrayed by the state. After this had gone on for some twenty years, another plan was adopted, about twenty years ago. Three almshouses were provided in different parts of the state—at Tewksbury, at Palmer, and at Bridgewater—where Massachusetts collected her foreign poor, and took care of them, if unable to work, and employed them on the farms attached to the institutions or otherwise, so as to make them earn a portion of their living, at least. Of the general working of these establishments, as well as of the other charitable institutions of Massachusetts, we may speak again more at large. This system greatly relieved the towns, and the amount of pauperism supported in most of these rural districts is comparatively very small—the number of American paupers being very limited in amount.

The multiplication of the foreign paupers, however—and especially the proportion that had become such by their own vices—growing greater and greater, it became necessary to separate the precious from the vile, as a matter of state policy as well as of humanity and good morals. So about four years ago the almshouse at Bridgwater was turned into a workhouse for the restraint and correction of the drunkards, prostitutes, and sturdy beggars. It is, in fact, a supplementary house of correction for the whole state; and it has worked extremely well, both for the comfort of those left behind and the correction and reproof of those subjected to its discipline. A special justice passes upon the parties brought before him by the state board of charities, who represent the state, and he has authority to sentence them to the workhouse for any term not exceeding two years. Drunken men and unchaste women here find the removal of temptation, and the medical and dietetic treatment which they most need, with suitable employment and moral influence. The whole treatment of these unfortunates is as humane and judicious as can well be imagined. The magistrate who passes upon them is not a stern legal functionary, a little hardened perhaps by his long dealings with crime; but a mild, humane, but firm minister of the Gospel, the Rev. Richard Tolman, the pastor of the Orthodox church of Tewksbury. He hears what is alleged against them by the agent of the board, and listens to what they have to say for themselves; and then regulates their sentence according to his conscientious view of what is best for them. And the fact that a very small proportion of the paupers who have undergone the discipline at Bridgewater ever return there shows that its reforming effect is very appreciable. The board of charities is the pardoning power, as well as the acousing one; and they exercise their prerogative of mercy with liberality, but with sound judgment. It is certainly a long step in the right direction toward the proper treatment of the criminal as well as the vicious. We shall return again to this topic soon.

PREACHING IN EARNEST.

"How is it, Mr. Garrick, that you actors, who deal with fiction, seem to produce a greater impression than do we clergymen, who deal with truth?" "I'll tell you how it is, my reverend sir. We actors talk fiction as if it were truth; while you clergymen talk truth as if it were fiction!" And Garrick was right.

The greatest defect of professional preaching in this age and in every age is its tameness. The preachers are not ignorant men, they are not frivolous, they are not idlers, they are not hypocrites; yet, when they stand up in that exceedingly safe place called a pulpit—on a day wholly set apart for their use, before a congregation that has come on purpose to hear them, and with all the grandest, most inspiring, and most stirring themes in the universe to pick from—they yet fail to get hold of the people, most commonly, from sheer inanimation.

We cannot absolutely deny that even the *matter* of preaching could be just a little improved; yet the trouble is not so much with the *matter* as it is with the *manner*. And by this we do not mean mere elegance and gracefulness; we are not now referring to the positions of the feet, to the attitudes of the body, or to the movements of the arms. The difficulty is not one which the posture-master can remedy. It is wonderful how little people notice in a hearty and impassioned speaker any deviations from the line of beauty. No. Some of the most ineffective preachers we have ever heard (and we profess to have heard many of that sort) are those whose movements are quite inculpable on the score of taste. Most preaching falls flat and fruitless, not from want of correctness, but from want of life. The one thing that congregations of men and women hunger and thirst for is not learning, nor fine words, nor pretty gestures, but vitality. The people flock in multitudes, whenever the chance comes, just to look at a preacher who talks as if he really means and feels what he says. One of the most tremendous pulpit orators that ever lifted up his voice in America is the Scottish missionary, Dr. Duff; yet he was the ungainliest mortal we ever looked upon in such a place. People forgave and soon forgot his awkwardness, because he was all alive and aflame with his message.

How is the tameness of preaching to be accounted for?

If ministers were really dishonest men, and had no faith whatsoever in the doctrines they have to utter, it would not be difficult to explain it. But to suppose such a state of facts would be monstrous and infamous. In spite of the languid and indifferent manner of the preachers, the best members of society have the deepest confidence in their sincerity. But this only adds to the difficulty of the problem—why preachers, who believe, preach just as if they did not believe?

We must remember (notwithstanding our early convictions to the contrary) that ministers, after all, are human beings—sensitive, like the rest of us, to all sorts of external influences. Now one influence to which they are exposed is the chilling and hardening operation of the professional spirit. The great preachers of history have been those to whom preaching was not so much their profession as their inspiration; and they have usually been noted for their defiance of professional trammels, maxims, and fashions. The tendency, however, is almost overwhelming to make this awful work a mere means of livelihood—to have one's enthusiasm deadened by routine, to be checked by the torpidity or frightened by the sneers of one's brethren, and to settle down at last into a mechanical and perfunctory habit of discourse. Mr. Justice Story had a favorite expression when referring to a suiject which evoked the natural warmth of his soul: "If the professional mind," he would say, "may indulge in enthusiasm." Of course, he referred to the profession of the law. But the remark is just as applicable to a mind molded by any other profession. The professional mind, in general, abhors enthusiasm. Inspiration, on the other hand, isolates a man: it drives him forth into methods of his own; it refuses to let him move in ruts and grooves; it is hostile to the professional spirit. So far, then, as our preachers can cultivate the professional feeling less, and the inspirational feeling more, they will have that vitality of manner which the schools cannot give, but which, alas! the schools can take away.

We have now to refer to another influence which tends to repress the ardor and vigor of pulpit discourse. It is very common to speak of the silence and decorum of a congregation at church as an additional reason why the preacher should preach well; but a deeper study will convince us that these are rather an additional reason why he should not preach well. Earnest speaking is an eminently emotional affair. The orator must have the help either of sympathy or of antagonism in his audience; and for some the latter is as good as the former. But the proprieties of a modern Christian congregation forbid any manifestation of feeling one way or another. It is true that the mightier organizations—like Beecher, Spurgeon, and Father Hyacinthe—can overcome this difficulty, and actually create an atmosphere of magnetic excitement. But they are exceptions. Ordinary natures cannot do this; and it is for the ordinary natures that we must frame our statements. We do not say that it would be well in all respects to revive the custom, which prevailed in the time of Chrysostom, of interrupting the preacher by stampings, clappings, and loud cheers; yet no one can doubt that such a custom would have at least this effect—of arousing and stimulating the enthusiasm of the preacher. The profound insight into human nature shown by John Wesley is in nothing else more manifest than in his encouragement of the cries of "Amen," and of other fervid ejaculations; and it is very significant that the repression of those outcries in the Methodist Church is contemporaneous with diminished enthusiasm and increased formality in Methodist preaching. Preachers would be as much quickened by applause as are political speakers. And as with expressions of approbation, so with those of disapprobation. Many popular orators value the latter quite as much as the former; as an example of which, we may mention the saying of a Western politician, who on one occasion explained his partial failure in a speech by the remark, "There was nobody to jaw back!" And this is the difficulty with the preachers. They are heard in silence; there is to be no immediate reply; all assent and dissent are buried beneath that wet blanket of decorum under which the preacher's fervor is likewise smothered. We repeat that we do not advocate the introduction into our religious assemblies of the noisy customs which prevail in assemblies of another kind; but we do say that this silence, this decorum, this passivity are unfavorable in most cases to the development of earnest and impassioned eloquence. Even propriety is contagious; and most speakers are stiffened by it into torpor.

We are aware that the foregoing statements do not exhaust the explanations which may be given to account for the lifeless manner so common in the pulpit; but these, we think, are not commonly perceived. And they greatly merit attention—partly for reform, partly for charity.

FOOD FOR LAMBS.

IN a newspaper letter giving account of a ball at Long Branch last week, we find the following paragraph:

"The dressing of the ladies was very rich. The most universally admired was that of Miss ——, whose tender years did not permit her to contribute much to the occasion, except by her appearance. Having only attained the maturity of three summers, the little lady did not appear to care overmuch for the attention and caresses she received. She wore a dress of rose-colored silk, with a pointed over-dress, composed entirely of Valenciennes lace and insertion. Her dainty little boots matched her dress; her tiny hands were enclosed in well-fitting white kid-gloves; and a bouquet of exotics, stuck in her belt, completed a toilet altogether perfect."

We heard once of an eccentric minister who rose in his pulpit and read this text: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" And, after looking quietly and solemnly in the faces of his audience for a moment, said: "I thought I could preach on this text. I can't. Nothing can be said in addition to it. Let us pray."

We feel as that minister felt. We thought we could preach on this text. But we can't. There is nothing to be said which is so strong as the simple narrative itself. "Let us pray!" Oh, let us pray that such murder of the innocents may be stopped in our land. What tender mercies are theirs who kill only the body! Disease and accident and poison seem friendliest of saviours, taking children away from that slow, sure death of the spirit whose seeds are sown in such scenes and such conditions as the above paragraph describes.

It is by no means an uncommon scene, an exceptional condition. Hundreds of such babies are to be seen every winter at those melancholy tragedies called "children's parties," or at the exhibitions of fashionable dancing schools. There may be a sadder sight in the world than one of these miniature carricatures of men and women; but, if there be, we know not what it is. Utmost poverty and disease together cannot make a child so sad a sight to thinking, tender hearts as can "rose-colored silk and a pointed over-dress of Valenciennes lace and insertion." It will die of the poverty and disease, very probably. Well and good. It is impossible to weep for them, gaining their Heaven by so little of earth; the eternal gardens are waiting, and they are fit and ready to go and play in them. But of rose-colored silks and Valenciennes over-skirts only the souls will die; the probability is that the frail, beautiful body will be tenderly cherished and sheltered, and the soulless little girl will live to be a soulless woman, and a few years hence be in her turn the mother of more soulless little girls, dressed in rose-colored silks for balls at Long Branch.

We have big volumes written to set forth the statistics and laws of "hereditary genius." It would be as easy, if it were not too heart-rending work, to collect similar history of hereditary silliness and folly. God has his own subtile and incalculable instrumentalities of rescue for souls. Nature has her blessed and certain "law of variation." Now and then a pure, honest spirit struggles up and out in midst of the Five Points, wickedness. This poor baby, who stood wearily about at the ball last week, in her costly finery, may possibly be caught up by some strong wind of Heaven before she is twenty, and lifted into an atmosphere of which her foolish mother knows nothing, and in which her soul will grow strong and earnest and simple; but, humanly speaking, how slender seems her chance of any such redemption. When we see how strongly the currents of city-life set toward this sort of shiprwreck for children's souls, we are tempted to believe that the uttermost deprivation, lack of culture, and development which can belong to the narrowest and humblest country living are far rather to be chosen. When we contrast a doll's birthday party, such as we heard of two years ago in New York, where the birthday presents made to the doll by the invited guests, all under the age of twelve, cost hundreds of dollars—among them being a set of real ermine, fitted and made by the most expensive manufacturer in the city; a set of Valenciennes lace collar and sleeves, woven to order; a dozen of gloves, also fitted to order; and a fan, two inches long, of the costliest painted ivory—when we contrast such an entertainment as this, for instance and sample, with a little party of country children coming together at three o'clock of a summer afternoon, to play till sundown round a "cubby-house" whose walls are bricks set lengthwise, whose floors are old bits of board, and whose sole furniture is broken crockery and glass, caraway cookies and milk for supper, and every little head safe on its pillow by eight o'clock, followed into the land of dreams by no reminiscence of excitement greater than a contest of skill and speed in blowing off the filmy, gossamer globes of dandelions gone to seed—which shall we choose? which will be the sweetest memory for a tired man or woman at end of fifty years?" And, still more, which is the best beginning of preparation for the certain burden and the possible pleasure of these fifty years?

"Feed my lambs" was the solemnest command, the sweetest trust which the gentle Christ left us. Telling us at the same time, as he did, that we shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven unless we first become "as" one of those lambs. How should we kneel in grateful wonder that he permits us to feed them at all! And how should we tremble also, and be reverently afraid, moment by moment, in presence of the "little ones," when we remember that he added that "whoso shall offend" one of them, "it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

IN Oregon, Illinois, the Roman Catholics have a church, but no resident priest. The child of a Catholic parent died there the other day, and, in the absence of the priest, Rev. Geo. W. Crofts, a Protestant minister, officiated, by request, in the Catholic church, and pronounced a benediction at the grave. His service and remarks were very acceptable to the Catholic people. We are glad to notice such an unusual evidence of good Christian feeling between the Catholic and Protestant people of the village of Oregon.

Editorial Notes.

WE like logic. We admire an argument that is built like the famous "one-hoss shay"—complete in all its parts. And we dearly love honesty and candor. Consequently, we admire on two scores the argument made by Rev. Wm. C. Collar before the American Institute of Instruction in Worcester, Mass., the other day, in favor of the compulsory reading of the Bible in public schools. We give the report as we find it in the *Worcester Spy*:

"Mr. Collar, in answer to a question from Mr. Whittemore, said that the reading of the Bible ought to be compelled in public schools, for the reason that it was the only way in which all children can be reached by the moral teachings of that Book, for there is no law by which they can be compelled to attend Sunday schools.

What a pity it is that there is no law to compel children to attend Sunday schools! We had dreamed that it was admitted that people could only be taught morality in respecting their free agency and their conscience. But now we are to build the Inquisition again. If it is a good thing to compel children to read the Bible, and compel Catholic parents to have their children read the Bible, then from a Catholic standpoint it is a good thing to prevent the reading of the Bible, to punish heretics, and, above all, to steal the little Mortara boy away from the corrupting influence of Jewish parents. Some of our American Protestants are going far to justify the Inquisition, the reign of Bloody Queen Mary and all the rest, by their faithful following of intolerant principles.

....A very sensible woman writes us a note from which we extract the following:

"Being a woman, I am, of course, not expected to have any very definite ideas about anything, especially things that lie exclusively in the sphere and are under the management of men solely—as are most of our churches; for it is not proper that a woman's voice should be heard therein. I was rejoiced to hear the voices of some good women in the late Sabbath School Convention, who had the courage to stand before so many good men, who have peculiar views on the subject—good ministers, who at the close of their opening remarks in their week-evening meetings "leave the meeting in the hands of the brethren," forgetful of the noble women whose hearts are burning within them with the love of Jesus. These good souls, if they are in a prayerful mood, are obliged to make silent prayers. No one is expected to hear from their lips words of encouragement to the faltering and weak, of sympathy to the sorrowing. Who so able to speak such words as woman? When the hymn is sung, oh, then we hear their voices; we expect to hear them *sing*. What a doleful song it would be without them? If their voices are sweet and pleasant, and desirable in song, why not in prayer, in exhortation? I hope some of our ministers may learn a lesson from the effect those remarks had on the convention; for I noticed the brethren crowding around the doors and edging themselves in, who were supposed to be on committees or attending to business in other rooms. We would be glad to see a few more edging themselves into our prayer-meetings, if drawn by woman's voice alone. Dr. Crosby, either under the impulse of the moment, or because he does not entertain certain views (judging from the man, I presume the latter), announced that he would be quite willing to hear any other ladies speak. I imagine he will, in the next convention."

....The *Congregationalist* is "at a loss to conceive" why we spoke as we did of the policy of getting the Sunday school children to tease people to buy the Jubilee Medals. It says:

"We speak advisedly when we say that the Jubilee Executive Committee have neither announced nor entertained any such 'policy' as this, of turning loose Sabbath school children upon the community as medal-peddlers. They have simply sought to interest pastors and Sabbath school superintendents in their sale, in the hope that the Sabbath school children of the Congregational churches (if the medals be properly brought to their notice) may be induced to supply themselves with this memento of the Pilgrims. And they feel that it will be within the power of the pastor's child to do this during the year, by earning, saving, or soliciting from friends and visitors to the family, the necessary one hundred pennies; and that the moral lesson of a labored for will make it worth infinitely more than would be its weight in gold, received without such a previous preparation and training."

We give it up. The children are not to beg others to purchase the medals; but are to solicit the money "from friends and visitors," and then keep the medals themselves! And this here-to-fore begging is an improvement on our statement! And we turn to another column in the same paper, and we find the smallest Sabbath schools urged to take 100 medals, and the largest 600, so as to secure one in solid silver for the superintendent, or in gold for the pastor. Now does not that mean that when the teachers are to be busy in "spurring up schools to the requisite endeavor" the scholars shall tease every "visitor to the family" both to buy for themselves and to give money for the children's purchase?

....The session of the Philological Convention, at Rochester, was full of interest. Chinese dialects and Pennsylvania Dutch, Greek accents and Ojibway conjugations, Latin terminations and Creole initiatives made spicy contrasts, and the learned men seemed to greatly enjoy the midsummer airing of their knowledge. There were present Whitney, and Winchell, and Haldeman, and Hadley, and Schele de Vere, and Bolse, and Trumbell, and White, and Dwight, and Goodwin, and so many other noted professors that we must pause in our mention of them. Rev. Dr. Crosby, who seems to be an able and inveterate president, was in the chair. We are not without interest in the many curious questions discussed, in the many able papers presented; but most of all in the address of Prof. W. D. Whitney, of Yale, the noblest Roman of them all, and especially in his brave plea for the recognition of the culture to be had in the English tongue itself.

....A Western lawyer sends us the following hearty and good-natured expression of the pleasure with which he reads THE INDEPENDENT:

INDIANAOPLIS, July 18th, 1870.

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of the general views of the more advanced Jews; for "we are daily bothered by the question: 'Do you not expect to return to Palestine? Do you not expect the coming of a Messiah and Saviour?' and so on. If we answer in the negative, and express the liberal views of the modern Jew, our assertion is always received *cum grano salis*."

....The *Post* says that in Chicago the churches have 62,120 communicants; that the total average Protestant congregations are 79,961, and the Catholic 40,860, the sittings 83,118, the church property $6,004,800, and the Sunday school scholars 89,144. Of the communicants, 40,860 are Catholics and 21,260 Protestants. It must be remembered that the former include all the members of Catholic families who are not young children. The Catholic Church property is one-sixth of the total sum, being $1,001,000. Next came the Presbyterian, with $978,000; the Episcopalian, with $888,500; and the Congregational, with $744,000. The church sittings are 15,800 in the Catholic churches, 11,320 in the Presbyterian, and 10,635 in the Congregational.

....Looking over the list of educational institutions under the charge of the American Missionary Association, we find that Straight University, New Orleans, has 96 instructors and 874 pupils; of whom 12 are theological, 60 normal, 192 academical, and 638 elementary. The state legislature has adopted the medical department, making an appropriation of $35,000 for an endowment. Fisk University, at Nashville, Tennessee, has 13 teachers and 300 students. In the normal department three-fourths of the 120 pupils are preparing to be teachers. Atlanta University has 7 instructors and 89 students, all in advanced classes. The Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Va., has 7 teachers and 75 scholars, and 50 applications have been rejected for want of room.

....Although the famous Gulbord case in Montreal has been settled, in which a man was refused ecclesiastical burial in the Roman Catholic cemetery for belonging to a Catholic lyceum which insists on keeping some interdicted books in its library, yet a new difficulty is arising out of it. The counsel for the defense employed by the authorities of Notre Dame Parish insisted that the cemetery did not belong to the parish, but to the bishop. But this was almost too much for the parish, and they discharged their council. There is now quite a discussion of this question in the Catholic papers of Canada, and Rev. Mr. Rousselot, the curé of Notre Dame, appears as the leader in defense of the rights of the laity to the property, in opposition to the claims of the hierarchy.

....During the past year the Congregationalists have employed 58 missionaries in Northern and 7 in Southern Illinois, serving 90 churches and 10 outstations. During the year 11 churches have been organized, 11 have become self-supporting, and 7 have dedicated houses of worship. Of the 235 churches, 103 are self-supporting, 90 have missionary aid, and 42 unite with other churches in the support of a minister or are unsupplied. The average missionary salary in Illinois this year has been $684; in Vermont, $589.50; Michigan, $661.10; Iowa, $638; Massachusetts, $790; New Hampshire, $650; Maine, $600; making the average missionary salary in these seven states $659.

....The senate of Trinity College, Dublin, has had a meeting to decide whether the name of William Bagley shall be stricken from the college rolls. It seems that he took degrees from the college in 1841, and two years later was sent as a convict to Australia for forgery. But, on the other hand, his conduct there has been exemplary, and he has become a Methodist minister and risen to the dignity of bishop. The senate was divided on the matter, and the subject was postponed.

....Before leaving for the Vatican Council, the Bishop of Puno, in Peru, excommunicated a portion of his diocese and closed the churches, telling his vicar not to open them until the members had submitted to his wishes. Hereupon the civil authority ordered the vicar to be arrested and sent to Lima for trial. There is great excitement on the matter, and it is believed that the result will be a severe blow to the fanatical party, such as they have suffered in Mexico.

....The American and Foreign Christian Union is generous to its sharpest critic in cordially recommending in *The Christian World* Rev. L. W. Bacon's article in the *New Englander* on "How the Rev. Dr. Stone Betrothed his Situation." It even advertises it as a campaign document. It gives in full the report of the committee of the Connecticut General Association on the internal management of the society, and the action of the Association in the matter.

....The Irish Wesleyan Conference has discussed Lay Representation on the occasion of petitions in its favor from two circuits and one district meeting. The conclusion was that it was not advisable to make further changes immediately, in view of the plan just adopted for reconstructing the various mixed committees, on a new and enlarged basis.

....The meetings of the Evangelical Alliance will be held in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, commencing Sept. 22d and closing Oct. 2d. Admission will be by tickets, at $5 for the entire series of meetings. Provision will be made for the entertainment of visitors from other countries, but not for visitors from this country

....The American Home Missionary Society reports during June 18 new missionaries commissioned, 58 recommissioned, and about $10,000 receipts; among which is $1,500 from Elphalet Williams, of Northampton, Mass. The receipts of the New England auxiliary societies (except Connecticut) are not included.

....Cardinal Antonelli has just married one of his nephews to a Spanish lady of fortune, and has proved himself equal to the occasion by bestowing on the happy pair the sum of a million dollars. The salary of a papal premier is not large in itself; and the Romans laugh, and say there must be more where this comes from.

....Rev. J. Hyatt Smith has in press a Baptist novel, in which he argues for open communion. It is said that he has been visited by members of his association, and the first steps looking toward discipline have been taken.

....The command not to make any graven image has hitherto prevented Jews from taking the rank as painters and sculptors which they take in literature and music. But now 30 Jewish artists have paintings or statuary on exhibition at the "Salon" in Paris.

....Rev. Mr. Hobart Seymour calculates that of all Christendom 170,314,000 souls are connected with the Roman Church, 104,543 with Protestant churches, and 83,568,000 with Greek, Armenian, and other smaller communions.

....The *Central Presbyterian* says it is the widespread opinion in the Synod of Virginia that the Southern General Assembly acted unwisely in refusing to appoint a committee of conference with the Northern Presbytery.

....Rev. O. W. Merrill, superintendent of the Congregational missions in Nebraska, wants another "Andover Band." He says he could give to ten men each a county for a parish.

....The Coliseum Baptist church in New Orleans has refused the benefit of a horse race to cancel its debt, though assured that the gate-fees would be sufficient to do it.

....Rev. Mr. White, an Episcopal clergyman, lately of Newburyport, has been supplying the Presbyterian church there during the pastor's absence.

....By special request, Dr. Nehemiah Adams, of Boston, recently preached at Hong Kong, China, for Archdeacon Gray, of the Church of England.

....Notwithstanding the difficulty in the Methodist Book Rooms, the bonds of the Book Concern have found a ready market at par.

....The Old Side Reformed Presbyterians report 87 churches, 86 ministers, 8,677 communicants, and 17 theological students.

....The increase of the colored Baptist churches in Louisiana the past year has been 2,000 members and 20 churches formed.

....Two of the Baptist churches of Chicago, the First and Second, have each over 1,000 members.

Publisher's Department.

THE INDEPENDENT MARCHING ALONG.

We are, month after month and year after year, more and more *amazed*, as well as pleased, at the rapid growth and popularity of THE INDEPENDENT. We try to make a good religious family newspaper—a better one than can be found elsewhere in the country—and, therefore, expect to prosper. We believe we always furnish more real value for the money than any other weekly journal; but, considering the steady increase in the number of competing periodicals, we always feel that small, steady gains should satisfy us.

The following figures from our books show the total cash receipts of THE INDEPENDENT for subscriptions and advertisements during the first six months in each of the past three years:

CASH RECEIPTS OF THE INDEPENDENT.

	1868.	1869.	1870.
January	$35,132 50	$37,017 60	$18,600 53
February	23,132 00	20,962 78	21,727 73
March	27,567 66	24,290 00	24,562 70
April	20,872 55	21,463 82	24,952 67
May	18,886 36	18,092 03	20,253 83
June	12,440 53	13,184 57	20,318 63
Total	$138,025 80	$135,748 00	$179,488 09

We do not believe that any long-established newspaper in the country, either weekly or daily, can show such steady and rapid growth. Figures don't lie, and we respectfully commend the foregoing to our numerous friends, who will "rejoice and be glad" to know the facts in regard to the success of this journal. The few enemies of THE INDEPENDENT—who lose no opportunity, both privately and publicly, to abuse us—will also see by these figures how much real *influence* they have in the community. Their special gifts for slander don't bring forth much fruit to *their* liking. We hope they will cheerfully submit to the astonishing results of their labors, assured that we will most heartily join with them in this Christian duty.

Business men have found out, long ago, that THE INDEPENDENT, as an advertising medium, brings them a richer return for their money than any other newspaper. We have the best of evidence on this point from all quarters. Our *known* immense circulation in every part of the nation—rapidly extending, also, abroad, wherever the English language is spoken—now *commands* the patronage of the very best class of advertisers, as our crowded columns always abundantly show. Religious newspapers, in the past, have been supported as charitable institutions, both by subscribers and advertisers; but that day has now gone by. A good many such pauper concerns yet living from hand to mouth must soon wind up their affairs and go into liquidation.

We ask our readers, one and all, to notice particularly this week's broad and beautiful sheet—this richly-freighted mammoth issue of THE INDEPENDENT—one of the best, if not the *very best*, most talented, and most useful numbers ever published from this office. Where can you find such a variety as in these columns? Where, in any single issue of any periodical in the country, such a strong array of good writers? Where so much good reading for so little money? Nowhere! That is the verdict of hundreds of thousands, and *shall soon be* the verdict of hundreds of thousands more, if a kind Providence shall continue to favor us.

We believe that, *indirectly*, as well as directly, we are doing great good in the world. We are, with more power than any other journal, *compelling* other publishers of religious newspapers to go on making improvements. We are compelling them to do better and better, year after year, to spend money more freely, to employ more talented writers, and to pay them more liberally for their hard brainwork. We are also compelling other religious newspapers to show a more catholic, charitable, Christian spirit. We are compelling them to use their columns to promote Christian unity, brotherly love, and not drive asunder Christ's true followers, which result from religious bigotry. Some narrow minded, but at heart really good men don't like this; but their number is growing less day by day.

We do not profess to be perfect, or to make a first-class newspaper; but we think we know *something* about the work to which we have solemnly consecrated our lives, and we intend to move forward and upward as rapidly as we have the strength and the means to help us. Those who desire to keep up with us in the future must prepare for considerable liberality, vigilance, and activity. We believe in doing with our might what our hands find to do. The world is moving rapidly, and those out of the cradle-age must move with it or must not sleep much in business hours. Time is short. What is done by any one human being, for the uplifting of the race, the salvation of the world, must be done quickly. Let us go to work!

L. A. ELLIOT.

WHEN at Boston, we sometimes give ourselves the pleasure of a call at the Print Store of Mr. L. A. Elliot, on Washington street. It is the only establishment in the country within our knowledge at which miscellaneous printselling is conducted as an exclusive business. The collection of Engravings, Chromos, and other varieties of picture-printing is something remarkable—embracing many thousands—and only surpassed in respect to modern publication by those of two or three print stores of London and Paris, if Mr. Elliot advises correctly.

From "The Beautiful Home," a publication of Mr Elliot's, containing a catalogue and much art information, we extract the following, and wish every fine-art dealer could say the same of his own collection:

"INFUSE PICTURES.—Among the finest publishers whose works we keep constantly on hand there are a small number who have so far forgotten their duty to their generation, their self-respect, and their relation to Christian culture as to issue prints of an improper and impure character. We shall continue to refuse to fill orders for such vile publications, or to pollute our portfolios with them. We keep no picture in our store that can bring a blush to the cheek of purity. We sell nothing that is not fit to be seen in the beautiful home which it is the business of Christian social science in this age to provide for all its citizens. We shall not depart from this practice. If we should sometime reach the home of our Redeemer, it would be no pleasant reflection there that we had here so forgotten our service to him as to aid one in a downward path."

THE MERIDEN FIRE.—CARD.

To our patrons and the public we wish to acknowledge our thanks for past favors, and to inform them that, notwithstanding the large fire on the morning of the 16th inst. in one of our factories, by which about four hundred feet of the third, fourth, and fifth stories were almost entirely consumed, it is our intention to have the same rebuilt and in running order before September 1st.

Having six other factories, we are prepared to fill general orders promptly for our ware, either silver-plated or unplated, as heretofore.

Yours, respectfully,

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
West Meriden, Conn., and No. 199 Broadway, N. Y.

JULY 23d, 1870.

To benefit our subscribers is the aim of THE INDEPENDENT, and for this reason we call attention to the "Protector Fruit Jars."

As these JARS can be closed or opened *several times as rapidly as any others*, they "protect" the fair users from unnecessary trouble; and, as they "protect" the fruit entrusted to them, so as to make the manufacturers safe in their *warrant* as to quality, we feel confident that, by calling attention to the manufacturers' advertisement, we are "protecting" our readers from trouble and disappointment.

INVESTING MONEY.

SPECIAL attention is invited to the advertisements of Jay Cooke & Co., George Opdyke & Co., Fisk & Hatch, Tanner & Co., Luther Kountze, Hatch & Foote, Caldwell & Co., Turner Brothers, Henry Clews & Co., White, Morris & Co., Gwynne, Johnson & Day, Gilman, Son & Co., Lawrence Bros. & Co., Condict & Co., Wm. P. Converse & Co., Utley & Dougherty, Thomas Denny & Co., Parker & Lawrence, Litchfield, Dana & Stimson, Robinson, Chase & Co., and others, who offer first-class railroad bonds, etc., for sale. Many are now selling Governments and other stocks, and converting the proceeds into good *first mortgage* railroad bonds.

Our subscribers will please understand that they can send money, government bonds, or any kind of securities to this office, to be converted into any stocks or railroad bonds *advertised in* THE INDEPENDENT. No charge whatever will be made for our services. In most cases we can obtain a *better price* for securities to be thus exchanged than if sent direct to a broker or banker, besides saving broker's commission. This offer is made only to our subscribers, who oftentimes neglect to make investments simply because they fear to make a remittance to an unknown party. In all cases explicit directions must be given. Address HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher of THE INDEPENDENT, 3 Park Place, New York.

DUNKIRK, WARREN & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD BONDS.

This is an issue of one million of bonds, the payment of which is secured by a first mortgage on a completed road of 54 miles in length, including its franchises, bearing 7 per cent. gold interest, 30 years to run.

The road runs from Pittsburgh to Dunkirk, on Lake Erie, and makes much the shortest route from Buffalo and Dunkirk to Pittsburgh, with light and easy grades. It passes through a productive country, and the importance of its local traffic may be surmised from the fact that the towns through which it passes have furnished means to procure right of way and prepare the road-bed for the superstructure. Its connections are very important. It now affords a cheap communication with the best bituminous coal-fields in Northwestern Pennsylvania, and, connecting with the Allegheny River, will carry large quantities of lumber, and also the railroad iron from Brady's Bend and other iron-works to Lake Erie, and return the New York ores required to mix with those of Pennsylvania. It will also carry large quantities of oil to the North. These articles of traffic, so much needing cheap transportation, the shortness and light grades of this route will certainly command.

The road is being built in a substantial manner, and, judging from the large receipts of the Warren and Franklin, and Oil Creek, and other contiguous roads, we are warranted in predicting that the securities of this road offer inducements for investment of a superior order.

See advertisement of Litchfield, Dana & Stimson, in another column.

IF you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, partial loss of the sense of smell, taste, or hearing, eyes watering or weak, feel dull and stupid or debilitated, pain or pressure in the head, take cold easily, you may rest assured that you have the Catarrh. Thousands annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, terminate in consumption and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive, or less understood by physicians. R. V. Pierce, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., is the proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy—a perfect Specific for Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," or catarrhal headache—which he sends to any address, postpaid, for sixty cents, or four packages for $2. Pamphlet sent free. Sold by druggists.

LIBERAL.

For $5 you can secure the *Phrenological Journal*, $3 a year; one of Prang's fine chromos, "The Doctor," published at $5; *The Christian Union*, $3 a year; and "Marshall's Household Engraving of Washington," never sold for less than $5. All of the above can be obtained by sending $5 at once to S. R. WELLS, publisher, 389 Broadway, New York. The *Journal* is published at $3 a year; 30 cents a number. A specimen number will be sent to every reader of THE INDEPENDENT who will send his address, with 15 cts., to the publisher.

A LUXURY OF THE PERIOD.

REGARDED from the economic standpoint, SEA MOSS FARINE appears to overshadow every other vegetable nutrient. It contains—as we are informed on good scientific authority—nearly ninety per cent. of nourishing, fattening gelatine; and of all gelatine substances used in cooking it is said to be the cheapest by over fifty per cent., as well as the most digestible. We give these statements, which are authenticated by the signatures of men of eminent reputation, as vouchers for the opinions we have ventured to express on the economic importance of the new article of diet. As to its delicateness, the "proof of the pudding is in eating it"; and we feel confident that no man or woman who has once eaten of a blanc mange, pudding, custard, cream, Charlotte Russe, or any other delicacy prepared with this marine Godsend, will deny its claim to rank among the table luxuries of the period.

SWISS CARVED GOODS

The Swiss Mf'g Co., 36 East 14th St., cor. University Place.

"FAMILY FAVORITE" CLOTHES WRINGER.

We have concluded arrangements by which we are able to offer this VERY SUPERIOR Clothes Wringer (the cash price of which is $7 50) to any person who will send us the names of three *new* subscribers, with the money, $7 50; or who will renew an old subscription four years in advance, and pay us $10.

This Wringer is said by those who have tried it to be very simple, and equal to any in use.

MARRIED.

TARBOX—LORD.—In Batavia, N. Y., on the 21st of July, 1870, by Rev. A. S. Chester, D.D., Hon. Henry F. Tarbox to Miss Libbie L. Lord, only daughter of Dr. A. D. Lord, Superintendent of the N. Y. State Institution for the Blind.

FOULKE—SMITH.—In Carlisle, Pa., on Tuesday morning, July 19th inst., by the Rev. Wm. C. Leverett, rector of St. John's Church, S. A. Foulke, of Muscatine, Iowa, to Mrs. Annie B. Smead, of the former place. No cards.

DIED.

TRAIN.—At Milford, Friday evening, July 22d, Susan Atwater, wife of Abner L. Train, of New Haven, Ct.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO.'S

New Six Cord Soft Finish Spool Cotton.

TOP LABEL. NEW ATLANTIC LINEN CO. 1870 NO. 30

BOTTOM LABEL. SUPERIOR SIX CORD MACHINE THREAD

A Thread, as will be seen from the following certificates,

PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO SEWING MACHINES.

Office of Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, 625 Broadway, New York, March 1st, 1869.

We have thoroughly tested the new Six Cord Thread of the Willimantic Linen Co., and find it superior to any other in the market, and warmly recommend it to the agents, purchasers, and users of the Wheeler & Wilson and other Sewing Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Wood Sewing Machine Company.

BOSTON, August 30th, 1869.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO.—GENTS:—During the last six months we have thoroughly tested your IMPROVED SPOOL COTTON in various ways—selling it to "sewing in," and inspecting our Machine at the factory; changing Machines by customers, and doing all kinds of work at our offices; supplying the dragandy from our wholesale and retail trade: In short, using and placing it in every required manner; and now take pleasure in saying that we neither expect nor desire to find its superior, as that which you furnish us answers every want, whether for strength, smoothness, or uniformity.

YOURS, very respectfully, CLARK, Sec'y.

Office of the Florence Sewing Machine Company.

FLORENCE, MASS., January 12th, 1870.

We have thoroughly tested the new Six Cord Thread of the Willimantic Linen Co., and find it superior to any other in the market, and warmly recommend it to the agents, purchasers, and users of the Florence and other Sewing Machines.

Office of TRACY & BILL, Importers and Manufacturers of Machine Folded Steam Pressed Shirt Fronts, 338 Broadway, New York, September 10th, 1868.

Messrs. GEO. S. MOULTON & CO., *Agents Willimantic Linen Co.*—GENTS:—We have from your Six Cord Sewing Machine Thread a thorough trial on our STEAM POWER SEWING MACHINES, (the severest test a Thread can be put to), and return to our entire satisfaction. In our estimation, it possesses all the qualities of a perfect Six Cord Thread. Respectfully yours, TRACY & BILL.

THE HOOPER PATENTS.

GEO. S. MOULTON & CO., 101 Chambers St.,
SOLE AGENTS IN NEW YORK.

THE DYING BODY

SUPPLIED WITH THE VIGOR OF LIFE!

THROUGH

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A small atom of vaccine matter is sufficient to charge the system of the most robust and weighty body against Small-Pox. This potent power is secured through the blood. In every drop of DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT there are concentrated the nourishing, strengthening, and purifying properties that will secure to every human being pure, rich, strong, and healthy blood.

If the blood can be charged with vaccine matter in atomic proportions, that reproduces on the part of the body inoculated a poison of such virulence that an atom will charge an ordinary body containing 140 pounds of blood, is it not reasonable that a remedial agent like RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, made from the most healing, purifying, strengthening extracts from the vegetable kingdom of known medicinal qualities, and combined together by the highest chemical skill, and the medicinal properties of these substances obtained under a process that secures only the active properties of the substances used, should have equally as potent power for cleansing, purifying, enriching, and strengthening the blood?

Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system *the vigor of life*, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. The SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT possesses *tissue-making* and *flesh-making*, elements and supplies the system with any deficiency of *Caloric* or *heat-making constituents*. No matter how deeply seated or engrafted in the tissues, cartilages, glands, organs, or bones disease and corruption may be, the influence of this powerful agent on the blood and other fluids that supply the living body with repairs will so change the system with such constituents as to *resolve* and exterminate the *dead* and *decomposing matters*, and supply its place with *sound* and *living structure*, nourished by rich, pure, and strong blood.

By the chemical action by which the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT has on the substances taken into the stomach during its process of digestion into Chyme and Chyle, before it is made blood, as well as the nourishing constituents it converts into blood, and its specific action when entering the circulation, it exterminates every atom of virus from the blood, and *resolves away all deposits of disease*, whether caused by the action of some specific poison or virulent disease, or Mercury, Corrosive Sublimate, Calomel, that may have accumulated in the bones, tissues, cartilages, or joints, or from some *transmitted family complaint* that may have run through half a dozen generations.

Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular disease, Ulcers in the throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Blotch Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood—and this the SARSAPARILLIAN will and does secure—a cure is certain; for when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional, Skin, and Syphilitic diseases; but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is burning sensation, and pain in the Small of the Back along the Loins.

In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent, aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the Spine and Small of the Back, and the Bowels regulated with one or two of RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS per day, will soon make a complete cure, and in a few days the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge naturally without pain and the Urine will be restored to its natural color.

Price one dollar per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. Sold by Druggists.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter-stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Sold by Druggists.

Composite IRON WORKS Co.

IRA HUTCHINSON, Prest. ISAAC CHASE, Vice-Prest.
(FORMERLY CHASE & CO.),
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF

Patent Composite Iron Work,

GATES, RAILINGS, GUARDS, BEDSTEADS, ETC.,
IMPROVED WIRE WORK
FOR BANK, COUNTER AND OFFICE
RAILINGS, LAWN, COTTAGE,
AND FARM FENCES.

Also VASES, FOUNTAINS, STATUARY, STABLE-FITTINGS, Etc.

109 MERCER ST., near PRINCE ST., NEW YORK.

NEW JERSEY

7 PER CENT. TOWN BONDS.

AUTHORIZED BY ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE, and the issue restricted to one-tenth the assessed valuation of the real estate of the following towns:

NEW PROVIDENCE, Union County.
BEDMINSTER, Somerset County.
BERNARD, Somerset County.

In $100s, $500s, and $1,000s,

AND HAVING FROM 15 TO 23 YEARS TO RUN at 8S and Interest.

INTEREST PAYABLE SEMI-ANNUALLY, January and July, AT THE

AMERICAN EXCHANGE BANK, NEW YORK, FREE OF TAX.

For full particulars apply to

Parker & Lawrence, Bankers, No. 1 Wall Street.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.

We Buy and Sell Government Bonds, and receive the Accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations, and others, subject to check at sight, and allow interest on daily balances.

FISK & HATCH,

No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.

IRVING SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

96 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

INTEREST allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. on all sums. Deposits bear interest from the first of January, April, July, and October. Open daily from 10 to 3 P. M. JOHN WILLIAMS, Jr., President.
VANDERBILT L. BUXTON, Secretary.

B. A FAHNESTOCKS VERMIFUGE

CAUTION.

Should occasion require you to purchase B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge, be particularly careful to see that the initials are *B. A.* This is the article that has been so

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1829,

and purchasers must insist on having it, if they do not wish to have an imitation forced upon them.

Schwartz & Haslett,

FORMERLY

B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S SON & CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

HAINES BROS.,

PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS,

Nos. 356, 858, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372

Second Avenue, cor. 21st St.,

NEW YORK.

NAPOLEON J. HAINES. FRANCIS W. HAINES.
NAPOLEON J. HAINES, Jr.

CHILDREN TEETHING

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP,

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to your selves and

Relief and Health to Your Infants.

We have put up and sold this article nearly thirty years, and CAN SAY IN CONFIDENCE AND TRUTH OF IT what we have never been able to say of any other medicine: NEVER HAS IT FAILED IN A SINGLE INSTANCE TO EFFECT A CURE, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "WHAT WE DO KNOW," after years of experience, AND PLEDGE OUR REPUTATION FOR THE FULFILLMENT OF WHAT WE HERE DECLARE. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. Be sure to call for

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup"

having the fac-simile of "CURTIS & PERKINS" on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations. Sold by Druggists throughout the world.

CONNECTICUT AIR-LINE BONDS.

The value and importance of twenty-seven miles saved in distance, and about one hour in the time between the Metropolis of England and the Metropolis of the Nation cannot be over-estimated.

The Air-Line Road, 52 miles in length, running between New Haven and Willimantic, in Connecticut, forms the connecting link in the Grand Through Route between New York and Boston.

The Road is nearly completed to Middletown, which is about the center of the line.

On the unfinished portion, between Middletown and Willimantic, about 20 miles are graded, and the iron-work for bridges and viaducts is well under way.

The utmost care is used in the construction of the road, the projectors aiming to make it the most substantial, thoroughly-built, and safest road in the country.

THE FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS OF THE

New Haven, Middletown, and Willimantic Railroad Company,

Secured by a lien on ALL THE PROPERTY OF THE ROAD, present a safe, convenient, attractive, and profitable investment. They bear SEVEN PER CENT. INTEREST, payable half-yearly—May and November, in New York—FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX, and FROM STATE AND LOCAL TAXES IN CONNECTICUT; are issued in denominations of $500 and $1,000, and can, at the option of the holder, be REGISTERED, with or without coupon attached.

This favorable opportunity for securing an advantageous investment which will always make it a FAVORITE INVESTMENT, and one which must be constantly in demand.

PRICE, PAR AND INTEREST.

HATCH & FOOTE,

BANKERS AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,

No. 12 WALL STREET, N. Y.

BANKING HOUSE OF

Luther Kountze,

52 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

FOUR PER CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS.

COLLECTIONS made throughout the United States and Territories, the British Provinces, and Europe.

ORDERS for the PURCHASE or SALE of GOLD.

GOVERNMENT BONDS and other SECURITIES executed for the usual commission.

CITY, STATE and RAILROAD LOANS negotiated.

GEO. OPDYKE & Co.,

BANKERS,

NO. 25 NASSAU STREET,

offer for sale the following desirable securities:

NEW YORK, OSWEGO, AND MIDLAND RAILROAD first mortgage 7 per cent. bonds, free of Government tax, principal and interest payable in gold. Price par and accrued interest in currency.

MOBILE AND MONTGOMERY RAILROAD first mortgage, 8 per cent. bonds. Price 85 and accrued interest.

The attention of investors is invited to these well-secured Bonds, and upon application full information will be furnished.

U.S. Trust Company

49 WALL STREET,

FIRST FLOOR

Capital and Surplus - - - $2,000,000.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

which may be made and withdrawn at any time, and will be entitled to interest for the whole time they may remain with the Company.

JOHN A. STEWART, President.
WILLIAM H. MACY, } Vice-Presidents.
JOHN J. CISCO.

TRUSTEES

PETER COOPER, EDWIN D. MORGAN,
D. H. ARNOLD, CLINTON GILBERT,
ROYAL PHELPS, JOHN JACOB ASTOR, Jr.,
DANIEL S. MILLER, DANIEL D. LORD,
JAMES SUTHAM, EDWARD JONES,
THOMAS SLOCOMB, PERCIPHER LADEW,
SHEPHERD KNAPP, SAMUEL SLOAN,
JOHN C. GREEN, JAMES LOW,
R. F. WHEELWRIGHT, CYRUS CURTISS,
JAMES BELL, SAMUEL SEBASTIAN,
WILLIAM TUCKER, ERASTUS CORNING,
WILSON G. HUNT, JAMES BROWN,
WILLIAM E. DODGE, JOHN CASWELL.

WILLIAM DARROW, Secretary.

Vermilye & Co.,

BANKERS,

Nos. 16 & 18 Nassau st.,

Dealers in a sseues of Government Securities and in Gold and Gold Coupons.

BUY AND SELL ON COMMISSION

Railway Stocks, Bonds, and Gold,

MAKING LIBERAL ADVANCES.

INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

LAWRENCE BROS. & CO., BANKERS,
No. 16 WALL STREET, N. Y.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

PARIS, 1867.

WHEELER & WILSON. No. 625 BROADWAY, N. Y., Awarded, over Eighty-two Competitors

THE HIGHEST PREMIUM.

A GOLD MEDAL,

for the perfection of Sewing Machines and Button-hole Machines. The only Gold Medal for this branch of manufacture.

COMPLETED.

THE LAST RAIL HAS BEEN LAID ON THE

ST. LOUIS AND ST. JOSEPH RAILROAD.

A Train from St. Louis Arrived at St. Joseph Last Night.

The St. Louis and St. Joseph R. R. Co. has issued

One Million Dollars First Mortgage Six Per Cent.

GOLD BONDS,

being only $13,841 per mile, on a road of which the entire length is now finished and in operation.

The interest, payable May and November, is GUARANTEED by the NORTH MISSOURI R. R. CO., which makes the bonds double secure.

A small balance of these bonds offered at

80, Flat,

AT THE BANKING HOUSE OF

Luther Kountze,

52 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

A CHOICE SECURITY.

Eight per cent. Gold.

THE BALANCE OF THE

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

OF THE ISSUE OF

$1,500,000,

BY THE

ST. JOSEPH

AND

DENVER CITY

Railroad Company.

In denominations of $1,000 and $500, coupon or registered, with Interest at Eight per cent. per annum, payable 15th February and August, in GOLD, free of United States Taxes, in New York or Europe. The Bonds have thirty years to run, payable in New York, in GOLD. Trustees, Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York. The mortgage which secures these Bonds is at the rate of $13,500 per mile; covers a completed road for every Bond issued, and is a first and ONLY mortgage. This line, connecting St. Joseph with Fort Kearney, will make a short and through route to California.

The Company have a Capital

Stock of	$10,000,000
And a grant of Land from Congress of 1,500,000 acres, valued, at the lowest estimate, at	8,000,000
First Mortgage Bonds	1,500,000
Total	$19,500,000

Total length of road, 271 miles; distance included in this Mortgage, 111 miles; price, 97 1-2 and accrued interest, IN CURRENCY. Can be obtained from the undersigned. Also pamphlets, maps,

The Independent.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

A LEGEND.

BENEATH the monastery walls
So darkly ran the tide
That the good priest paused as he came from mass
To see the swift stream glide.
And a boat had stemmed the current;
When prayed the boatman wan,
Grasping the ivy of the old gray wall,
"Give bread to a starving man!"

Then the good priest asked the porter,
"What have we yet of food?"
For a famine had wasted the country
Many a weary rood.
"One cup of milk and two small loves
In three parts to divide—
Thine, mine, and the dog's." Said the priest: "Give mine;
For me *the Lord will provide*."

Scarce sound of oars in the distance
Had faded on the oar,
When a horseman paused at the convent gate
And begged for humblest cheer.
"Fainting," he moaned, "on my journey,
With five leagues yet to ride!"
"Give thy portion, good friend, to the stranger.
Have faith; *the Lord will provide*,"

Whispered the priest to the porter,
And gladly was obeyed.
The horseman, refreshed, rode onward a pace;
But in the gateway stayed
The crouching form of a woman,
Pleading with voice of woe:
"Food! food! for sake of the child who must share
The mournful ways that I go."

Said the men, with tears of pity:
"The dog may die for food
Ere we keep his part from a little child."
Precious in sight of God."
He licked the hand of the priest, who had said,
Softly, *the Lord will provide*.

Then the night fell 'round them darkly;
But, with their duty done,
They all slumbered in peace till the morning.
At rising of the sun,
Behold! with a silver awning,
A boat moored on the tide,
Harvest and vintage-laden; and golden
Its flag: "*The Lord will provide*."

FANCHON.

A SABBATH IN PRISON.

BY REV. FRED. H. WINES.

I spent the last Sabbath of January in prison. On that day the new chapel in the House of Correction at Detroit, of which Mr. Z. R. Brockway is the superintendent, was dedicated to God. Imagine the scene. A neat, airy, well-lighted room, heated by steam, in the upper story of an addition recently made to the block of buildings constituting the prison. Three hundred men, dressed in gray; one hundred women, dressed in blue. Arms all folded. The women are in the gallery above; the men below. This gallery is so built that the two sexes cannot see each other, though their voices blend in singing. All join in the hymns. All rise during the time of prayer. All listen, or seem to listen, to the sermon by the chaplain, Rev. C. C. Foot, which is from the text "He was taken from prison and from judgment." The doors are locked, and at each door stands a guard, a prison officer, without arms or weapons of any description. The service ended, a prayer meeting follows, to which forty or more of the prisoners remain. The rest are remanded to their cells, there to meditate in solitude upon the truth to which they have listened.

What thought, what emotion such a service awakens in a Christian soul! We leap over the century past; we stand with Howard in the jails of England, one hundred years ago; we return to America, and to the present moment. Who can paint the contrast? Who can imagine with what delight John Howard regards from the realms of bliss the change already wrought.

But is Howard satisfied? Who is satisfied with the present prison system of the United States? with either of the systems—that of Pennsylvania, or that of which Detroit is so illustrious an instance? Have we nothing to learn? Is there no advance yet to be made other than mere improvement in details of construction and management?

Listen to the counts in the indictment against even our American prisons.

No prison system yet devised recognizes the difference in the motives of two men who commit the same crime. And yet criminality resides not in the act, but in the motive.

No prison system recognizes the fact of congenital moral imbecility—the physical heritage of many, perhaps of the majority of criminals who undergo sentence of imprisonment.

None makes the cure of the diseased tendency, rather than the punishment of the criminal action, the main object in their incarceration.

None provides for their release as soon as this cure is effected; none for their detention until it is effected.

In few of the prisons of the land—Indeed, we may say in none—is the entire system of labor and of education and of religious training so organized and adjusted as to supply the requisite physical and intellectual as well as moral conditions of cure.

In none is each individual the subject of treatment wisely adapted to his peculiar pathological condition and necessities. The individuality and personality of criminals are scarcely recognized. All are ground through the same mill, and come out better or worse, as it may happen.

Few prison officers, it is to be feared, recognize their personal responsibility for the fate of those entrusted for a season to their charge. Society imposes no such responsibility upon them. All that public sentiment requires of a prison officer is that he shall protect the public from the depredations of criminals during the possibly brief term of their incarceration, that he shall abstain from actual brutality in his treatment of his prisoners, and that he shall make the prison pay its own way, if he can.

The consequence is, that, although our prisons ought to be reformatory institutions, they are not such in reality. The proof of this statement is found in the fact that the keen-sighted public has no confidence in the reformation of criminals as a class. It will not remove from them the social ban. Why not? The public does not so treat a man recovered from the small-pox. It has confidence in the possibility of the permanent restoration of the small-pox patients. Why? The public believes what it sees. It cannot be deceived as to accomplished results.

What, then, is the cause of the failure of prisons to meet the wants of society?

The fault is not necessarily in the prison officers. The ablest, the most enlightened, the most humane, the most Christlike man cannot so administer the existing system as to satisfy his own judgment and conscience. The fault is in the system itself, which is radically vicious.

The results attained in Mr. Brockway's prison are extremely gratifying. Many of those who have re-entered the world, after coming under the influences there brought to bear upon them, have entered it redeemed men and women. Some of those thus redeemed have been sinners of the deepest dye. In point of administration and discipline, the Detroit House of Correction is a model prison. The revenue to the city from the labor of the prisoners for the last five years has averaged sixteen thousand dollars per annum. The religious instruction given is evangelical and thorough. The prison is supplied with a library. There is an evening school both for the men and for the women. The prison inspectors have built across the street a House of Shelter, to receive hopeful cases from among the discharged female prisoners until employment and homes can be found for them. The whole air of the prison is that of thoroughness, of kindness, of refinement, of careful consideration, of attention to every minute detail. The very bars in the cell-doors are painted green and bronzed, and the walls are tinted. Yet no one is more ready than Mr. Brockway himself to testify that his success has been incommensurate with his aims and with the real necessities of society.

Our prisons do not perceptibly diminish the amount of crime. They do not perceptibly check its increase.

Too many of them produce upon the mind of a thoughtful visitor the impression of legalized, organized slavery.

What is the remedy?

Is there no remedy?

The prison system is the creature of law. The remedy for its defects, therefore, must be found in an amendment of the laws which regulate the treatment of criminals.

The law, on the other hand, is the expression of the public conscience and will. If the law is wrong, it is because public sentiment with respect to criminals is unenlightened and misguided.

Criticisms on prison administration under the existing system, if this be true, will accomplish little. The public must first learn what constitutes a criminal, what are the real obstacles in the way of the reformation of criminals; what are the really successful methods of curing criminal tendencies; and how absurd, how utterly futile in practice, are many of the methods popularly supposed to be most successful.

Prison officers alone can enlighten the public.

But it is obvious to every student of social order and well-being that the law should look to the prevention of crime.

It is obvious that the criminal law of the United States needs a thorough overhauling and ventilation, with a view to its amendment in those particulars which affect the prison system.

Finally, in the organization of an improved system, the physician, as well as the theologian and the moralist, needs to be consulted. The phenomena of crime cannot be successfully studied without a clear apprehension of the mutual relations which exist between crime and insanity, between crime and imbecility, between crime and actual idiocy. There is little doubt that the history of the treatment of criminals, to be written one or more centuries hence, will present points of striking analogy to the history of the progress of enlightened public sentiment in the treatment of the insane. Although there is an essential difference between crime and insanity, crime and idiocy, yet they shade off into each other by imperceptible gradations. The physician, not the metaphysician, can alone decide where responsibility begins. And there can be no doubt that our idiot schools, which have contributed so much already to the solution of certain problems of popular education, will further vindicate the wisdom of their establishment by shedding a new light upon some of the perplexing questions of prison discipline and of criminal law.

NIXY TRENT.

BY SYLVIA SYLVESTER.

HAVING just read "Helged In," and also the review of it in that excellent journal, *The Standard*, I am moved to give through your columns my thoughts and feelings about this story. The "social evil" is at present demanding so much attention that any story which attempts to point even to relief for the fallen deserves the earnest consideration of all thoughtful minds.

The story is this: Nixy Trent, the heroine, a homeless, friendless orphan girl of 15 years, born and brought up in one of the lowest places of a great city, and living in a crowded room of one of the most wretched of tenement houses, becomes the mother of an illegitimate child. When her babe is only two weeks old, hating her life and the people with whom she is surrounded, and fearing she will be sent to the asylum with her child in her arms, she runs away from Thicket street. Without any definite plan, weak and ignorant, she goes wandering about seeking work, only intent on leading an "honest life." She hopes to find "God's folks somewhere," and has a childish faith that, if she can only find them, they will aid her to "honest work" and a better life. After weary and fruitless efforts to procure work, she abandons her babe, and tries again to find some one who will give her a chance to lead an "honest life" by employing her. And, at last, when in utter despair about to return to her old life, she is taken in by a widow lady of great nobleness of character; who, not without some hesitation (for she has a young daughter about Nixy's age), adopts her as a companion and educates her, being herself the teacher, until she is fitted to take a position as teacher in the grammar school. "Nixy," now Miss Eunice Trent, not only becomes a school teacher, but also a devout Christian and a beautiful, accomplished woman. Meanwhile her baby, which had been taken to a foundling hospital, lives and thrives; and his mother feels it to be her duty to go and claim her boy and do a mother's duty by him, though she does not feel a mother's love for him. Her benefactress, Mrs. Purcell, at first objects; but is soon led to see the righteousness of the act, and it is done. Then society shows its estimate of purity. The excellent teacher, the pure, good, gentle Christian, who had lived among them such a life that all who looked upon her bowed with respect, was not now fit to be a teacher of their children. At least, so thought many of the school committee; but they would not turn her out, though cowardly requesting her to resign. But, supported by Mrs. Purcell and her daughter, Christina, and overargued and urged by the Doctor and Mr. Hobbs, the eccentric chairman of the town educational board, who are her firm friends, and who advise her "not to give up," she does not resign. Many parents at once remove their children from her school; but her true friends, who forcibly preach the example of Christ, in drawing water for a dissolute woman of Samaria, and saving the life of a woman taken in adultry, aided by her own quiet and beautiful life, finally win her respect, and her school is refilled. Her boy soon dies of scarlet fever; and after some years she suddenly dies of disease of the heart, brought on, evidently, by her own sense of the enormity of her sin and shame and disgrace.

As an answer to the question, "What shall be done with the fallen woman?" which is engaging the minds of all lovers of humanity to-day, I regard this story as a failure.

As a greatly-needed and beautiful lesson to Christians it is not a failure; except that it makes the heroine a character which, if not impossible, and that could not well be proven (and I should be sorry to hear it proved), is, at least, so far from being general among those who belong to her class that the results of Mrs. Purcell's experiment can give little hope to others of realizing equally satisfactory results. But whether these results follow or not, this book inculcates it as a Christian duty to follow the example of Christ, who said, "Neither do I condemn thee." But, instead of adding, "Go and sin no more," loving Christian women should say, "Come unto us, and be no longer an outcast, but a companion and friend." This is, doubtless, the intended purport of the lesson to Christians, and is worthy of all commendation. But this book gives no hope to the fallen. *The Standard* says: "It will strengthen the erring to brave the struggle for a regenerated life, and will help to ripen a public opinion which shall make it more possible for fallen womanhood to rise to purer levels." If any fallen woman can find strength in Nixy's story "to brave a struggle for a regenerate life," she must have had the innate strength which enables the best and greatest to live and die for a principle. True, Nixy lived an "honest life" by help of one Christian woman; but look at this picture: A simple, untaught child, alone in the world, with none to love, counsel, or guide, responding to the first affection that ever lighted her young life, or yielding to a (let us all remember) natural instinct of every human being, becomes a mother; and after this one misstep, with all the heroism and devotion of the strongest and truest, living a life of holiness before God and man, and yet always feeling that she can never be "white and clean," like Mrs. Purcell, like Christina—"A scar is a scar forever"; that she must be "forever and forever ashamed"; that she had no rights—"I had no right to anything." And, though Mrs. Purcell, after long conflict, felt that she was Christina's equal, she had for long months not liked to see her wear the same bright, pure colors Christina did, and could have sent her back to Thicket street, without one feeling of compunction, when she first saw the girls kiss each other. And, though Christina, after a bitter struggle, when she first knew of Eunice being the mother of a child—when the first and wholly absorbing feeling, even while witnessing the anguish of her beloved friend, was "frozen horror and loathing"—finally held her "pure and honored"; still Eunice felt her shame and disgrace and pain; wore only black, banished from her room all ornaments, pictures, statuettes, etc.; felt that her living child dishonored her, and that his death alone made her motherhood sacred; experienced daily and to the last "all the loneliness of sin," which set her apart from others; wondered "if a happy little matron like Marthy could be quite willing to let her kiss her child"; was "confused by the happy love of a happy woman" when Christina told her of her betrothal to the Doctor, and hesitated to congratulate the Doctor, lest he should think there was something incongruous in a woman such as she "stepping into the holy place where happiness like his abideth." Constantly and always followed to the end of life by this crushing sense of sin and stain, and finally dying a martyr to this suffering.

Would such a life as this be attractive to the woman who needs reclaiming? to the sick and sore, who have felt all the "exceeding bitterness of spirit which social condemnation alone can incite"? Is there anything like rehabilitation in this picture? anything of a healthy, happy, wholesome life here? She may have a heavenly love—"the little wooden cross in the gray room" she may fall before and feel clean and pure in the love of Christ; but what does this world offer her through Miss Phelps? Only to live for a principle, only the love of Christ, only to die and be happy, only death for herself and child. No other way out of it all—no happiness here, no healthy human life such as human beings long for—and fallen women are not all angels.

Wherein this book "will help to ripen a public opinion which shall make it more possible for fallen women to rise to purer levels" I fail to see. All the curse that followed Nixy's pure life—the curse of the stain and disgrace and sin—will not be made less for others by Miss Phelps's story. All women, except for Christ's sake, looked upon her with horror and loathing. No man could offer her the highest proof of true respect—a place by his side. Never have I heard or seen the sin and the everlasting stain and disgrace more deeply drawn. Not the sin before God. Nixy could go to him without fear, and feel that there she was clean and white, and there alone. Everywhere else, not even the faith and trust and love of Mrs. Purcell and Christina could lift from her the pressure of that public opinion whose condemnation saddened her beautiful life and occasioned her early death. Not thus would Miss Phelps or the world condemn a man who had once yielded his sense of right to passion, even though he had not been so untaught, or the error had not been sanctified in any degree by love. And just in proportion as public opinion condemns does woman or man feel the "sin and the stain."

If we ever help woman—fallen woman—to rise to a purer life, we must not stigmatize the holiest feelings of her womanly nature as low and base; but must instruct her in their guidance and control, replacing everywhere ignorance—which is no disgrace—with knowledge; and demand of man the same degree of sexual purity as of woman, under penalty of the same condemnation. The "social evil" is a result; and will never be removed until we investigate causes. The laws which govern and regulate the sexual instincts must be made the subject of thorough research and study. Let us approach this subject with the respect and reverence due to every part of man's nature. The sexual natures of men and women are, equally with the rest of their being, the workmanship of the Creator; and until this is made a subject of study and instruction, instead of being spoken of with levity and thought of as low and degrading, we shall make little progress in the great question of the relation of the sexes.

LOW MOOR, CLINTON CO., IOWA.

A QUARREL OVER A BLESSING.

IT is curious to observe how ready people are to jump at any occasion for a "controversy." Probably, as there is a large amount of money lying idle at present, waiting for investment, so there is a vast quantity of controversial spirit which requires a vent, and fastens upon any object, however trifling, which may happen to present itself. In no other way can we account for the fearful excitement which has been caused by a Greek archbishop having had the goodness to bless some English Churchmen. The Archbishop of Syra and Tenos, when visiting York Minster, pronounced his benediction in Greek over the members of a deputation. Instead of everybody being much obliged to him for taking the trouble, the blessing has led to an angry controversy as to whether the ceremony has any right to bless us at all. Happily, the Archbishop of York has given his opinion that the prayer of an "alien" may be efficacious; in other words, that we need not be anxious as to the effect of a Greek blessing on an English deputation. This is very satisfactory, and will, it is to be hoped, allay the panic and settle the question. In the meantime, we trust the Archbishop of Syra and Tenos will not be deterred by this clamor from blessing English Churchmen, whether they like it or not. Many of them would be none the worse for a good blessing in any language, living or dead, and deputations are frequently so troublesome that they may think themselves very fortunate to receive a blessing in Greek, instead of something the reverse in English. Nothing but courtesy, indeed, prevents their being frequently addressed in the same terms as those used to a sailor by the boatswain in one of Her Majesty's ships where strong language was forbidden: "God bless you, you rascal; you know what I mean"—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Week-Day Lectures.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

FRIDAY EVENING, July 29th, 1870.

THE last of the Friday night prayer-meetings of the members of Plymouth church until the fall was held this evening. The audience present was large. After the customary number of hymns had been sung and prayers offered, he said:

This is the last of our general meetings for the summer. Hitherto it has been customary for me to make it an informal review meeting, asking the brethren to give some few of their own religious experiences for the year. I shall do the same to-night. On looking back over the year, we have occasion to be very grateful for the continued prosperity of our part of Zion. I hope, however, we shall always feel that we are only one single finger of the great church through which God is working in the world. Some churches get so wrapped up in themselves that they talk as though the center of the universe was in them. The past which God has committed to us has been prosperous during the year. The congregation on Sabbath day has not simply been full; but I have reason to believe the Word of the Lord has been a living word, and that it has been preached with power. This has been made evident not simply through those who have been converted, but through numberless cases that were not publicly reported; so that, on looking back over it as a preaching year, I can bear witness that it has been one of great comfort to me. Of course, I have some thoughts on this subject differing from those of my congregation; because I see things of this kind from a different point of view. I cannot help mingling my experience with the results of the preaching. I refer now not to the relative efficacy of one or the other view of truth. I am originally combative; and, had I followed the bent of my nature, it would have led me to a controversial style of preaching. I was brought up in a family of perpetual discussion, and all my early years in college I had no suspicion of any mode of proving a thing except by argument; and for the first five years of my ministry, except in an incidental way, I relied on that. Then, however, I began to see that preaching to men's consciences was the way to power, and that logic aimed at a class, a small class, of cultured persons, while it missed the mass. I saw that there was such a thing as a moral consciousness, and that he who struck that brought home conviction by a much shorter and more abiding way than he who attempted to prove everything.

There has been a great deal of skepticism made by attempting to prove things that men never doubted. From the middle of my ministerial life, I have preached against my early education; to throw off its argumentative forms, and so resolve the truth in my own mind that I could present it in picture forms and in shape of analogy. By appealing in this way I make men receive the truth without waiting for any further argument.

Now, in that progress I have grown more confirmed in my opinion that, while both elements—the element of conscience and that of hope and love—should be strongly appealed to, yet, in the condition in which the world now is, the elements of hope and love ought to exist in fourfold proportion to the other. My impression is that those doctrines bearing upon the lower phases of guilt and appealing to fear have been preached out of all proportion. I think that four out of five parts should be love, and the remainder justice and fear. Nothing will do so much to lift up the downcast as disinterested spiritual benevolence. I am convinced that this affirmative mode of preaching—the preaching the truth to the moral consciousness of men, preaching the word in its LOVE FORMS persuasively—that this is the fatherly and divine method, the one best adapted to the wants of man. Of that I am more certain to-day than I have ever been.

During the year past I have attempted to open up more and more these, to me, clear views of spiritual life—those larger views of real liberty and the power of attainment to which Christianity may come. How far this has been edifying to the persons of my church I cannot say; but I have reason to believe that it has been most edifying. More than ever this year has the preaching of this church been spread in England and America. During all my father's life, he was tormented with a desire to prepare something for the press that would work after he was gone. But he was always so deeply engaged in the present that he never found time; so that the ripest things he ever did perished.

His example in this respect I resolved to disregard; but, being of the same temperament, I was led into the same evil, and I should never have done a thing in the world if I had been left to myself. But, being thrown into the company of a person who has been more than my shadow to me, my sermons have been largely reported. So that I have this feeling, that, if I were to die to-night, I should not die leaving the memory of a voice; but something would be collected out of the much that has been printed—a volume that would be of value to after times. This is a great comfort to me, that, though gone, I shall not be silent, but will preach from the pulpit of the press.

The social condition of the church has been prosperous. I have an impression that never in its history has there been so much self-denying labor, never so great efforts on the part of those in charge in the Sunday school to search out their pupils, in many instances with extraordinary success. The awakenings in the school have been during the year most encouraging. During all the time that we have lived together there has been no disturbance.

Did you ever know another instance like it? It is now nearly twenty-five years since we opened this church. Do you recollect a quarrel? We have maintained a church existence during the most turbulent period of our national history. We were an abolition church, and entered into all the excitement and discussion of the time. But we never got broken up into cliques of two and three.

How do you account for this? My belief is that it is the effect of the living Gospel that has been preached. Brotherhood and general forbearance have been the basis of my sermons; and I think their effect is seen in the harmony existing.

Mr. Beecher concluded by advising the members, when they met in his absence, to pay no attention to controversial questions, and especially not to give vent to them in the prayer meeting. For, he said, the members being all possessed of average intelligence, there would be no end to dispute. Every one was a pope in the church, and was entitled to his own opinion, and, as things go now, is at liberty to deem it infallible. Those holding opposite expressions are, of course, quite as infallible, and as much at liberty to hold and express them.

Mr. Halliday referred in touching terms to those members of the congregation who had departed this life; and cited several instances where, when at the gate of death, testimony had been given of unbroken faith in the Lord.

Another gentleman said that he had been connected with the church for seventeen years. He had found it a great blessing; clearer views of divine things had been given him here than he ever had before. For all of which he thanked the Lord. After this Mr. Beecher pronounced the benediction and dismissed the audience.

Book Table.

THORNTON ON LABOR.*

WHOEVER makes any real contribution to the solution of the questions now at issue between Capital and Labor renders to society one of the most important services that the present time calls for. It is not unnatural that the capitalist and the laborer, occupying different standpoints, should look upon their interests as dissimilar, if not antagonistic. It must be admitted, too, that each party has, in the main, acted on this view; and has, accordingly, seized every opportunity to take advantage of the other.

But it would be a strange thing if God had so arrange the affairs of men that the two great classes into which the industrial world is divided could only prosper each at the expense of the other. Happily, no such anomalous discord exists. In the economic world, as in the physical and moral, all interests are at one; whatever benefits or injures one class or individual benefits or injures all. Indeed, there is no department of investigation in which this great truth is more frequently or more clearly brought to light than in the conclusions of a sound political economy. But hitherto in the world's history the class of capitalists have had a vast advantage over the laboring classes in means, in facility for organizing, in control of legislation, in social position, in all that goes to confer power and influence and privilege.

The purpose of Mr. Thornton, in the book before us, is to show how this unnatural inequality can be reduced to a minimum, if not altogether removed. Recalling, in the introductory chapter, the great advances that have been made in almost every direction, within the present century, he raises the question: "Is there equal, or is there any reason for congratulating the inferior millions by whose ceaseless exertions the upper myriads are upheld? Has there been like improvement in *their* condition? Have their lines likewise fallen in pleasanter places than any ever occupied by their forefathers?" His answer, a qualified negative, furnishes the starting-point for the discussion that follows, and he proceeds in the three "books" subsequent to the introduction to consider the relations of "Capital and Labor in Debate," "in Antagonism," and "in Alliance."

The tone of the volume is controversial throughout; but it is characterized by an admirable spirit of candor, fairness in stating the views to which the author is opposed, courage in dealing with received opinions and authorities, and, not least, uniform good temper. The argument, in brief, runs thus: "The laborer in dealing with the capitalist finds himself at a disadvantage; and that mainly owing to the fact that the price of labor, the commodity which he offers in market, is fixed not by himself, but by his employer. For price, whether of labor or any other commodity, is never determined, as most economists maintain, by the relation of supply and demand; but always by competition. In most cases it is the competition of sellers that fixes prices; but in the labor market, owing to the advantages possessed by the capitalist, the price (wages) of labor is fixed by the competition of buyers—that is, of employers. Even this is not the worst; for employers, instead of allowing wages to advance to whatever natural level might be found as the result of free competition among themselves, instinctively combine to keep wages down to such a point as may suit their own wishes. And, as there is no hope that capitalists as a class will voluntarily relinquish the advantages of their position, the best available remedy in the hands of the working-classes is to form counter combinations—that is, to unite themselves in trade-unions." Which last point leads to a full and careful discussion of the origin, the end, the ways and means, the efficacy, and the good and evil of trade-unionism. But there is something better than the organized antagonism to capital presented by trade-unions; and that is found in industrial partnership or co-operation, the consideration of which closes the volume.

Most readers will find occasion to dissent from various points in Mr. Thornton's reasoning or conclusions, or both; but the argument is so ably and so fairly conducted, and touches, withal, on subjects which are just now so prominent in this country, that the book ought to be widely read. The portion of the book which is least likely to obtain assent among economists, we think, is the chapter devoted to the refutation of the received theory that price is determined by demand and supply. It is an interesting piece of ingenious, confident, and, we must add, inconclusive reasoning. It is undoubtedly true that "competition" is an important element in determining the fluctuations of price within certain limits; but it is assuredly no less true that these limits are fixed by the relation of demand to supply. The two chapters on "The Rights of Labor" and "The Rights of Capital" would make an excellent pamphlet for distribution among workingmen and employers. We have the profoundest sympathy with all men and classes of men who are striving by legitimate means to better their condition; but we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that many of the practices and theories in vogue among "unions" and similar organizations are pernicious and suicidal.

To note only one doctrine, which is more or less explicitly enunciated in every set of resolutions put forth in behalf of workingmen, it is constantly denied that the capitalist ought to receive interest for the use of his money, and that for the reason that all capital is originally the product of labor. But that is precisely the reason, as Mr. T. neatly points out, why capital should be remunerated; for, otherwise, you deny a fair compensation to an important portion of (past) human labor. It is a curious inconsistency, too, that the men who think a capitalist ought to advance them money, without interest, to invest in industrial enterprises never think of asking him to build them a house and loan it to them, rent free. But the last, certainly, is as reasonable as the first.

** OF LABOR. Its Wrongful Claims and Rightful Dues: Its Actual Present and Possible Future. Second Edition. By WM. THOMAS THORNTON. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.*

MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* still keeps Bayard Taylor's novel in the lead, though what its particular merits are we are at a loss to tell. Bayard Taylor appears infatuated with a desire to be—what the great traveler cannot be—a novelist. His poem in the present number has a genuine flavor, and has a moral ring to it that surprises us in the one who used to ridicule people with a "mission," and compare himself appropriately to a waterfall that just babbled on because it could not help it. The best and *gentlest* thing in the number is Prof. Lowell's "A Virginian in New England Twenty-five Years Ago." Howell's "A Day's Pleasure" is better than its first installment.

Harper's Magazine continues the "Raquette Club" and the "South Coast Saunterings" as its leading illustrated papers. "Frederick the Great" is continued; while the light articles, the stories, and the editorial departments all indicate an undiminished ability in the magazine to hold its own as the great popular monthly.

Among the marked articles in *Putnam's Magazine* are the exciting realistic fiction, "Love in Fiji," the eighth installment of Mary Clemmer Ames's story, and Prof. Goldwin Smith on the "Constitutional Crisis in England."

There are many pleasant articles in the present number of the *Eclectic*, which is an unusually good one; but none have so interested us as the generous article on "Faraday," by Tyndall. By a curious misprint the title to the article is made to read as though Dr. Bence Jones were reviewing his own work.

The present number of *Old and New* is chiefly remarkable for the opening of a little story by Mrs. Stowe (she says it is not a novel, but a story with a moral), which she calls "Pink and White Tyranny." Geo. M. Steele has a generally correct article on the Northern Pacific Railroad. An article on the Oberammergau "Passion Play," extracted from two writers, is very interesting. The theological *piece de resistance* is by Orville Dewey, on the "Validity of our Knowledge of God." But the jewel of the number is a little poem, "At last," by H. H., which twin aspirates represent one who is a great favorite with the readers of this journal.

Perhaps the most superficial article on a subject in literary criticism that has come from a well-known hand is Prof. Schele de Vere's, on "The Coming Book," in *Hours at Home*. It grieves us to say this, for we are delighted to see that our editors and publishers are coming to recognize the ability of Southern literary men. But to assert that the *colour locale* (Prof. de Vere loves French, even where English is better) is utterly wanting in our novels—is just serving up a stale grumble again, which is further from the truth every year. We suspect that the great philologist of Charlottesville does not read novels. To complain that our great historical works have no American peculiarities is to complain that Prescott and Motley are cosmopolitan, not provincial. Let us have a nationalism in American literature; but not a narrow and bigoted nationalism, which is only an aggravated provincialism. Dr. Schaff treats of the Evangelical Alliance in the same number, and Donald G. Mitchell has a genial article on Dickens.

Blackwood in a supplement defends its verdict on Lothair against its assailants by quoting the billingsgate English of their abuse. No more handsome and dignified defense could be made.

Of the juvenile magazines *Our Young Folks* is exceedingly good this month; *The Riverside* is quite close to it; *Oliver Optic's* is as sensational and unhealthy as usual.

The *Overland Monthly* is, as usual, one by itself, altogether unique, spiced, and refreshing.

The Sunday Magazine continues the "Episodes in an Obscure Life," and "The Struggle in Ferrara," while it has the usual number of biblical and religious articles

Good Words and *Good Words for the Young*

—The publishers (T. B. Petersop & Brothers) send us *Married in Haste*, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens; and, to save us the trouble of criticism, they send us a notice of their own already prepared. There are somethings in this notice so true that we are inclined to depart from our usual custom, and copy the disinterested criticisms of a publisher's puff. Of this writer the Puffer says: "She does not deal in dry philosophicals." Very good, indeed. We have heard of chemicals and dealers in chemicals, both wet and dry; but philosophicals we have never seen mentioned. But we can believe that of dry philosophicals, or wet philosophicals, or philosophicals of any other sort Mrs. Ann S. Stephens has but a small stock. If she should deal in them, it would be in a small retail way, with but little capital invested. Mr. Peterson's Puffer also tells us that she does not deal in brilliant transcendentalisms. Very true. Any other noun could be placed after the adjective "brilliant," and the proposition would still be true. "She knows the tone of the masses of novel readers," continues Mr. Puffer. "She gives them exciting, sensational incidents," etc. Very good, Mr. Puffer. We commend your frankness. "*Married in Haste* will meet the hearty approbation of all those who read to be interested and excited." To which we only add: provided that they are not at all fastidious in regard to the means taken to excite them.

—The *Bibliotheca Sacra* argues in a paper by J. K. Aldrich that the crucifixion was on Thursday, not Friday. S. R. Asbury's discussion of the doctrine of the Apostles is continued. Dr. Lawrence, of Marblehead, very briefly, and therefore unsatisfactorily, for so large a subject, answers objections against the idea of creation and the biblical history thereof. Those objections are really of two sorts, the one physical and the other metaphysical; and we cannot help thinking that the defense should be divided, like the objections, and relegated to those who are of authority in the several departments. Dr. Lawrence makes some altogether too broad statements in reference to scientific conclusions. President Stearns's "Recent Questions of Unbelief" will be read with respect. We notice his cordial endorsement of the more evangelical Unitarians, of whom he says that "the difference between them and those who are called Evangelical believers dwindles down to an infinitesimal, compared with the awful gulf which lies between them and the other wing of their own denomination." The late Professor Shepard's criticism of the eloquence of Demosthenes is well worth the study of modern orators. Dr. S. Wolcott treats of the topography of Jerusalem, and Professor Hackett of late explorations in Palestine. The book notices show an improvement that was much needed.

—It is too late to say anything much in praise or blame of Frederick W. Robertson, with any hope of influencing the popular opinion; and indeed the most hopeful symptom of our times, considered theologically, is the unbounded favor with which Mr. Robertson's sermons have been received. If it is a sign of progress, it is as well an indication that this progress does not tend to hard skepticism; but that the popular rebellion against the manacles of creed-makers and creed-venders is a rebellion in favor of, not against, a devout spirit. It is useless for conservatives to repress such a movement. It is the working of God's leaven. And it is good to feel that a spirit so heavenly, so human as Robertson's is the chief of the agencies that are giving character to the new movement on its popular side. Wherefore, we are specially glad to receive Harper's cheap editions of *The Sermons of Frederick W. Robertson* and *The Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson*. Each of these works is included in one volume, and now all may taste of a sweetness so universally recognized.

—*Dallas Galbraith* (Paper. Lippincott & Co.), by Mrs. R. Harding Davis, is like and unlike her earlier stories. Like them in painting a noble character crushed by a fatality beyond his reach, and from the pressure of which he can in no way escape; but unlike them in that this story, after a stormy day, fulfills the Scripture promise, "At evening-time it shall be light," and in the last few chapters the authoress lets the sun shine through the clouds, and even develops a theory of the beneficence that has over-ruled in all the weary time before. We therefore consider this novel, with all its improbabilities, and they are many, as a great advance on all that have gone before.

—The first number of the "Old Guard Library," whatever that may be, is *The Heir of Graymount*, by John Esten Cooke. We remember Mr. Cooke as a promising young Virginia *litterateur* twenty years ago. But he has not lived up to his privilege. Like a true Virginian, he has made Richmond his world; and so has become affected by the provincial atmosphere of a place never favorable to literary development. The present paper-covered book is rollicking and interesting; but is very inadequate midsummer fruit to follow Mr. Cooke's springtime. (New York: Van Evcrie, Horton & Co.)

—*Prenticeana; or, Wit and Humor in Paragraphs*, by George D. Prentice, opens with a biographical sketch by G. W. Griffin, and then is full to the "Finis" of the little squibs that were the effective small shot which was the chief ammunition of the great Louisville Journal-ist, if we may pun upon a punster. These sentences have not lost their flavor, albeit they do not average more than four or five lines in length. (Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.)

—We have, in pamphlet form, *The United States Internal Revenue Law* (Harpers), giving the law of 1870 and all acts and parts of acts relating to the internal revenue that are yet in force.

—*The Old Omnibus* is a novel from the German of Edmund Höfer (Lippincott), full of melo-dramatic situations, but, happily, very short.

—*The Proceedings at the Third Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association.* (Boston: Press of John Wilson & Son,)

—We have the ninth edition of Harper's *Handbook for Travelers in Europe in the East.* It is much like its predecessors.

—*John: a Love Story*, by Mrs. Oliphant, is No. 342 of Harper's "Library of Select Novels."

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3. THE GREAT PRINCIPLE ADOPTED IN THE PROGRESS OF MOSES. By the Rev. Henry Whitehead. (Illustrated.)
4. JESUS THE TRUE LIGHT. By the Editor.
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6. HOW TO STUDY THE OLD TESTAMENT. By W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D. NUMBERS—NOTES AND COMMENTS.
7. CHRIST'S INVITATION. By M.
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The Monitorch (Pa.) *Leader*, in its issue of May 20, 1870, says: "Rowell's Directory is the most interesting and valuable book in the largest and best Advertising Agency in the country. We can cheerfully recommend it to the attention of those who desire to advertise their business *successfully and economically* in such a way; that is, so to secure the largest returns of publicity for the least expenditure of money."

The Little Corporal and

Farm and Garden.

AGRICULTURAL EXCURSION TO CALIFORNIA.

THE traveler, as he leaves New York in pleasant anticipation of an excursion to the grand scenery of the Rocky Mountains and the orchards of California, has no idea of the magnificent distances over which he must wend his way.

If he has never visited Chicago before, he will find in the smooth fields of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois so strong a contrast to his own Eastern hills and rugged country he will certainly say, "Here at last are the great prairies of the West"; but, as he converses with Western men, they tell him *this* is not *the spot*. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois long ago became central states; while "far beyond, in Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas, you will see the genuine, beautiful, wide-reaching prairie of the West." Yet, following your Western star, as you pass station after station across these states, and away up into the Rocky Mountains or into the Sierra Nevadas, and down the Pacific Slope, still you never reach the final borders of the boundless West until you touch the shores of the Pacific.

As I date this letter from Omaha, I can hardly realize I have passed but 1,500 miles from home; and now, seemingly on the borders of civilization, I have yet 2,000 miles before me ere I reach the *ultima thule*. Never have we realized so thrillingly and with such pride the grand idea of the boundless resources of our country; its illimitable expanse of territory; its millions of acres yet unbroken, but rich as garden earth, waiting for the plow, the hoe, and the reaper.

As had been duly announced, our party of about 20, representing the principal agricultural journals of the East, left New York, July 19th, for a month's tour to the fields of the West, to witness the scenery of the Pacific Railroad and the agricultural wonders of California.

Unusual courtesies were extended by railroad officers during our entire trip. Special cars, with every convenience, were always at hand; and special acknowledgments are due to the Erie Railroad, Lake Shore, Michigan Southern, Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroads to Omaha.

The views on the Erie Railroad, as its rapidly-moving cars whirled us over its solid track, brought to light gem after gem of scenery. 25 miles from New York, is spread out a lovely little valley at Ridgewood, disclosing a rich agricultural region, now filling up with small villa residences, the retreat of many a city business-man. Then comes the rugged scenery of the Ramapo River, with the broad fields of Orange County, where so many dairymen grow rich in the traffic of milk.

The rapid ride down the Shawangunk Mountain; the great Shohola Rock Cut, on Delaware River, where you look from your car-window down the deep precipices into the water-pools below; and again the lovely scenery of the Susquehanna at the Starucca Viaduct, more than delighted us, and rendered the occasion of unusual interest. Though many of us have traveled far and near; still we all admit no great railroad highway leading out from the Empire City possesses so many objects of natural scenery as the Erie, while the comforts of broad-gauge cars are in themselves worthy of high appreciation.

Night fell upon us at Hornellsville, and thence to Cleveland the country is obscured in darkness.

From Cleveland we reach Chicago in 10 hours, a distance of 357 miles. Rapid travelling, you will say. At times the speed of the train is 50 miles per hour, and again it rests to 55; yet we scarcely feel it. Straight as an arrow and as level as the floor, the road stretches away on, as it were into futurity. A route like the one from Cleveland to Chicago has little to offer in scenery. Broad fields of corn and waving grain appear; and at special points—Norwalk, Ohio, and Laporte, Indiana—the land is of unusual richness, the farmhouses especially neat, and the appearance of the farms peculiarly thrifty. Lands like these are worth $150 to $200 per acre. Apple orchards abound everywhere; fine trees, exhibiting a splendid, luxuriant growth—but, alas! little promise of fruit. The wheat crop appears only moderate, the land in many instances parched with drought. Corn-fields look uniformity of growth; almost every field misses in hills and spots sadly, and in general is not fine-looking. As the railroad approaches Chicago, it skirts the southern border of Lake Michigan, from which cool, refreshing breezes greet us. We glide on with easy motion and rapid speed, until we reach the Queen City of the West, where a cordial welcome awaits us. H. T. W.

OMAHA, NEB., July 23d.

WHITEWASH YOUR OUTBUILDINGS.

ALL through the best farming districts of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, and the South *whitewash* is the universal paint. Never was an article so cheap for the purpose, and yet so effectively used and so tidy and so healthful.

A New Hampshire writer thinks it would not be amiss to use it more freely on our Northern farms. It is now far from common, or even appreciated.

Woodwork that is constantly exposed to the weather will soon commence to decay, and present an uninviting appearance. A covering of paint will preserve the wood and resist the action of the weather, yet for many purposes will be found too expensive for general use. A cheap substitute for oil paint is a thing much needed. The best cheap covering now in use is undoubtedly whitewash. The premises whose barns and adjoining fences are neatly whitewashed convey to the passer-by an idea of thrift and prosperity for the owner—not only improving the looks, which would of itself repay all expense, but preserving the wood from decay and rendering the need of repairs less frequent. There are many recipes for making the wash. After trying many of those advertised, the writer has decided in favor of lime and water, without any additions; having found it as effectual and durable as any. Many of the additions make the wash thick, and cause it to soon peel from the wood. Put a peck of good lime into a tub, and cover with boiling water. When well slaked, add cold water, until all the lime is held in solution. If made thicker than this, it is liable to come off when dry. In applying, use a small brush. One not more than six inches long is preferable, being much more easily handled; while the corners of the work can be covered much better. A common mistake is in using a large brush. The work is much more durable when the pores of the wood and crevices are filled with lime, which cannot be done unless it is thoroughly brushed in. Two coats will have the appearance of white-lead paint. Have known the wash upon buildings often mistaken for paint. When it has been once well done, an application once in two or three years will keep them looking nice. Besides being a valuable outside application, it is equally valuable within. The cellars will be more healthy in having the walls whitewashed. The tie-up, calves' pens, and pig-sty will be benefited by an application, which will cleanse the walls and destroy the vermin that may find a hiding-place therein. The improvement in looks, if nothing else, will repay the cost of application. This, with other benefits which accompany, should give the whitewash-brush and tub a place upon all well-regulated premises.

DRYING MUCK FOR BEDDING.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New England Farmer*, in response to an inquiry as to the best way to use it, and yet keep it from freezing, replies:

"I keep it in one end of the basement, which has a wall on the back side and end; the other side being double-boarded and filled in with fine-chaff, and is so warm that apples would seldom freeze in it. But, as dry muck is worth four times as much for an absorbent as wet, of course, I get it as dry as possible; and I dry it in various ways, as seems most convenient.

"Last summer the weather was so wet that I drew up a quantity and left it in a broad pile at the end of the barn which has the cellar and near the window through which it is thrown into the cellar; and, as fast as the top dried, threw it into the cellar, and so continued to do until all was thrown in.

"I get my supply from a small natural pond on my own premises, of about one-half acre in extent and from one foot to four in depth. I have been at considerable expense to drain this pond, to make it more convenient to get out the muck. I find decayed leaves, wood, and bark all the way through the muck, which lies on a bed of pure blue clay. The banks around the pond are hard land; and my usual practice is to throw the muck out on the bank in piles, and in ordinary seasons it will dry sufficiently to put into the cellar after haying. I throw it out at any and all times when I have leisure, and put it in the cellar at any time when it is dry and I can attend to it.

"I have a black-ash swamp of about four acres, in which the muck is from one foot to ten feet in depth. Last year I commenced to drain it. I took the muck from the ditches and put it in a heap near the barn, which was fortunate, as the season was such that it did not dry very deep at a time. I have put in quite a quantity the past week, which was thrown out from the pond last fall. The exceedingly dry weather of the past month had made it like powder, and it was consequently in the very best condition.

"If I had no barn-cellar, I would partition off a room in the stable, double-board it, and fill in with some non-conductor, put in the muck and cover over with straw; and it would not freeze very much.

"I have a neighbor that has a small pond on his place, from which, one season, when it was dry, he carted out a quantity of the bottom, which looked about the color of common clay, and when left on top of the ground to dry became as hard as clay. He put it on a clayey soil; and, of course it did no good. I say that if any man will take muck out of my swamp or pond and compost it with one-third stable-manure, and put it on his land by the side of the same bulk of clear stable-manure, if his crops for three years are not fully equal, and the fourth year greater, on the composted part than on that where the clear manure was used, I will pay him for all his trouble, and if it spoils his land I will buy that, too. Understand that I am speaking of dry soils—either slaty, gravely, sandy, or any soil not naturally moist or clayey.

"It is singular how some men will jump at conclusions. One will apply a mixture of clay and iron ore or some other substance on clay land, which, of course, can do no good; and he then comes out and says that *muck* is of no benefit! All kinds of fertilizers and all methods of application sometimes fail; but it does not become the energetic, go-ahead farmer to give up at the first failure. I have tried it for years; and I know that swamp-muck is a good and cheap fertilizer for me to use on dry soils, and it is my opinion that there is no dry soils but it will benefit if properly applied—some more than others, undoubtedly, but all enough to pay its cost, if procured on the farm."

HOME-MADE MANURE.

A HOME-MADE FERTILIZER.

J. L. CAMPBELL, Washington College, Va., communicates to *The Planter and Farmer* the following:

"Just before the beginning of the war, while I was farming on a small scale, I tested a combination of fertilizers, which gave most satisfactory results. The application was made to a corn crop in two consecutive years. During the second year it was also applied to a clover lot, with far greater benefit than resulted from a mixture of plaster and ashes alone, applied on a portion of the same lot and in equal quantity.

"The ingredients were ground bones (raw bone phosphate), plaster, ashes, and salt, in the following proportions:

Finely Ground Bones	200 lbs.
Ground Plaster	100 do.
Leached Ashes	350 do.
Common Salt	70 do.
Total	720 lbs.

"This mixture was applied to two acres, and dropped in the hill with the corn. The whole cost was $6 50.

"On very light soils, the addition of 100 lbs. of Peruvian guano to the above compost would doubtless improve it. The quantity would then be sufficient for two acres and a half.

"But even with this addition the cost would fall far below that of many fertilizers now in use, and which contain less variety and a small proportion of real plant-food."

PREPARATION OF NIGHT-SOIL.

The following is a method of preparing this manure, in which its value is fully retained, while the offensive odor is effectually destroyed. We do not know to whom to credit the paragraph:

"To every one hundred pounds of night-soil add seven pounds of sulphate of lime (gypsum) in powder. A double decomposition will ensue; and the result will be, instead of sulphuret of lime and carbonate of ammonia, carbonate of lime and sulphate of ammonia, the latter a soluble salt that cannot be volatilized. It may now be mixed with other composts, or dried any way that the farmer likes, and applied to the roots of the vegetables; to be again transformed into bread, butter, cheese, etc."

SALT AS AN ANTI-RUST MANURE.

"A planter" writes to the *Macon Telegraph* as follows:

"I have used salt for *fifteen years* or more. I find it essential to all lands like mine, and most of the cotton-lands are like mine. Three hundred pounds (six bushels) of salt and two hundred of land-plaster to the acre are almost a *preventive of rust*, which is one of the worst enemies to cotton the planter has to contend with. Salt makes cotton bear longer in the season and stand drought better; it increases the quantity and improves the quality of the staple; it acts equally well on corn, oats, and other grain, toughens wheat-straw, and causes less waste from the heads of wheat breaking off when cut. I use eight hundred bushels; but many cannot use it on account of the price."

A SALT AND LIME MIXTURE.

A very useful and energetic mixture is made in the following simple manner:

"Take three bushels of unslaked lime, dissolve a bushel of salt in as little water as will dissolve it, and slake the lime with it. If the lime will not take up all the brine at once—which it will if good and fresh-burned—turn it over and let it lie a day, and add a little more of the brine; and so continue to do till it is all taken up."

This mixture will supply plants with chlorine, lime, and soda, all of which are essential; destroy the odor of putrefying animal matters, while it retains the ammonia; and promotes the decomposition of vegetable and animal matters in the soil or compost-heap to which it may be applied. The farmer should keep a quantity of this mixture constantly on hand.

Brine which has been used for salting meat or fish is still more valuable than that newly made, as it contains a portion of blood and other animal matter.

Whenever refuse nitrate of potash—that is, common saltpeter—or refuse liquid in which it has been dissolved for pickling meat, can be procured, it should be carefully preserved and mixed into a compost-heap.

A CHEAP FERTILIZER.

For several years past Mr. L. E. Metcalf, of Franklin, Mass., has used a compost of salt, ashes, and plaster on his farm-crops, with the most satisfactory results. Without being very exact in weighing or measuring the ingredients, he intends to mix one part of salt with two parts of gray rock-plaster, and then adds an equal bulk of wood-ashes. The mass is then thoroughly mixed, and allowed to stand a few days before using. If applied stone, about 300 lbs. are spread upon the land, whether cultivated or in grass; and, in case the land is planted, a little more is put in the hill. If other manure is to be used upon the same lands, the compost is worked into the manure and both used together. On land on which plaster has no perceptible effect, when applied alone, this compost proves as beneficial as on land where plaster works favorably; in consequence, as he believes, of its combination with the ashes. Mr. M. prefers his home-made compost to any of the commercial manures. He is particular about the kind of plaster, and says the white has little if any agricultural value.

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The scrip issues of this Company for 1867, '68, '69, '60, '61, '62, '63, and '64 are now being redeemed in cash.
August 2d, 1870.
The Directors of this Company have declared a Semi-annual Dividend of *TEN* per cent. upon the Capital, payable on demand.
They have also directed that *SIX* per cent. *Interest* be paid on outstanding Scrip of the years 1865, '66, '67, '68, and '69 on the 20th of September next.
Scrip transfer books to be closed from 1st to the 20th of September.
They have also made an allotment of scrip of sixty per cent. on all participating Policies, deliverable on and after September 20th next. The rate also ordered the *Scrip* issued in 1864, with *SIX* per cent. *Interest* thereon be paid off, in cash, on the 15th instant.
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Assets, - - - $1,500,000.
This Company takes Marine and Inland Navigation Risks on Merchandise, Freight, and Hulls of Vessels. On the payment of Premiums a Rebate or discount on the current rates is made *in cash*, as an equivalent for the Scrip Dividends of a Mutual Company. The amount of such Rebate being fixed, according to the character of the business, gives to dealers a more just apportionment of profits than by the mutual system; and, being made for the payment of the Premiums is more than equivalent to the *cash value* of the average Scrip Dividends of Mutual Companies.
Policies issued, making loss Payable in Gold in this City, or in Sterling at the Office of the Company's Banker in Liverpool, if desired.
TRUSTEES:
JAMES FREELAND, AARON L. REID,
SAMUEL WILLETTS, ELLWOOD WALTER,
ROBERT L. TAYLOR, D. COLDEN MURRAY,
WILLIAM T. FROST, BRYCE GRAY,
WILLIAM BAKER, JOHN MCGRADY,
HENRY ETTY, DANIEL T. WILLETTS,
TOWNSEND SCUDDER, JR., JOHN D. WOOD,
SAMUEL L. HAM, JOSEPH SEAGO,
JAMES D. FISH, HENRY B. KUNHARDT,
GEO. W. HENNINGS, JOHN S. WILLIAMS,
A. FOSTER HIGGINS, WILLIAM NELSON, Jr.,
FRANCIS HATHAWAY, CHARLES DIMON,
EDWARD MERRITT, HAROLD DOLLNER,
JOS. WILLETTS, PAUL N. SPOFFORD,
JAMES DOUGLAS
ELLWOOD WALTER, President.
ARCHD. G. MONTGOMERY, Jr., Vice-Pres.
ALANSON W. HEGEMAN, 2d Vice-President.
C. J. DESFARD, Secretary.

HOME
Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK,
Office, No. 135 Broadway.
Cash Capital - $2,500,000 00
Assets - - - - - - 4,576,235 74
Liabilities - - - - - 106,359 49
ABSTRACT OF THE
THIRTY-FOURTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT,
Showing the condition of the Company on the 1st day of July, 1870.

Cash, Balance in Bank	$200,809 00
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate	1,715,013 00
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand	312,250 00
United States Stocks (market value)	1,443,250 00
Bonds (market value)	753,100 00
Other Property, Miscellaneous Items	151,292 74
Total	$4,576,225 74
LIABILITIES	
Claims for Losses outstanding on 1st July, 1870	$105,689 49
Due Stockholders on account of 31st and 25th Dividends	670 00
	$106,359 49

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.
J. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-Pres't.
D. A. HEALD, Vice-Pres't.
J.H. WASHBURN, Secretary.
GEO. M. LYON, Assistant Secretary.
T. B. GREENE, 2d Assistant Secretary.
NEW YORK, July 13th, 1870.

INSURE IN THE
SECURITY
INSURANCE COMPANY
Office, 119 Broadway New York.
CASH CAPITAL.....$1,000,000.
FIRE OR INLAND MARINE RISKS TAKEN AT THE LOWEST ADEQUATE RATES.
A. F. HASTINGS, President.
W. B. BUCKHOUT, Vice-President.
MATHAN HASTEN, Secretary.

Geo. B. Satterlee, President.
G. de Macarty, Vice-President.
I. C. Pierson, Sec'y and Actuary.

No. 187 Broadway.

Finance Committee:
STEPHEN BARKER,
GEO. H. POTTS,
E. L. BOLLES,
WM. MOLLER,
J. MONROE TAYLOR.
Executive Committee:
WM. MOLLER,
WM. R. GRIFFITH,
SAM'L. MARSH, JR.

THE MOST LIBERAL CONDITIONS TO THE INSURED EVER COMBINED BY ONE COMPANY.
Liberty to TRAVEL and change RESIDENCE.
No extra Premium for ARMY or NAVY OFFICERS or WOMEN.
Combines the full security of the New York State legal requirements, and ALSO the liberal NON-FORFEITURE of the Massachusetts State law, for example:

AGE 35, ORDINARY LIFE.	One annual Premium continues policy in force	2 years	and	3 days
	Two " " " "	4 "	"	12 "
	Three " " " "	6 "	"	27 "
	Four " " " "	8 "	"	46 "
	Five " " " "	10 "	"	66 "

Policies made INTERCHANGEABLE. DIVIDENDS annual from first year.
☞ Call or send for Detailed Terms before insuring elsewhere
☞ Active and well qualified Solicitors liberally dealt with.

PHŒNIX
Mutual Life Ins. Co.,
HARTFORD, CONN.
ASSETS, securely invested.....$5,081,970 70
SURPLUS, free of all liabilities, 1,868,904 50
Ratio of Assets to Liabilities larger than that of any other Company of equal age, being
158 of Assets to every 100 of Liabilities.
DIVIDENDS paid to Policyholders.....$532,466 18
INCOME in 1869.....$2,423,979 00
Since the commencement of its business the Company issued policies upon more than
43,000 LIVES!
And it has paid in losses nearly
One and a Quarter Million Dollars
to the families of those who have deceased while members of the Company.
The progress of the Company for the last Five Years has been as follows:

Assets at end of year.	Surplus at end of year.
1865.....$838,281.71	$181,541.41
1866.....1,457,314.95	686,767.81
1867.....2,076,244.95	919,215.62
1868.....3,064,003.18	1,262,199.08
1869.....3,081,973.50	1,868,904.50

Within the past five years its Assets have increased more than **Four and a Half Million Dollars**, notwithstanding over **Half a Million Dollars** have been returned to Policyholders in Dividends, and over **Two Hundred Thousand Dollars** have been paid for losses by death during that period.
As evidence of the special care taken by the Company in the selection of risks, it may be mentioned that *its ratio of losses paid to amount of risk is smaller than that of any other Company of equal size.*

TABLE OF COMPARISONS OF THE BUSINESS OF THE YEARS 1867, 1868, and 1869.

Number of policies issued in 1867	5,811
" " " 1868	8,329
" " " 1869	9,623
Increase of 1868 over 1867, 43 per cent.	
1869 " 1867, 66 "	
Amount insured in 1867	$1,170,040 98
" " 1868	1,668,851 24
" " 1869	2,452,970 00
Increase of 1868 over 1867, 64 per cent.	
1869 " 1867, 109 "	

E. FESSENDEN, President.
J. F. BURNS, Secretary.
A. C. GOODMAN, Gen'l Agent, 151 Broadway, N. Y.
Agents in every city and important town in the United States.

The EQUITABLE
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE UNITED STATES.
No. 120 BROADWAY, N. Y.
Assets, - - $12,000,000.
Income, - - - $6,500,000.
This Society presents all the *real* advantages to policyholders which can exist. PERFECT SECURITY be conceded by any Life Insurance Company.
Its means are ample, and its investments are confined by Law and its Charter to the most solid and reliable securities.
It is PURELY MUTUAL in principle, all its profits being annually divided among policyholders, and may be used to reduce the second and subsequent premiums or to the increase of the policy.
Especial attention is directed to
THE TONTINE DIVIDEND PLAN
of applying profits introduced by this Society, which, it is believed, will result in greater returns to policyholders than have ever before been made by any Life Insurance Company in the world. Pamphlets, fully explaining the Tontine System of Dividends, may be had by mail or at the office of the Society.
The Society is prompt in the payment of all losses, and its liberality to its members in every respect is limited only by prudence and perfect safety.
Its transactions are in Cash only—neither receiving nor paying out notes as premiums or losses.
The rank of "THE EQUITABLE" among all American companies as to new business done since its organization stands as follows:
In 1860 it was the NINTH.
In 1861, the EIGHTH,
In 1862 and 1863, the SEVENTH.
In 1864 and 1865, the SIXTH.
In 1866, the FOURTH.
In 1867, the THIRD.
In 1868, the SECOND.
In 1869, the FIRST.
"The Corporation (The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States) can be said to mark and distinguish the commencement of the recent astounding progress in the business of Life Insurance."—Hon. WILLIAM BARNES, *Superintendent of the New York Ins. Department—Report*, 1868.

WILLIAM G. ALEXANDER, President.
HENRY B. HYDE, Vice-President.
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, Actuary.
JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Secretary.
EDWARD LAMBERT, M. D., } Medical
ALFRED LAMBERT, M. D., } Examiners.

ECONOMICAL
MUTUAL
Life Insurance Co.,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
LIFE INSURANCE WITHIN REACH OF ALL, RICH AND POOR.
For every $1,000 of Liabilities it has $1,820 in Assets.
ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THIS COMPANY.
1. Lower rates of premium than any other Mutual Company.
2. Stock rates as low as can safely be afforded by any Company.
3 No extra rates on Officers of Lake and River Boats, on lives of Women, or Officers of the Army and Navy.
4. Cash Dividends applied to reduce the second and all subsequent annual premiums, or to increase the insurance, if desired thereby, securing
5. A Decreasing Policy or a Decreasing Premium.
6. No premiums forfeitable. This Company will issue a paid-up policy for one annual premium.
7. It pays no percentage to Directors.
8. The Officers and Directors are men of national reputation and known integrity, numbering among others Senators SPRAGUE and ANTHONY, General BURNSIDE, and the Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT.
Its rapid and healthy growth is convincing proof of the confidence reposed by the public in its soundness and liberality.

Number of Policies Issued from June, 1867, to June 1868, 1,005. Insuring $2,388,090.45.
Number of Policies Issued from June, 1868, to June, 1869, 1,268, Insuring $3,382,156.68.
SIMON S. BUCKLIN, Prest.
C. C. McKNIGHT Vice-Prest.
Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT, of Massachusett, Actuary.
A. H. OKIE, M.D., } Medical Board.
F. H. PECKHAM, M.D., }
Wm. Y. POTTER, Secretary.
W. T. OKIE, M.D., Manager for the City of New York, Office 10 Wall-st., N.Y.
BRANCH OFFICES:
PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON,
WASHINGTON, CINCINNATI,
ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO.

MERCHANTS
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.
Agents wanted in every County to act in direct connection with the Home Office. Address
A. D. HOLLY, Secretary,
P. O. BOX 670, N. Y. CITY.

GUARDIAN
Mutual Life Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK.
No. 251 Broadway.
Assets, rapidly increasing, $1,500,000.
ALL APPROVED FORMS OF POLICIES ISSUED. LIBERAL MODES FOR THE PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS. ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE BY THEIR TERMS.
The Entire Profits of the Company Divided Equitably among the Insured.
LAST RETURN OF PREMIUM FIFTY PER CENT.
The Premium and Dividend System of this Company combines the best features of all the modern plans of Life Insurance.
If the premium is paid ALL CASH, the dividends begin with the second annual premium and continue ANNUALLY thereafter; they may be applied either to reduce the premium charged or to increase the amount insured.
Premiums may also be paid two-thirds in cash, the remaining one-third being endorsed as a Loan upon the policy.
NO NOTES ARE REQUIRED.
In this case dividends begin with the Fourth annual premium and continue annually, and are applied to cancel the Loans outstanding.
DIRECTORS:
HON. JOHN A. DIX.....New York.
Hon. JAMES HARPER.....Firm: Harper & Bros. Ex-Mayor, N. Y.
JOHN J. CRANE.....President Bank Republic.
WILLIAM T. HOOKER.....Wall Street.
WILLIAM M. VERMILYE.....Banker, (Vermilye & Co.)
CHARLES G. ROCKWOOD.....Cashier Newark Banking Co.
Hon. GEORGE OPDYKE.....Ex-Mayor of New York.
MINOT C. MORGAN.....Banker.
THOMAS RODNEY.....Firm: Thos. Rigney & Co.
BENJ. F. SHERMAN.....Treasurer N. Y. Steam Sugar Refining Co.
AARON ARNOLD.....Firm: Arnold, Constable & Co.
RICH'D H. BOWNE.....Firm: John Wetmore & Bowne.
E. V. HAUGHWOUT.....Firm: E. V. Haughwout & Co.
WILLIAM WILKENS.....Firm: W. Wilkens & Co
JULIUS H. PRATT.....Merchant.
WILLIAM W. WRIGHT.....Merchant.
CHARLES J. STARR.....Merchant.
WILLIAM ALLEN.....Merchant.
GEO. W. CUTLER.....Banker, Palmyra, N. Y.
GEO. T. HOPE.....Pres's Continental Fire Ins. Co.
JOHN H. SHERWOOD.....Park Place.
WALTON H. PECKHAM.....Cor. 5th av. and 33d st.
EDWARD H. WRIGHT.....Newark, N. J.
GEORGE W. FARLEE.....Counselor.
WILLIAM L. CODGWELL.....Merchant.
WALTON H. PECKHAM, Prest.
WILLIAM T. HOOKER, } LUCIUS MCADAM,
Vice-President. } Actuary & Secretary.
W. F. VERMILYE, Medical Examiner.

ATLANTIC
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE CO., NEW YORK, January 28th, 1870.
The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1869.

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1869, to 31st Dec., 1869	$6,390,572 81
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1869	2,538,091 23
Total amount of Marine Premiums	$8,928,664 04
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1869, to 31st December, 1869	$6,472,915 41
Losses paid during the same period	$2,292,251 44
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$1,237,659 49
The Company has the following Assets, viz.:	
United States and State of New York Stock, City Bank, and other Stocks	$7,251,220 00
Loans, secured by Stocks, and otherwise	3,146,000 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages	210,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at	20,000 00
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	2,518,492 60
Cash in Bank	353,707 32
Total Amount of Assets	$13,499,419 91

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday the First of February next.
The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1861 will be redeemed and paid to the holders there of, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the First of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and cancelled. Upon certificates which were issued (in red scrip) for gold premiums such payment of interest and redemption will be in gold.
A dividend of Forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1869, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Fifth of April next.
By order of the Board,
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.
TRUSTEES:
JOHN D. JONES, HENRY K. BOGERT,
CHARLES DENNIS, DENNIS PERKINS,
W. H. H. MOORE, JOSEPH GAILLARD, Jr.
HENRY COIT, C. A. HAND,
WM. C. PICKERSGILL, S. J. ROWLAND,
LEWIS CURTIS, BENJ. BABCOCK,
CHARLES H. RUSSELL, ROBT. B. MINTURN,
LOWELL HOLBROOK, GORDON W. BURNHAM,
R. WARREN WESTON, FREDERICK CHAUNCEY,
ROYAL PHELPS, JAMES LOW,
CALEB BARSTOW, GEORGE STEPHENSON,
A. P. PILLOT, WILLIAM H. WEBB,
WILLIAM E. DODGE, ROBERT L. STUART,
ROBT. C. FERGUSSON, SHEPPARD GANDY,
DAVID LANE, ROBERT L. TAYLOR,
JAMES BRYCE, WILLIAM E. BUNKER,
FRANCIS SKIDDY, SAMUEL L. MITCHILL,
DANIEL S. MILLER, JAMES G. DE FOREST,
WM. STURGIS, CHAS. P. BURDETT.
JOHN D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.
W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-President.
J. D. HEWLETT, 3d Vice-President.

THE EXCELSIOR
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
63 WILLIAM ST. NEW YORK.
Policy Holders Participate in Profits.
POLICIES NON-FORFEITING and Convertible into Annuities.
SAMUEL T. HOWARD, President. F. A. PLATT, Vice-President.
SIDNEY WARD, Secretary. CHAS. N. MORGAN, Actuary.
ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, Counsel. EDMUND FOWLER, M.D., Medical Examiner.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED
TO CANVASS FOR A
Life Insurance Co.
APPLY TO THE
FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' Life Insurance Company,
49 WALL STREET, N. Y.

NORTHWESTERN
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
Office 416 Main Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
The Model Life Insurance Company of the Continent.
J. H. VAN DYKE, Pres't. A. W. KELLOGG, Sec'y. AUG. GAYLORD, Ass't Sec'y.
HEBER SMITH, V. Pres't. EDW. ILSLEY, Actuary. C. D. NASH, Treasurer.
ITS ASSETS ARE $7,000,000, all of which belong to its 60,000 policy-holders, and are invested for them at Western interest on undoubted security.
*New York Office—160 Fulton Street, Cor. Bro

HARRISON SAFETY

BOILERS

OVER 1,000 BOILERS IN USE.

JOHN A. COLEMAN, Agent.

New York.....110 Broadway.
Boston.....139 Federal street.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,

Nos. 22 JOHN ST. and 19 MAIDEN LANE, IMPORTERS OF

FRENCH CLOCKS and BRONZES.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

Infallible for a Hundred Years.

For more than a century the feeble and the diseased have been drinking strength and health from Seltzer Spring. At length its properties have been universalized. The mountain moved, not at Mohammed's call; but chemistry, more potent, places Seltzer Water at every invalid's command. TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT is a re-creation of that wonderful specific for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, and general debility.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

"PROTECTOR" FRUIT JARS

are cheaper than other good Jars.

Are warranted as or more reliable than any other.

Can be closed or opened from

5 TO 6 TIMES AS FAST AS ANY OTHER JAR.

Housekeepers should insist on dealers supplying the Protector Jar; and not others, because they have stock.

For sale by the box.

COHANSEY GLASS MANUFACTURING CO.,

26 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

DR. PIERCE'S ALT. EXT. OR GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

This is the most thorough blood purifier yet discovered, and cures all humors from the worst Scrofula to a common Eruption. Pimples and Blotches on the face, and scaly or rough skin, which are such annoying blemishes to many young persons, yield to the use of a few bottles of this wonderful medicine. From one to eight bottles cure Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Boils, Scaly Eruptions and "Tetter" in the Mouth and Stomach. It is a pure medicinal extract of native roots and plants, combining in harmony Nature's own remedies for certain properties, which God has instilled into the vegetable kingdom for healing the sick. It is a great restorer for the strength and vigor of the system. Those who are languid, sleepless, have no appetite, nervous or fears, or any of the affections symptomatic of weakness will find convincing evidence of its wonderful power upon trial. If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, and despondent, have frequent headaches, mouth tastes badly in the morning, irregular appetite, and bowels costive, you are suffering from Torpid Liver or "Biliousness." In many cases of Liver Complaint only a part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect cures, leaving the Liver strengthened and healthy. For the cure of Habitual Constipation of the bowels it is proving failing remedy, and those who have used it for this purpose are loud in its praise. In Bronchial, Throat, and Lung Diseases it has produced many truly remarkable cures, where other medicines had failed. Sold by druggists at $1 per bottle. Prepared at the Chemical Laboratory of R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

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LEONARD'S "BALLOU" NEW YORK SHIRTS, made to order of New York Mills muslin, and fine linen bosoms, cuffs, etc., at $36 per dozen. "HAND MADE," send for circular and measurement. Blank to fill up. Sent free.

NOTICE.

Send your orders direct to the Shirt. The "NEW YORK" SHIRT is not sold in the stores; all offered for sale are counterfeits, and of no value. No goods are genuine unless my autograph is on the shirt and written signature on the box.

By mailing me the following measures, I can safely guarantee you perfect fitting shirts:

MEASURE.

NECK—Inches around from button to buttonhole.
YOKE—Inches from one shoulder joint to the other.
BREAST—Inches around the chest under the arm-pits.
WAIST—Number of inches around.
BOSOM—Do you want studs, eyelets, or buttons.
SHIRT—Length—State style of plaits in bosom.
SLEEVE—Length from center of back to knuckles.
WRIST—Style of cuff.
HIGHT—Feet, Inches; Weight, Pounds.

N. B.—Goods ordered "forwarded to any part of the United States by express, in five days from receipt of order, "C. O. D."

The Express Agent will allow you to examine the goods before paying for them, and if not perfectly satisfactory you need not take them.

LEONARD'S "BALLOU" Shirt.
Inventor of the (Celebrated "P. T. S.") and "Gentleman's Fit" New York Shirt.
ONLY DEPOT, 286 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
P. O. Box 2697.

OTIS' Safety Hoisting Machinery.

OTIS BROTHERS & CO., No. 309 Broadway, New York.

J. B. & W. W. CORNELL,
Plain and Ornamental

IRON WORKS,

Nos. 125 to 143 CENTER ST., N. Y.
Manufacturers of all kinds of IRON WORK for BUILDINGS.

38th DIVIDEND.

WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO.,

No. 172 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK, JULY 20th, 1870.

A Dividend of Five per Cent. has been declared, free of tax, payable August 1st.

WM. K. LOTHROP, Secretary.

"USE THE AVERILL CHEMICAL PAINT." Cost less than pure lead and oil, and wears twice as long. For sale by SEELEY & STEVENS, 59 Burling Slip, N. Y.

A CHOICE SECURITY.

MIDLAND BONDS.

SEVEN PER CENT. GOLD,

FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX.

The great railroad on which these securities are based is making good progress. Of the 400 miles embraced in its entire length from the metropolis to the City of Oswego, including the Auburn branch, 150 miles are already completed, fully equipped, and in profitable operation. Work is being vigorously pushed on other portions of the line; and it is the expectation of the Company to have at least 100 miles more in operation before the close of the present season.

The portion of this road now in operation, constituting its northern section, extends from the City of Oswego to Sidney Plains, where it intersects the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad. Its local business is already large, and the Company has just concluded a contract with the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company for transporting the coal of that large and wealthy corporation to the northern sections of the state. This will add so largely to the business and profits of that section of the road that the Company feel confident that its net earnings, without the aid of through business, cannot be less than 7 per cent. on its entire cost, which is 100 per cent. in excess of the interest on its bonds; for it must be borne in mind that the issue of these bonds is strictly limited to $20,000 per mile of finished road. They thus possess all the security of the bonds of our oldest and best roads. The road, when completed, will constitute one of the great trunk lines connecting the City of New York with Canada and the West by shorter routes than any now existing; and, as its entire course is through fertile and populous districts, it cannot fail to prove one of the most important and best-paying roads in the Union.

BEHIND THESE BONDS IS A PAID-UP CAPITAL OF NEARLY $7,000,000, which affords ample guaranty of the financial strength of the Company.

The popularity of these bonds, as a perfectly safe security, bearing the highest rate of interest authorized by the laws of New York, payable in Gold Coin, free of Government tax, has kept the supply nearly exhausted; but the recent and early future completion of additional sections will for a time furnish a liberal supply, to which we respectfully invite the attention of investors, in the confident belief that no better security can be found on the market.

Price, par and accrued interest in currency Government and other securities taken in exchange.

GEORGE OPDYKE & CO.,

BANKERS,

25 NASSAU STREET.

MILLER'S FALLS CO. manufacture Barbers' Bit Brace. 37 Beekman Street, New York.

INDIANAPOLIS, BLOOMINGTON, AND

WESTERN RAILWAY

7 PER CENT. GOLD LOAN.

The bonds are secured by a First Mortgage on 205 miles of road from Indianapolis, the largest city and most important railroad center in the State of Indiana, to the City of Pekin, in Illinois.

The only direct line from Cincinnati and Indianapolis to Pekin, Peoria, and Omaha, being SIXTY MILES SHORTER THAN ANY OTHER ROUTE.

Over 180 miles of the line are now in full operation, and earning more than the interest on the whole issue of bonds. The iron and all the materials for the balance are on hand and being rapidly laid, which makes the line VIRTUALLY COMPLETED. There are thirty-six depots on the line, located in cities and towns that contain in the aggregate 180,000 inhabitants; and within 20 miles of the track there is a population of over 600,000. It runs through the best agricultural, manufacturing, and coal-mining districts in Indiana and Illinois, and forms part of a grand central trunk line from the Atlantic to the Pacific. HAVING MORE NUMEROUS VALUABLE EAST AND WEST CONNECTIONS THAN ANY ROAD IN THE WEST.

The bonds are convertible into stock at par, which adds greatly to their value.

We have carefully examined the country, its resources, and the whole enterprise all through its course of construction, and BELIEVE THE BONDS TO BE AS SAFE AS GOVERNMENTS. It is with pleasure we recommend them to our customers as a first-class investment. Over four-fifths of the loan has been sold. We offer the balance at 92½ and interest.

All marketable securities received in exchange at market rates. For full particulars apply to

Turner Brothers,

No. 14 NASSAU STREET,

NEW YORK.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMP'Y

SEVEN PER CENT.

CONSOLIDATED MORTGAGE SINKING FUND BONDS.

The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company, for the purpose of providing for the payment of its several mortgage debts as they become due, has executed a mortgage to the Union Trust Company of New York, as Trustee, upon the whole of its Railroad and branches, payable on the first day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

COUPON BONDS of $1,000 each will be issued, with interest at Seven per centum per annum, payable semi-annually, on the first day of JANUARY and JULY, in each year; and REGISTERED BONDS, without coupons, of $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000 each, with interest at Seven per centum per annum, PAYABLE QUARTERLY, on the first day of JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, and OCTOBER, in each year; principal and interest payable at the office of the Union Trust Company in New York.

We call the attention of investors especially to this class of REGISTERED BONDS, which, on account of the SECURITY AFFORDED AGAINST LOSS BY ROBBERY, FIRE, OR OTHERWISE, and the PAYMENT OF QUARTERLY INTEREST, offer an investment peculiarly desirable.

A limited amount of these bonds can be purchased at 97 1-2, and accrued interest, upon application to

ROBINSON, CHASE & CO.,

18 BROAD STREET.

Financial & Commercial.

BILLS OF EXCHANGE.

IF A. B., doing business in New York, owes a thousand dollars to C. D., doing business in London, one of the methods of paying the debt is to buy of a banker in New York what is known as a bill of exchange—namely, a draft for a thousand dollars on some banker in London, payable to the order of A. B., and then endorsing it and remitting it to C. D., who presents it to the London banker for payment. The two bankers are in this transaction assumed to have accounts with each other, in virtue of which they are enabled to sell such drafts upon each other, and thus dispense with the necessity of shipping specie in the payment of foreign debts. Such debts are largely paid in this way; and hence bills of exchange, resting on the credit of private bankers, have become a sort of international currency.

These bills are payable either at sight, or after a specific time—twenty, thirty, or sixty days, as the case may be. A large sale of sixty-day bills, the investment of their proceeds in gold, and then the shipment of the latter to Europe, constitutes one of the ways by which our financial condition may be more or less disturbed. Such a process converts the bill into gold in the hands of the seller—and that too, sixty days before it matures for payment. This gold the seller of the bill at once transmits to his foreign correspondent, and thus makes it answer the purpose had in view. This purpose may be one of simple speculation; or the design may be to strengthen the foreign correspondent by a shipment of specie; or to pay him in anticipation for securities that are to arrive in this country, and to be placed on the market for sale. Bills thus drawn are virtually "accommodation" bills, mere credits, because not drawn against deposits really existing at the time. They do not belong to the ordinary course of the exchange business in the settlement of foreign debts.

Now, one of the solutions offered, and with some degree of plausibility, for the late sudden rise of the premium on gold consists in the large sale of sixty-day bills on foreign bankers, the purchase of gold on their account for shipment, and the sale to their credit of American securities, either held in this country or soon to arrive. This created an unusual demand for gold, and thus raised its premium; while the gold was for the time being paid for by sixty-day bills of exchange drawn upon European bankers, who upon receiving it put it to the credit of their correspondents in this country, and charged them with the securities sold for foreign account. The effects of this operation of credit between two classes of bankers were a sudden rise in the premium on gold, the shipment of gold to Europe, and a fall in the market price of American securities. Such, we say, is one of the solutions of the financial disturbance felt in this market in connection with the war rumors that came from abroad.

We do not suppose that this solution by any means explains the whole result; yet it is easy to see that the bill system, as the medium of ordinary commercial exchange between this country and Europe, may be used in this way. Two sets of bankers, one in this country and the other in Europe—either by playing into each others hands or for the purpose of sustaining the credit of the one or the other in a special emergency—may, by continuing to sell time-bills, immediately converted into gold, and then at once shipping the gold, produce serious fluctuations in the financial condition of the market in either country, or in both. Fortunately for the American people, gold is not the basis of our banking system; and hence its exportation, whether through the bill system or otherwise, will not seriously affect the currency of the country or entail any permanent embarrassment. Should the war continue, the demand for our products will place the balance of trade in our favor; and, moreover, American securities for the purposes of investment will be the best in the foreign market. These two facts will save us from any great demand for gold, either to pay for importations or buy back our own securities.

RAILWAY LAW IN ILLINOIS.

THE election recently held in Illinois has resulted in adopting a new constitution, which contains several important provisions in reference to the management of railroads. Among these provisions we name the following: 1. That there shall be no consolidation of railway companies owning parallel or competing lines of road. 2. That in all cases in which different companies are consolidated at least sixty days' previous notice shall be given to the stockholders, in a manner to be provided by law. 3. That no company shall issue any stock or bonds except for money, labor, or property received by the same, and actually used for the purposes for which the company was organized. 4. That all stock dividends and every fictitious increase of capital stock or bonded indebtedness shall be unconstitutional. 5. That no company shall add to its capital stock for any purpose whatever without a previous notice to the stockholders of at least sixty days. 6. That the legislature of the state shall have power to regulate the rates of fare or freight, so as to provide against abuses, extortions, and unjust discriminations, and enforce its control by adequate penalties, extending even to a forfeiture of both the property and the franchise, in its discretion. 7. That all railway companies shall keep offices for the transfer of stock, that their books shall be open to the inspection of the public, that reports shall be made to the state auditor, and that the majority of the directors of any company incorporated in the state shall reside therein.

Such are some of the principles in respect to railway companies proposed by the convention, now ratified by the people, and hence placed in the fundamental law of the state, beyond the reach of party politics, and beyond the control of the legislature, except to enforce and apply them. The convention was composed of some of the ablest men in the state; and, having done its work well, the people have also done well in endorsing its work and giving to it the authority of constitutional law. In this respect Illinois has now set an example which other states would do well to imitate.

It has been increasingly evident for several years that great abuses of power, sometimes grossly fraudulent, on the part of directors, have been gradually creeping into the railway system of this country. One of these abuses consists in the consolidation of competing lines; thus giving to a single company the monopoly of the whole business, and enabling it to fix its rate of charges almost at its own pleasure. This places the general public at the mercy of such a company, with no restraint upon it in the healthy competition of rivalry. The history of railways, especially for the last five years, shows a very strong tendency toward this kind of consolidation. The people of Illinois have now made it constitutionally impossible in that state.

Another most glaring abuse is the speculative system of secretly *watering* railway stocks by issuing new stock, not for purposes contemplated in the charters of railroad companies, but in the interests of stock "rings," who, being directors, resort to these secret and fraudulent maneuvers as a matter of private speculation. In this way hundreds of millions of purely fictitious capital have been added to the stock of railway companies within the last fifteen years, while the largest part of the profits has gone into the hands of comparatively a few persons. All these watering schemes are simply so many frauds perpetrated by directors against the rights of *bona-fide* stockholders. The constitution of Illinois now says that this system of fraudulently issuing stock shall exist no longer; and it would be well if the same provision were incorporated into every constitution of the land.

The railway system has in this country become such a vast system that sooner or later it must be placed under the control of Federal legislation. A line that extends through several states cannot be regulated by the legislation of any single state, and there is no certainty that the states through which it passes will concur in their policy in regard to it. A general policy, applicable to the whole country, and corrective of the abuses which exist in the management of railways, is the one which must be adopted; and this must, of course, come from Congress. As we have no doubt, Congress has the power to enact a national railway law; and public sentiment is fast reaching the conclusion that this power should be exercised, not only for the interests of the people at large, but also for those of stockholders. The new constitution of Illinois contains some very valuable hints in respect to the proper provisions of such a law.

THE ROCHESTER COMMERCIAL CONVENTION.

A LARGE and earnest convention of the Commercial Union has recently been held at Rochester, in this state. The leading object of the convention, and indeed of the original formation of the Union, is to promote cheap transportation of freight by the Erie Canal, so as to secure the grain trade of the West, by preventing its diversion into other channels. Until this season, the rate of canal tolls has been so high that much of this trade has sought a market in other directions, to the damage of the state, and especially of the City of New York.

Nathaniel Sands, of New York, who was chosen president of the convention, in an able address on the subject, submitted the following statement of facts and figures:

"With an enormous increase in the last ten years of the products of the West, New York shows no increase in the receipts from the canals. While we have frittered away our advantages and driven off trade, our rivals have strained every nerve to attract our business to their hands. In 1866 the grain receipts at Buffalo were 51,890,343 bushels, and in 1869 they had steadily decreased to 37,456,131 bushels. In 1866 the grain receipts at Erie, Pa., were but 15,950 bushels, and in 1869 they had grown to 2,411,879 bushels. In 1866 the grain receipts at Ogdensburg were but 919,238 bushels, and in 1869 they had risen to 15,544,586 bushels. In 1867 the grain receipts at Montreal were 6,605,636 bushels, and they rose in 1869 to 8,034,132 bushels. In 1866 the grain receipts at Philadelphia were but 4,685,785 bushels, and they steadily rose in 1869 to 9,836,775 bushels. I need not dwell on the evidence which shows our danger of losing the transportation legitimately belonging to our canals. You understand this danger, and know how shamefully we have slept while the vital currents of trade were flowing from us to build up neighboring states and Canada."

These are startling facts to New Yorkers. The canal system of the state has hitherto been managed on the principle of making it yield the largest amount of revenue to the state; and the consequence is that, while the grain trade with the West has immensely increased within the last ten years, New York has not shared at all in the benefits of this increase. The rate of canal tolls has been so high as to drive this trade into other and cheaper routes. The thing to be done is to win it back by offering to the West in our canal system the cheapest, quickest, and safest route of transportation. New York has a vital interest in securing cheap transportation between the grain-producing states of the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic cities. This will make it the great grain depot of the country.

The Canal Board, responding to the policy adopted by the legislature last winter, has made a material reduction in its tolls on canal traffic; and the beneficial results are already seen in a very considerable increase of business over that of the previous year. In the month of May the deliverers of wheat at Buffalo for transportation by the Erie Canal amounted to 3,239,158 bushels, against 1,758,048 bushels for the same month of the preceding year. The increase of lumber, staves, and hoops was in about the same proportion. Freights bound westward showed a like increase, giving promise that the canal business of the present year will exceed that of several previous years. The proposition of the legislature to fund the canal debt, and thus provide for a permanent reduction of canal tolls, ought to be approved by the people at the next election. The true policy is to make the tolls merely nominal—at the most, barely sufficient to pay the expenses of superintendence and keep the canals in repair. Indeed, we are inclined to the opinion that it would be well to abolish the toll system altogether, and sustain the canals out of the general funds of the state. The benefit to the state arising from the large increase of business would be more than a compensation for the loss of canal revenue. We are in hearty sympathy with the objects sought by the Commercial Union.

CONTINENTAL (FIRE) INSURANCE COMPANY.

IT is rare, indeed, that an incorporated company meets with such uniform and surprising success as has attended this company since its organization, with which the writer hereof (who is the publisher of this paper) had much to do, having been one of its original incorporators.

In the first three and a half years of its existence it divided an average of 14 per cent. per annum to its stockholders. At the end of this period, in 1856, with the determination to make of the company a permanent and substantial institution, which should be worthy of its stockholders, directors, and officers, the former voluntarily surrendered up three-quarters of the net earned results of the business of the company, to be returned to the policyholders annually in scrip, which was to be paid off in the order of its issue, unless losses occurred of so great severity as to require the amount represented by the scrip to meet them.

Thus was made a mutual insurance company on the only basis upon which a mutual company worthy of trust can insure, except for a business too restricted for a general fire insurance business.

The result of this change is that the company has returned to its mutual customers annually for fourteen years, scrip for proportions, varying from 33⅓ to 60 per cent. of the premiums paid by them. Six per cent. interest has been paid yearly on on these scrip issues, and the first eight years of them have been paid off in cash.

The company has in this process accumulated assets equal to $2,500,000, or five times the original $500,000 capital; so that *safe* insurance and *cheap* insurance are made in this case to go hand in hand. It is interesting to know the effect of this radical change upon the stockholders. At first the dividends to them were reduced to 10 per cent. per annum; but from this amount they have advanced first to 12 per cent., then to 14 per cent., then to 16 per cent., and now to 20 per cent. per annum. In this instance, as commonly, virtue produces its own reward, and the statement made in the Good Book, "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth," is verified.

Judging from the business and profits of companies generally, it would have been regarded as great success if this company had, on its original plan, divided average dividends as great as its stockholders have received; and without the interweaving of this mutual principle it is certain the company would not have had the magnificent pile of assets it now holds. Such a mode of increasing the ability of an insurance company does not involve the seeming necessity of doubling or trebling the amount for which it issues policies upon single risks, and in consequence of which it too often follows that when a company increases its capital it does not increase its ability to pay losses.

The satisfactory progress of the Continental cannot fail to lead other companies to adopt the same wise system.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY BONDS.

WE desire to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of the bonds of the above-named road. This great corporation own about 1,000 miles of the best-paying railway in this or any other country; and are now funding their entire mortgage indebtedness into a 7 per cent. consol, for which purpose they have mortgaged all of their roads in trust to the Union Trust Company of New York. The principle is one which should be adopted by all of our leading railway companies; and one of the features incorporated by the company in this funding operation, which commends itself to our judgment as being eminently worthy of attention and imitation, is that these bonds can be registered (same as Governments) in amounts of *one, five, or ten* thousand dollars, the interest being paid quarterly, and will thus net to the holder over 7 per cent. per annum, and at the same time giving them full and entire immunity from loss by fire, robbery, etc. This is an important feature for those wising to make permanent investment. The company also issue coupon bonds, interest payable semi-annually.

They have a capital of thirty-five millions, and have been paying semi-annual dividends to their stockholders of 4 per cent. regularly—a fact sufficient in itself to recommend the corporation as one with which it is desirable to be connected, either as stockholder or bondholder.

These new bonds are offered in limited quantity at 97½ and accrued interest, and we cheerfully recommend them as a safe investment. Messrs. Robinson, Chase & Co., the well-known bankers, Broad Street, will furnish full information.

MONEY MARKET.

THERE is a very wide divergence between the actual easy condition of the money market and the feeling of insecurity as to the future which troubles the minds of the great money-lenders. They are willing to make loans at 4 and even as low as 3 per cent. on good security at call—that is, from day to day; while on the same securities they will not lend at 6 per cent. for six or eight months. The money-lenders want to keep their funds well in hand, where they can control them at a day's notice, because they remember the pressures and excitements of the past few years, and they do not understand why money should not be worth a quarter per cent. next September, seeing that it was worth that rate last September. But they do not consider that the same causes which made money tight then are very unlikely to occur again. Still, something may happen at any time to cause a panic, and they want to improve the opportunity whenever it comes. It is a great drawback to wholesome trade and legitimate speculations that money must be loaned from hand to mouth, as has been the rule for a long time now in Wall Street and on the Stock Exchange. It would be more profitable for both borrower and lender if long loans could be effected; but, for the present, lending on call has become the established system.

For more than three months money has continued in very abundant supply at 8 to 5 per cent.; and, as the new currency will be issued before long, there appears to be a fair prospect of money continuing plenty at the same rates. The bank statement of Saturday last was, in some of the items, decidedly unfavorable; but, as there was an increase in legal-tender of nearly a million of dollars, there was no uneasiness felt at the large loss in coin.

The following statement shows the condition of the New York City banks this week and last:

	July 23.	July 30.	Differences.
Loans	$230,000,700	$231,939,543	Dec. $1,150,951
Specie	24,598,673	25,263,900	Dec. 4,094,723
Circulation	22,979,337	23,005,333	Inc. 5,996
Deposits	205,545,197	207,795,115	Inc. 6,402,917
Legal-tenders	33,978,711	34,537,351	Inc. 559,240

The week commenced with a very easy feeling in Wall Street. The brokers were pressed to receive loans on call at 4 per cent. on miscellaneous collaterals, and some of the dealers in Government bonds were accommodated at 3 per cent.

Notwithstanding this abundance of money, there was very little of a speculative feeling on the Stock Exchange, and the leading railroad shares were lower than on Saturday. Government bonds were also lower, although the advices by telegraph showed that our securities were higher in Berlin and Frankfort, as well as in London.

But Monday was a dismal day in the region of the Stock Exchange. Most of the brokers had gone to attend the funeral of Mr. Benjamin Nathan, one of the oldest and wealthiest members of the Stock Exchange, who was savagely murdered in his house on Friday morning. Out of respect to his memory, the Stock Exchange and the Long Room were closed until 1 P. M. So that it was a broken day, and many of the great operators were absent and dispirited.

Gold has remained very steady, the highest point it touched on Monday being 121¾, and the lowest 120⅝. If it were not for a strong combination among the foreign bankers in New York to keep up the price, it would fall off full 5 per cent.

According to the Treasury statement for July, the Government now holds over $100,000,000 of gold, only $88,000,000 being represented by gold certificates.

Washington Fire Insurance Company has declared a dividend of 5 per cent., free of tax, payable August 1st. This is one of the best managed corporations in New York.

BURLINGTON, CEDAR RAPIDS, AND MINNESOTA RAILROAD COMPANY'S FIRST MORTGAGE SEVEN PER CENT. FIFTY YEAR SINKING FUND BONDS (Principal and Interest payable in GOLD), free of Government tax, coupon and registered, convertible, at the option of the holder, into stock of the Company at PAR, which privilege will at no distant day enable the holders of these bonds to realize upon them at a price considerably above par, besides paying about nine (9) per cent. currency interest in the meanwhile. The established character of this road, running as it does through the heart of the most thickly-settled portion of the great State of Iowa, together with its present advanced condition and large earnings, warrant us in unhesitatingly recommending these bonds to investors as in every respect an undoubted security. A limited quantity are still offered at 90 and interest, by

HENRY CLEWS & CO.,
No. 32 Wall St., New York.

DRY GOODS.

IN domestic cottons there have been no special changes during the past week, but the general trade has been good for the season; and, though without any speculative movement, the purchases may be considered as large. Much of the business has been done on orders, the extraordinary heat of the weather keeping purchasers away from the city. In woolen goods the trade has been active, and the manufacturers have reason to be satisfied with the July sales. The war has been of marked benefit to the manufacturers of woolens, as well as to the holders of domestic cottons, while the importers have no reason to complain. If the war should prove a protracted and stubborn one, as Napoleon predicts in his proclamation to his soldiers that it will be, our manufacturing interests will reap the first benefits from it. Both woolen and cotton fabrics must necessarily advance in price, from the supply being cut off which we have usually received from Germany and France.

In unbleached shirtings and sheetings the market has not been specially active; but the sales have been to a fair extent for the season, and prices are well sustained, except for the finer grades. Standard sheetings are mostly held by the agents at firm prices.

The demand for bleached shirtings and sheetings is but moderately active; but prices are firmly maintained. There has been a considerable reduction in first hands of the stock of the lower grades, and the advance in gold gives holders confidence in better prices, notwithstanding the anticipated decline in the price of the raw material.

There has been an improved demand for printing cloths, but not any speculative movement. The difficulty in some of the mills with the operators, who have struck for higher wages, has diminished the supply; but no important change in quotations is to be noted. Sales of 64 standard quality have been reported at 7 cents, and 7¼ cents has been demanded.

In prints the trade has not quite equaled the expectations of the manufacturers thus far. The display of new styles of dark colorings for the fall is attractive; but there has not been so eager a demand as had been anticipated. It must be remembered, however, that the season is early, and the tremendous heat of the past month has kept a large number of buyers out of town. Sprague's dark fancies are held by agents at 11½ cents, less four per cent. 30 days; do. extra do. 12 cents; do. pink 12½ cents; do. purple 12 cents; do. frocks 12 cents; do. shirtings 11 cents for regulars, and 11½ cents for Baltic; do. mourning 10 cents, do. robe patterns 12½ cents; Pacific dark fancy 11½ cents; Hamilton 11½ cents for H fancy, and 11½ cents for purple; Hartel Manufacturing Company's new fancy 11 cents; Merrimacks 11½ cents for dark D fancy, 12½ cents for W do., 13½ cents for pink and purple frocks, and 11 cents for S shirtings; Dunnell's 11½ cents for new dark fancy, and 12½ cents for frocks; American Print Works 11½ cents regular for medium and dark fancy, do. green and orange 11½ cents.

There is but little doing as yet in ginghams, and prices are merely nominal. Lancaster are sold by agents at 17 cents; Everitt 17 cts.; Bates 17 cts.; Glasgow 15 cts.; Hampden Earlston fine 22½ cts.; Nemaske 16 cts.; Amoskeag 17 cts.; Caledonia Mills 18½ cts.

Cambrics are in very moderate demand for the best qualities; but the trade is generally dull. Amoskeag are quoted at 8 cts.; Arcadia 8½ cts. for plain; Novelty 8 cts.; Crown 8 cts.; Clinton 8½ cts. for plain, and 9 for high colors; Red Cross do. 8½ cts.; Union 8½ cts.; Waverly 9, less 5 per cent.

There is a very fair demand from the clothiers for silesias, but the general trade from the jobbers is still dull. Lonsdale are quoted by agents at 14 cts. regular; Indian Orchard 14 cts.; Ward Mills 14½ cts.; Social K 20 cts.; do. Imperial 25 cts.; Blackburn's assorted and black 15 cts.; Davol Mills 25 cts. regular.

In other departments of domestic cottons the trade is yet languid, and no changes have occurred that call for special remarks.

Woolens have shown more improvement than any other description of domestic goods. Woolen shawls are now being introduced again, though the season is somewhat early; but the manufacturers' agents are preparing to put their new tyles with the revived prices in the market.

There is a good business in cloths, but mostly among the clothing manufacturers; the jobbers buying as yet but lightly. Slater's black cloths range from $2 2d5¼; blue, brown, and dahlia do., $2 50@$4; do. black castors, $2 50@$3 25; do. blue, brown, and dahlia, $2 75@$3 75; do. colored tricots, $3 50; Norwalk Mills, brown and indigo blue, $3@$3 50.

Overcoatings have sold to a fair amount and prices are well sustained; but the business is disappointing. Elmville black Moscow beavers are quoted by agents at $2 75@$3; do. assorted colors do., $3@$3 25; do. black union do., $1 25@$1 50.

Cassimeres have sold in the aggregate to a considerable amount, and prices have been well sustained. The agents are indisposed to press sales, and look for better prices, for the reason that the stock of desirable styles in first hands has been largely reduced and the active season is yet to come.

Satinets of desirable grades are selling more freely. Tip-tops, which are scarce in the market, bring 90 cents for No. 1 and 85 cents for No. 2.

Flannels are in fair demand, and the jobbers are laying in the fall supply, which causes considerable activity to the trade.

The business in foreign goods is settling into a more quiet and decided tone; but, until there shall be some trustworthy indications of the probable duration of the war, all transactions in foreign goods, except for immediate wants, will be of a speculative character. After the first battle, it will be known whether the war is to be prosecuted until one side or the other is fairly exhausted, or whether a peace will be patched up after a satisfactory trial of strength on each side. Prices are generally better; and, as the importations of the last month are about a million less than in the corresponding month last year, it is very evident that there is nothing like an excess of goods now in first hands.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

[A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

BREADSTUFFS.—A moderate degree of activity with great irregularity has characterized our market since last Wednesday. The continued decline in Liverpool, stimulated by more favorable crop prospects, decided scarcity of ocean freight-room, and a derangement of the market for foreign exchange have all contributed unfavorably. But we note that with these combined causes holders have had the pluck to decline materially reduced values. While the Western markets were relatively higher than ours, the manifested decided indifference with prime property, and have generally awaited the turn upward in Europe, which was confidently looked for. Our reports for the week have been fair—of Flour 24,061 barrels, of Wheat 580,000 bushels—chiefly destined for Liverpool and London, with 170,000 bushels of Wheat for Cork, Glasgow, Falmouth, and Oporto; while shipments of Flour have been almost confined to Liverpool, London, and Glasgow. The assortment of Spring Wheats has been unusually poor, and almost without exception Chicago grades have arrived in seriously damaged condition, while even the selected grades of Milwaukie have been more or less disordered by the heat. Thursday last, while prime Milwaukie No. 2 commanded $1 37, that arriving heated was difficult of sale at $1 32@$1 36. Thus have the prospective profits of many shippers been frittered away. They may, however, be thankful if the result does not prove absolute loss. If steamer room were more plentiful, we should see these distinctions narrowed; but our storehouses are filling with unsound Wheats, which have no market except at the sacrifice we note. Cool weather will do much to remedy the evil, and we hope to soon report a more favorable prospect. Winter Wheats have not been so seriously affected, but have not been free from the prevailing complaint of "softness and musty smell." In Corn we have little new to note: bountiful crop prospects, with appreciating value in Liverpool, but not upon a scale of prices that will admit of shipment, our market being relatively 20 cts. too high. Oats have materially declined with increasing arrivals of the crop of 1870, and our market has been literally overburdened with supplies. The trade for Oats is local and very dainty when supplies are plentiful. We note great irregularity in prices, with a pressure to sell on Monday's market. The trade generally expect a recovery from values current to-day. A decline in Oats, equivalent to that of the past week, will give us an export inquiry, which has not been known for a long time. Barley has been in limited demand and prices show very little change. The supply is light. Sales of 1,500 bushels old common Western at 75 cts. The new crop at the West is of excellent quality, but the yield is light. Barley Malt has ruled quiet, the supply is limited. Sales of 6,950 bushels at $1 10@$1 12½ for State and $1 30@$1 35 for Canada West. Canada Peas are in limited supply and firm. Sales of 7,700 bushels in bond on private terms. Rye has been in better demand and is higher; very little sound to be had. Some 15,000 bushels Canadian changed hands in bond at $1 05@$1 08; subsequently one cargo was rejected as unsound. Small sales of State at $1 15.

COFFEE.—There has prevailed a very fair demand for Brazils from jobbers, and a considerable amount of stock changed hands. *Importers, however,* finding the low grades accumulating, met all outlets freely, and slightly modified their views; though on the upper qualities a firmer tone was maintained. Java has been rather neglected until lately, when some forced sales were made under the discouraging news from abroad, and prices gave way. West India styles nominally unchanged. We quote in coin as follows: Rio, in bond, 10½@10¾ cts. for fair to good ordinary; do., duty paid, 14½@18 cts.; Java, 20@22 cts.; Maracaibo, 17@19 cts.; Laguayra, 18@19 cts.; Ceylon, 17½@19 cts.

COTTON.—For a day or two following our last a pretty firm tone was maintained; desirable parcels were difficult to find, and the market witnessed the nearest approach to a "corner" yet made. The "shorts," however, had been quietly securing supplies at the South, and these arriving were offered on contract, instead of settlements; and the result was an immediate break in values. The Liverpool market in the meantime was declining rapidly, and in a very demoralized condition, adding greatly to the depression here; and at times the operators were at a loss to understand their exact position. Exporters have handled scarcely any goods, the demand coming mainly from spinners and speculators. For future delivery the business has been largely confined to settling last month's contracts; this and the fall months meeting with neglect, and selling low. The latest contracts were at 17⅝ cts. for August, and 16¾ cts. for either October or November, on a basis of Low Middling. The general market closed with rather a firmer tone, owing to encouraging advices from Liverpool. Middling Uplands 20 cts., Low Middling do. 19 cts.

BROOM CORN.—We have had a limited demand for Corn, and quote Common at $8@10 ctz., Medium at 10@12 cts., and Choice at 13 cts. New Southern is selling in small lots at 11 cts. per pound. Brooms are quiet at $1 50@$4 50 per dozen.

COAL.—The business in domestic has been quite active, more especially in cargoes for the East, at some advance. Prices based on the last public sale. Sales from yard at $6@$7 per ton. In foreign very little has been done and prices are uncertain.

HAY.—A fair demand for shipping, and the market is better. Sales of shipping at 80@90 cts., and small lots $1 10@$1 20 per 100 lbs. Long Rye Straw is selling at $1 10@$1 15 per 100 lbs., and Short at 85@90 cts. per 100 lbs.

MOLASSES.—There has been a little more activity in Boiling and Grocery grades, and a few barrels exported to Canada; but all demands were freely met and values show no variation. The inferior qualities are dull, heavy, and nominal. We quote nominally at 29@32 cts. for Old Cuba, 35@39 cts. for Clayed do., 37@45 cts. for New Muscovado, 40@48 cts. for Porto Rico, and New Orleans 90@95 cts.

PROVISIONS.—All goods suited to the export trade, particularly war material, have met with a good, healthy demand, and values have ruled firm. The shipping movement has proved light, and the home consumption almost entirely suspended by the increased cost of Meats. Mess Pork has met with little or no demand, even to meet July contracts, and, with considerable amounts delivered, prices rather favored the buyer; the market closing, however, quite firm on the upward turn. Prime Mess met with a good demand for export, and still further advanced; though, as the value now reached is likely to stimulate the production of ice-house stock, and the repacking from Thin Mess, etc., buyers operate cautiously. We quote at $25@$26 for Prime and Extra Prime, $31@$31 25 for Prime Mess, and $30 25@$30 50 for Mess.

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The Independent.

SERMON.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who hath subjected the same in hope."—Rom. viii, 19, 20.

THE seventh and the eighth chapters of Romans discuss the spiritual struggle that goes on in those that are raised by the power of God from the animal, worldly life to a truly Christian life. The discussion is carried on with great breadth and with many inflections, the former and material part being given mainly in the seventh chapter, and the after and spiritual part being given mainly in the eighth chapter. It is in connection with this discussion that the apostle speaks here in the language of our text, in the midst of these great conflicts which have belonged to every noble nature, and to the race—these strifes, and aspirations, and yearnings, and longings, and endeavors, and downfalls, and disasters, and sins, and miseries; in the midst of the vast and mighty movement that has taken place from the beginning of the world until this day. And has it been man's fault that he has been subject to all these things? Is this universal struggle, this universal conflict, this aspiration for what is good, and this constant sense of discontent and remorse because we come so far short of the ideal that is before us—is this because we are so wicked? Is this contest one of the evidences of men's depravity? "No," says the apostle; "it is no such thing." Man was made subject to wickedness, subject to vanity, subject to the whole unsatisfying condition of worldly things; for *vanity* covers the whole ground of that which does not profit nor satisfy.

The condition of struggle is ordained of God. Man was born into it, not willingly, but by reason of Him who subjecteth all things in hope. In other words, man was not consulted as to whether he should be born at all. Nor was he consulted as to where, or how, or into what conditions of physical or spiritual life he should be born. God prepared the system of the world before men were called into it; and he ordained that there should be strife and struggle as a part of the organic condition of human life. The educating and creative idea of human life is an idea of conflict and struggle. And Paul says substantially this thing: We have no responsibility for the struggle in the midst of which we find ourselves. Not that we do not sin in the method of struggling; but the fact itself that every man has to go through conflict—that we are not responsible for. The world is in conflict, and has come through conflict, groaning and travailing together in pain, until now. That great organic condition which necessitates the strife and the struggle—we are not responsible for that. For man was not brought voluntarily into that condition of things. God meant it.

The constitution of the mind, the laws of its relation to matter and to society, are of God; and man, coming under them, and having no choice respecting them, is subjected to the conditions which they create. No man can be asked whether he will exist or not, or whether he will be born in one or another place, in one or another condition, any more than he is consulted about whether he will have hair of one kind or another, or eyes, or stature, or disposition of a particular kind.

This is the fundamental condition of human life, then, that it shall strive and struggle. As a historic fact, all know that men have been in this condition. And all know that as a historic fact this condition results, not from some deranging or disturbing, or interpolation or interjection, but from the creative idea of human development. It is a means through which God meant that man should come to his final perfection. Therefore, it was established on purpose.

You will find, when you examine the nature and contents of the human mind, that philosophy corroborates the statement of revelation. Look, for instance, at what is stated in the seventh chapter of Romans:

"We know that the law is spiritual; but I am carnal, sold under sin."

Man is sold, first, to the body, with its passions and appetites, which are generally the earliest to be developed and the strongest part of a man's nature; but the ideal which a man is to aim at is the unfolding of intellectual and moral excellence. So the law is spiritual, although the original constitution of the man is carnal. And the problem of life is how to take that basis, or beginning, and evolve out of it the higher graces of the soul, as out of the dirt-confined root is evolved the magnolia blossom. "We know that the law is spiritual; but I am carnal, sold under sin." And now come the details:

"For that which I do, I allow not; for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I."

If people were as good as they resolved to be, how good they would be! They are always resolving, but their resolutions and soap-bubbles last for about the same period.

That which I do I allow not." In other words, "I disapprove my conduct. For what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I. If then I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law that it is good. Now, then, it is no more I that do it; but sin that dwelleth in me. For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing; for, to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not."

Now, that is a fair average description of every human being in life that has the least touch of enterprise or growth or development, and the least tendency to be better every day than he was the day before. He sees in himself a lower class of passions, having appropriate affections, but attempting to be domineering and exclusive in their government; and yet he perceives that there is a higher class of faculties and feelings, which have nobler instincts and aspirations, and which attempt to direct life in spiritual channels. And there is a conflict in the man between his reason and his moral sentiments on the one side and pride and avarice and selfishness and vanity on the other, to say nothing of the appetites and lusts.

This is the declaration of Scripture. We know it to be the declaration of human life. The attempt to rise from the control of the lower passions to the dominion of the higher sentiments is the problem of every man's life. It is an experimental statement, then—this statement of the profound by which the animal part of the mind and its passions are gradually subjected to the superior sentiments and reason. God's Spirit, which works upon and in the mind, is working in accordance with the laws of soul, and of the human condition in this world.

No man ever becomes enlightened and purified and good without passing through series of conflicts, which, when analyzed, amount to the act of training and compelling his lower endowments to be obedient to his higher.

This may not be a man's consciousness; but it is the last result of analysis. It seems to men as though the conflicts of men were with outward things and outward circumstances; with a neighbor, with a rival, or with an enemy. It seems to them as though they were conflicts over temptations arising from money, or power, or pleasure to be derived from them. It seems to them as though they were conflicts with unlawful indulgences that come from one or other of the senses. But these are only the occasions. The temptations may be outward, but the struggle is always inward. The theater of the conflict is a man's own mind, by which he receives impressions and feelings and experiences, and by which he forms judgments and volitions. The real struggle takes place within, between those faculties which side with the lower way of life and those faculties which side with the higher and purer and better way of life.

The ideal form of conflict, then, is from ignorance toward knowledge; from superstition, its fears, its abasements, and its whole brood of concomitants, toward a religion of love and intelligence; from an animal life, with its animal pleasures, to an intellectual and spiritual life, with its intellectual and spiritual pleasures; from pride to justice; from selfishness to kindness and benevolence; from grossness to refinement; from lust to purity. This is the ideal struggle.

The real struggle is far from being according to the ideal. Many of our strifes are as between one bad feeling and another. Many of them are aimless. It is only now and then, it is only comprehensively, as the sum of all the various struggles in human life, that it may be said that every man is maintaining a warfare in himself between the higher and the lower parts of his nature, and that it is the theory of his life to give ascendency to the higher over the lower.

Now, men are born to live with each other, and to live under a civil government. The law of being compels them to act collectively; and they carry into combined action just the same necessity of struggling from low to high, from evil to good, which they feel individually. Society, as much as individual men, is under the necessity of participating in conflict. As the individual man grows by conflict, by struggle, which is the law of evolution, so human society itself, or man in society, grows, not by stillness, not by stagnation, certainly; but by conflict, by the law of strife, and every step of growth is a step that is a victory preceded by a struggle.

All the laws of society, and all its institutions, are but incarnations of the elements of the mind. The individual uses his hand when he is angry. Society uses a court when it is angry; and the court is to society, or men in the aggregate, what the hand is to the individual man. Men have experience to guide them in business; but commerce collects and condenses individual experiences, and forms them into customs, and the customs of commerce in society help the individual faculties, and they are instruments of the education of the single men of society. Every feeling of taste tends to embody itself in some custom, or usage, or institution; and every sentiment of justice, every intellectual activity, tends to incarnate itself in society. And the customs and laws of society represent the average condition of the individuals that have gone to constitute that society through centuries.

In laws and institutions, governments and policies, business and customs, there is just the same tendency to conflict that there is in the individual. That is to say, men acting through them are in conflict, just as individually they are in conflict with themselves. One part of society seeks to raise and purify and strengthen the good in society, as every man seeks to do it in himself individually; and another part has an interest in keeping things as they are, or debasing them still more. As in the individual there are parts that represent the secular, and other parts that represent the spiritual and eternal; so in society, and its institutions and policies and customs, there are tendencies that represent the lower physical elements, and tendencies that represent the higher moral elements. There is one part of society that fights the material, and there is another part that fights the spiritual; and under the same organic law of necessity. For, as the individual thrives by victory through conflicts, so society thrives by victory through conflicts.

The progress of civilization in the world has always been by this law of strife. It has never been by a law of stillness or quietness that the world has grown. Although all strife is not beneficial, although all turmoil has not resulted in good, yet the law by which civilization has progressed has been a law not only of activity, but of antagonism. It has had to meet, and resist, and overcome counter tendencies; and, in doing so, it has strengthened itself in goodness.

Religion, as incarnated—as taking upon itself the forms of doctrine and government, has been subjected to precisely the same law of conflict and strife, and has grown by it. Some people seem to think that religion should have come into the world the most peaceful and tranquil thing that ever was, and that any outbreak or conflict in religion is something supremely antagonistic to its radical nature. On the contrary, it is something entirely in accordance with the whole condition of growth in every part of human society that it should have its fermentation. First crush the cluster; then press out the juice; then let it ferment; then, when the lees are settled, and the pure wine stands at the top, draw that off. It is when it has gone through all these crushing and fermenting processes, and not till then, that it is brought to its perfection.

Hence, conflict is a means divinely ordained, and not a result of human wickedness. The world has been perpetually agitated by strifes and struggles. They have been aimless, many of them, and the result largely of ignorance and of wickedness; but the law of society and the law of human development is a law of struggle and strife. It is not the result of interjected wickedness, it is not an interpolation, it is not an exceptional state; it is a normal condition. This law of conflict is to be accepted as much as the law of motion, as much as the laws of light and heat, as much as the law of gravitation; and it is a divine and beneficent law.

With this statement I proceed to make some applications:

1. We perceive the true character of many persons who are profoundly and avowedly aspirants for peace. I honor men that love peace as the final fruit of conflict. There is a conception of spiritual peace that carries with it everything that is high and noble, and that is to be honored as a conception. I am not speaking of those that have reached, through the interior vision, through the work of Christ in their souls, the higher elements of piety. I am not speaking of such peacemakers and children of peace as these. They themselves have come to the state to which they have arrived through conflicts and through strifes, inward and outward, and innumerable. But human life is full of men that are forever mouthing this word "peace." They have a notion that the ideal of society is to be peaceful, and to keep things quiet; and, when any little conflicts come up, their first thought is, not "What is true?" not "What is pure?" not "What is just?" not "What is right?" but this: "We must have peace—peace above all things." No struggle, it is supposed by such persons, can be other than an evidence of depravity; and peace by them is supposed to be an evidence of soundness and of health. Nothing can be further from the truth than this. So far from its being true that peace is the normal state of society, it is just the reverse. And society is in a healthy state when it is undercoing a steadfast, progressive, but regulated strife. Where a struggle is taking place under the guidance of the understanding, and the tendency is from lower forms of life to higher forms of life, the question of whether it is to be mild or severe is an incidental question, that has no great importance except to the individual factors of the struggle. That men must go up in the law of healthy society. Any state of society in which men are satisfied, for the sake of peace, not to strive or be disturbed is unhealthy. There are a great many men that seem to think that where a place is so still that nobody ever jars against anybody, so still that nobody ever meddles with anybody, and so still that no hoe or plow ever arises from the conflict of feelings, it is in the state most eminently to be desired. And these men are the apostles of the graveyard; for that is the only place on earth that perfectly sets forth the peace which they love to see. There nobody *does* jar against anybody, nobody *does* meddle with anybody, and no plow or heat *does* arise from the conflict of feelings. It is the peace of death. The first act of life is growth by disintegration. Something perishes when anything grows. And woe be to that stagnant, stupid community where nobody has anything to conflict with. Quietude is stupidity. The law of life is activity and conflict. And these misguided, unphilosophical, unchristianly-educated men would bring communities into a state in which they would simply be torpid. Churches are like burrows; and Christians in their ideal are like hibernating animals, that creep into their burrows, and sleep through the whole millennium of winter. But the true ideal of Christian life is to put on the armor, the whole armor of God—the head-piece, the breast-plate, and all the rest—and then to take the sword and the spear, and stand and fight, never running or moving, but remaining steadfast from the beginning of the battle to the end. A Christian is a warrior; and not a hibernating woodchuck—a marmot! And, when there is disturbance made in the attempt to purify society, nothing is so frequent as to hear our duties declared to be duties of peace. We are called "ministers of peace." We are told that we are set to preach a gospel of peace. And whenever a man urges forward the cause of virtue and intelligence against ignorance and vice with intenser enthusiasm, and all hell is enkindled, and wickedness puts itself against it, the apostle of wickedness will call out to him: "Why be stirring men up? Your business is to preach the mild doctrines of peace. Your business is to follow the mild and pacific Saviour." I do not think these men have read the Bible; or they would not talk of the Gospel of peace which Christ denounced. He says: "I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." He came to separate members of the same family. He came to run the moral line of division right through the nearest earthly relations. Blessed are they that are on our side, and woe to them that are on the other. Such is the gauntlet of peace that the mild and pacific Saviour threw down! "Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." That is the mild and pacific Saviour! "The ax is laid unto the root of the trees; therefore, every tree which bringeth forth not good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire." That is the mild and pacific Saviour! That is the Gospel of peace which we are exhorted all the time to preach! Why, when a man with lies burglariously attempts to pick the lock of the sanctuary, and I turn him, am I to be told that my business is to preach peace, and not to meddle with lies? When I see gross inhumanity attempting to tread down innocence and weakness, and I interfere, and call on men that have heroism to fight for the right, am I to be told that my business is to preach peace? My business is not to preach peace; it is to preach *fire*. My business is to preach truth, and to make it victorious; conscience, and to make it holy; purity, and to make it dominate over every foul impurity in life. And, so far as the strifes of battle are needful to give ascendency to moral elements, it is my business to inspire them and lead them on. I never was ordained a minister of peace, nor was any true minister ever ordained a minister of peace; and, when the hands of ordination are put on a man's head, if they convey anything, they convey a fire that is of the Holy Ghost to burn up the chaff—to destroy wickedness.

What would you think of a man that was going about and preaching in an army that the supreme conception of military affairs was not to hurt anybody, but to be at peace; that the diner for which an army was called together was that there might be peace; that the trumpet must sound peace; that the drum must roll peace; and that guns meant peace? This McClellan interpretation of an army is about the same thing that we see in every community where it is said that the church is enrolled for purposes of peace. *Do not hurt or get hurt* is the supreme idea of some folks.

This plea, in general, comes from those who are in favor of the lower feelings and the worst interests in conflict. A church that is handed down in self-indulgence until it has no light or life, that you will find to be a church all of whose officers and all of whose members are in favor of peace. They want peace in everything. It may be that the doctrine is a little corrupted; but then men are fallible, you know, and the world is full of temptation, and you must have peace—peace at any price, at any expense. These self-indulgent churches do not want to disturb their own sins, or the sins of their members; they want peace.

Where business is prospering by corrupt commerce, you will find that the men who are the busiest in making money by wrong ways are men that have the keenest sense of the beauty of peace. They do not want a higher law and a lower profit. They do not want to sacrifice the good of the individual for any imaginary philanthropism that shall benefit the mass. They have no sense of the moral good of integrity and manliness in commerce. They want peace, they tell you; and they are men that want peace for the lowest side always. Not peace for the sake of a better conscience, not peace for the sake of nobler purity; but peace for the sake of avarice and greediness and oppressive wrongs.

Communities that are rotting with vices, and that behold intemperance and all ways of illicit and impure pleasure, and see many walking therein—these are communities in which, if you attempt to preach reform, you will hear voices, hoarse and cracked with various passions, calling for peace. They do not want disturbance; and, if the church disturbs them, they say it is a fanatical church. Why, a church that stands as a conscience, gilt, set on a center, and turning with the wind, so that men can use it to tell what way the wind blows—such a church, that does not disturb anybody, is always popular. Men like a gilt church, that is movable, and that adapts itself to the community in which it exists, and that always goes with the wind, showing which way the wind blows. But a church that feels it to be its duty to call out against intemperance and impurity of every kind, to carry the searching leaven of the Gospel into every lump till the whole is leavened, to kindle fire till winter is everywhere destroyed, and to shed light till darkness is everywhere gone—that kind of a church is not popular; at least, it is not at first. It is more popular in the end than any other; but it creates its own popularity by struggling for victory. And you will find, as a general rule, that where men say that the Gospel was sent to bring peace, and you are using it to overthrow the evil and build up the good in the community, they will charge you with stirring up dissensions, and exciting neighborhood quarrels, and introducing new ideas and isms in the body politic, and will denounce you as being untrue to your mission. But I declare that any Gospel that, being preached in a community, finds fault with nothing, is false to Christ. Such a Gospel is anti-Christ. For the God that sent the Gospel into the world proclaims that in sending it he sent fire and a sword. And in every community it is the business of the Gospel to wake up men, and bring their faculties and ideas in conflict, and urge on that conflict until they reach that state in which the higher shall have gained a victory over the lower.

I have no doubt that every spider that peeps over its web devoutly prays to every broom and chambermaid that comes near, "Let us alone! let us alone!" And there is not one man that makes money by gambling who has not the doctrine, "Let us alone!" There is not one man that sells liquor to the destruction of his neighbor that does not cry out, "Let us alone!" There is not one young man that has given himself up to indulgence in unlawful pleasures that does not say, "Let us alone!" There is nothing that is disturbed in the efforts of men to convert the world from sin to righteousness that does not say, "Let us alone!" And there is not a thing that is for purity and moral good in God that does not say, "Fight!" The whole of human life is comprehended in that one word. Paul says, "I have fought a good fight." It is the good *fight* that you are called to—not the good peace.

2. The progress of the world is indicated not less by the remarkable changes in the nature of its conflicts than by its actual attainments. When a physician looks upon a patient, he says sometimes, "The danger is past." Sometimes he is going to be sick for months yet; but he perceives that there have been such changes in the various organs of the body that the law of life has gained ascendency and will work toward health. It is the character of the secretions and functional activities of the body that lead to this judgment. Now, looking at the world as a patient, it will not have peace for a long time; but the nature of the conflicts that are taking place, the nature of the symptoms, shows that it is far along toward the latter-day glory, and is moving in that direction. The earlier conflicts of the race were mere impulsions, for the most part, of passion for self-gratifications. They had but little moral meaning. At that time the power of religion had not been sufficiently developed to enable the race to maintain any great conflict.

Then came the dynastic, that might be called, in their order, their date, from their character, the Roman conflicts. Pride carried government, and civilization was spread as a means of imperial strength. The motive-power was selfishness; but selfishness employed instruments of benefit to mankind as means. And the sense of a great rise from blind impulsions. They were conflicts with a definite end, and that end carried good.

But we come, at last, to our own day. Modern conflicts are essentially one part of society struggling with another part for the right, for justice, for a principle. They are not merely the unrest of one part surging against law and order. On these sides are those that are actuated by selfishness; and on the other side are those that feel the element of essential manhood. And all the conflicts for the last hundred years in Europe have been conflicts in the nature of one part of society demanding the right of a principle, and the other attempting to keep them down from it. This is the noble feature of every great movement in Europe in our day. All those great conflicts that have gone through Italy, and that are not yet suppressed, were in substance and in reality the strivings of the good in that nation against the bad. And the conflict as between Rome and the Kingdom of Italy is the sum of the incarnation of evil on the one side and the demand of universal humanity on the other side. And there will be but one issue to that conflict, to-day or to-morrow. The world grows but in one way; and that is never backward.

All the strife of classes in Europe and in our country has the same meaning. One part of society is arrayed against another, not merely; but there are emerging out of society here endless little cliques. Young men, clerks, are asking for more time, that they may serve better by serving fewer hours. It may seem to be a selfish movement; but it is one of the symptoms of the times, and it is a movement for larger humanity. Workmen are clubbing together to demand better wages and more leisure. They often employ inappropriate means, I think, and are influenced by bad feelings; but the tendency that leads them to demand better wages and more leisure is surely a tendency toward broader civilization and truer manliness. And, though I might not sympathize with the details of the movement, the general features of it are such as I most heartily sympathize with. All the classes that hitherto have been trodden under foot, and have had but few opportunities for manhood and womanhood, are rising up and asserting their rights. Society at large, in its civil and domestic relations, is going through this fermentation and strife, and in one direction.

The future is to have a yet nobler development, and by the same instrumentalities. Many men hope to live to see a time when there shall be peace. Not in this world will they see peace. Since Christ died the old temple of Janus is always open. That temple of war was shut but twice, I believe, before Christ; and it has never been shut since. When Jupiter reigned, it was possible to shut it; but since Christ came it has not been possible. The locks are rusted, and the door stands wide open; and it will not be shut until the new heaven and the new earth come. And to those men who think that there is to be a time of peace, when the conflict between right and wrong in themselves, in their neighbors, in the community, and in the nation shall have ceased, I say: Not if men are faithful; not if those that are set to preach the Gospel preach it. It is a part of God's meaning that there shall be endless agitations and conflicts. You may as well make up your mind to it first as last. Men say: "When will people be through casting on us their money? When shall we cease to be invoked to do something for this cause, and to contend for that cause? When shall we have such a state of society that we shall not need primary meetings and caucuses and councils? When will it be that citizens shall be so pure that their votes shall drop into the ballot-box as regularly as threads are woven into carpets in a power-loom?" When human life is a carpet, and men are machines, then you may look for such a state of society; but so long as human life is not a carpet, and men are not machines, but voluntary agents, there will be these conflicts between the good and the bad; and long enough man must be a minute-man. If you were not prepared for this, you ought not to have enlisted; and, if your are tired of it, you had better take your papers and go now!

You cannot choose whether you will take sides. There is one thing which a man in this world can do; and that is to choose which side he will take. There is a kingdom growing.

After the architect has drawn his plan, the stones begin to come in from one direction, and there are heaps of them; the bricks begin to come in from another direction, and there are heaps of them; the lime begins to come in from still another direction, and there is a heap of that; and the men begin to work and build, and it begins to fly; and the neighbors are annoyed; and the streets are choked; and everything is disagreeable. But from the very beginning the architect saw the house completed.

Now, God's great temple is building in this world. The foundation stones are laid. God is the architect; he has his drawings, and he knows just how the completed structure is going to look. Some men are drawing stones, some are hewing timber, and in every age appears scattered and confused; but to the eye of God, that sees the invisible, that stately temple is rising and rising, and glorious will be the year and the age when, ere long, its topstone shall be laid, with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it!"

There is building over against this the temple of darkness. There is the quarrying of its lava, and the preparation of all the elements that are to be incorporated into that temple of gods, of devils, and of despots. Here is a temple, and God builds it; there is a temple, and Satan builds it. You can be a worshiper here, or you can be a worshiper there. You can be a laborer here, or you can be a laborer there. Work you will. On which side you can choose; and that is about the only choice that you can make. You can choose whether you will go with those that seek to envelop the world in darkness; whether you will go with ignorance, or with enlightenment; whether you will go with reason, or against reason; whether you will go with conscience, or with passion; whether you will go with humanity, or with despotism; whether you will go with purity, or with license and lust and corruption. Whether you will join those that labor to make society better by the salt of the Gospel; whether you will make the cause of the poor your own, and bear their shame, and endure their hardships, and work in their behalf till the sun goes down—that you can choose. Or, whether you will identify yourself with those that love quiet, and self-indulgent comfort, and fleshly liberty, less God and more world, less purity and more pleasure—that you can choose. Which side will you take?

Young men, coming into life, life opens to you nobler than it has opened to any other generation. There never before was such a period as this to be born in. The mother that takes the child in her arms should say, as she presses it to her bosom: "Thank the Lord that my child was born in this age." Better than when Isaiah, better than when David, better than when the patriarchs, yea, better than when Jesus himself was born, is it to be born now. For two thousand years has God sat with his foot on this cradle-world, rocking it; and two thousand years of God's nursing has made a better world of it. And it is a good thing to be born now, when the work is so far progressed; when so many men begin to understand the questions of humanity and rectitude; when the power of the Gospel is beginning to be applied in so many ways; when the Gospel is no longer shut up in books and in churches; when professionalism in religion is broken down; when religion has come to its democratic period; when every man has a pulpit, and every man has a congregation, and every man is a preacher and a laborer for the cause of purity and goodness. To be born and to live in such a generation as this is matter of thanksgiving.

Are you discouraged because, from hope deferred, the heart is sick? Are you sometimes terrified by the sounds of battle and the strokes of woe? Be ashamed of your fears and of your discouragements. There never was so bright a time. Doubt the danger in part, but doubt not the truth. I doubt the success of these, I shall doubt God next; but, so long as I have faith in God, through darkness and through night, through storms and through tempests, through every one of which the Bible and every Mount Sinai has ten thousand thunders where the old one had one, I will follow God, and know that he is omnipotent, King of kings, as well as of slaveholders, and Lord of lords, and that he will beat down his adversaries and grind them as small as the dust of the field! There is no safe way but to stand for truth and justice, and take their shame and discouragement. I need not be, bear with them, and they will bear you up.

The old oak is to be brought down. It is hard and weary work to strike into its trunk, that a century has seasoned and hardened. And when it is felled, and trimmed, and squared, how huge is that timber! And when with yearns and hooks it has been whirled to the yard, with what painstaking do the men prepare it for the purpose that it is designed to serve! And at last, when it has been sawed, and bored, and chiseled, it becomes the keel of a ship. And when with great exertion it is dried into its place the ship stands floating on the water. And that which you carried with infinite trouble will carry you on the wave, through the storm, over the seas, and around the globe.

You are bearing timbers, and building a ship of state with better material than ever was put into a ship; with more tears, more blows, more conscience, more zeal, and more disinterestedness than ever went into any cause under God's Heaven. Bear, bear; for ere long your work will be under your feet, and will carry you upon the waves, and through the storms, and over the sea of trouble. Do not be discouraged. "Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

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The Independent

IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

O, give to God thine earliest years and best,
The dewy fragrance of life's morning hour:
The sweetest incense yields the opening flower,
Ere by the sultry noontide heats oppress.

Take up thy cross and gird thine armor on,
Young pilgrims in life's dark and treacherous way;
Thy trust in God—thy motto, Watch and pray:
So shalt thou bid each craven fear begone.

For life, and time, and talent all are His;
By thine own act, to Him be consecrate;
And He who marks the smallest sparrow's fate,
Decrees each mortal lot for woe or bliss,

Shall keep thee to the end. His promise stands,
Who seek me early—truly seek—shall find:
Be not to thine immortal interests blind;
Commit thine all to His protecting hands.

Christ stands at thy heart's door and knocks and calls;
O, list His tender voice and let Him in:
His gracious touch absolves thee from all sin.
Yield ere the world with subtle snare enthralls.

Drain not life's cup of pleasure sparkling high,
Then give to God the remnant of thy days:
'Tis He demands thy life's unceasing praise.
Remember Him! ere evil days draw nigh.

E. V. S.

Cherry Ripe.

STATE RELIGION, AND THE BIBLE AS A SCHOOL-BOOK.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

THIS discussion involves the following important questions—viz.:

First. Can the state consistently tax its citizens for the support of *any one* theory concerning a problem which cannot be demonstrated and solved through the evidence of the senses, and is, therefore, necessarily the subject of diverse opinions?

Second. Is an individual really permitted to "worship God according to the dictates of his *own* conscience" while forced to pay for the support of schools that teach and sustain a theology he honestly repudiates, and which is taught and promulgated at the expense, exclusion, and sacrifice of the only method of religion his conscience approves?

Third. Can we refer this Bible question to precedents based on "common usage," "common consent," "designs of our forefathers," "will of the majority," etc., without ignoring straightforward justice, and falling back upon the unchristian doctrine that "might makes right"?

Fourth. If our free schools were conducted by Papists, who teach ritualism and the worship of saints; or by Jewish rabbis, who teach that Jesus was an impostor; would not Protestants of all creeds feel outraged beyond endurance, and justified in keeping their children out of school?

Fifth. Should they adopt the latter course, would they not consider the state unjust in compelling them to pay taxes to sustain such schools?

The writer of this article is a Protestant of the most radical type—one who does not stop with Martin Luther, but who *protests* against all obstacles to harmonious human growth; one who believes in the inspection and ventilation of mystery, no matter whether it surrounds a state institution or a sacred book. He believes that the Catholic policy of keeping the Bible out of schools and away from the masses, *because* of its sacredness, tends to make the book an instrument of despotism. He is also convinced that the Protestant plan of compelling its use as a school-book, *because* of its divine character, has precisely the same tendency. In other words, he proposes to treat the Bible like other books—depriving it of the hollow form and sham dignity of state patronage, and allowing it to fall unless sustained by the inlvoluntary respect and homage of an enlightened humanity.

This is the writer's policy; and it is difficult to see how the state can favor any other without doing work it must eventually undo.

The state should only demand good citizenship, right doing, and justice in this life. Individuals, and even churches, may feel justified in oppressing the weak, and in practicing pious fraud for the "glory of God"; but it is disgraceful for governments to do these things. Civil government is *law*, and law deals only with the logic of *facts*, and never with the possibilities or probabilities of faith.

Without overlooking the grand mission and good results of Christianity, or the beauty and excellence of true Christian character, we must admit that the system embodies the most wild and startling assumption that finite mind can conceive of. And, if government has a right to teach in our schools that Jesus was and is God the Creator, it clearly has a right to teach the same concerning any other good and remarkable man.

THE INDEPENDENT of June 16th and July 7th published long articles, by Rev. Dr. Geo. B. Cheever, defending the use of the Bible in schools, and laboring to prove what few will deny—viz., that religion and morality are indispensable to national prosperity. In earnestly subscribing to this, it does not follow that we must declare our belief in the necessity of teaching a certain system of theology in our secular free schools. It is one thing to acknowledge the universality and importance of the religious element, and to favor means for its cultivation and growth; and quite another thing to attempt to nationalize a peculiar method or "plan," concerning which the wisest and best of our authors and statesmen hold utterly opposite opinions.

It is well known that Jefferson and Franklin were avowed disbelievers in the dogma of the Trinity; yet it is possible that these, with Washington, Adams, and other great fathers of the government, meant, as Dr. Cheever claims for them, "that the Christian religion and none other should be the religion of the nation." If so, we can only give them credit for honesty, but not Infallibility of judgment. It matters little whether they meant this thing or that thing. Undoubtedly, the same wise fathers, when speaking of "persons bound to service," meant *fugitive slaves;* but we of the North, including Dr. Geo. B. Cheever, paid no regard to this meaning in the days of the "Underground Railroad," and why this excess of veneration for their opinions now? When an advocate avoids the living issues of the present, and hides behind the opinions of a few wise dead men of a former age, he acknowledges the weakness of his cause. Every generation has new questions to meet, and its representative men to meet them. This generation of Americans must grapple with the great question of choice between religious despotism and religious liberty.

There is no despotism so crafty and relentless as ecclesiastical authority, because it is based on mystery rather than upon reason and virtue.

Roman Catholicism usually carries its points by strategy, and seldom by direct assault. I believe that future events will prove that the Bible question was opened at this early day for the sole purpose of committing Protestants to a principle which Romanists do not yet dare advocate.

If the precedent of nationalizing Christianity be once established, we may look for a most rigid application of the principle when Rome holds the balance of political power, and numbers six churches and convents where she now does one.

Disguise the fact as we may, the difference between the creed of the Catholic and that of the Protestant is simply incidental, and not fundamental. And those men who approve of acknowledging the deity of Jesus in the Constitution, and who, like Dr. Cheever, favor a state religion, are blindly acting as skirmishers for the Pope of Rome, and unconsciously forging weapons which will yet be used in warfare against the true spirit of Protestantism.

Dr. Cheever says: "The necessity of self-preservation authorizes the people to include divine truth in their system of elementary education, and that truth they cannot get but from the Bible."

If Dr. Cheever could have added "and, if any person deny this, let him be accursed," we might have accused him of quoting the above from the anathemas passed by the Œcumenical Council. The Dr. seems as firm as any Papist in the notion that God only reveals himself to human consciousness through the written words of the Old and New Testament.

The world is beginning to learn that all truth is divine, without regard to the writer, or the poor rubbish containing its letter; that any moral or spiritual lesson or record is only valuable to humanity as it is susceptible of so entering into practical life that it may by experience be wrought into healthy human character. Truth, when once it takes this form, is elevated above books, and becomes as independent of all record as the full-grown oak is of the acorn-shell out of which it first sprung. Rome would hide God in the Bible, lock the Bible in the Church, and give the key to the Pope. Dr. Cheever would confine God to Protestantism, and beseech government to guard the door. There is really but little to choose between the two systems.

All moral and spiritual truth is self-evident and self-asserting, and of course self-sustaining and self-developing; as the tendency of all life is, of necessity, toward the light. Inspiration, like the sun, can quicken, but not create. Without ignoring the aid of the Hebrew writers, we may safely presume that God was in the world, and acting upon the lives of his children, long before the birth of the men who wrote the history of the Jewish people. Every intelligent reader of ancient literature and philosophy is aware that nearly all of Bible truth valuable in human affairs now may be found threading, like veins of gold in quartz rock, the writings of men and seers who lived in advance of Hebrew prophets. Even the Ten Commandments, as given by Moses, were, with the exception of the two regarding idolatry and the Sabbath, the sentiments already evolved by the necessities of human society, and recorded by earlier moralists and teachers. Moses simplified, condensed, and classified them, with a view to their more direct and forcible application to the dull minds and sensual lives of a race of slaves, whose previous condition of servitude had nearly destroyed in them all sense of moral obligation. Indeed, human society could not have lived, flourished, and built cities without understanding and observing nearly all the points involved in the moral code revealed to the fugitive Jews.

Dr. Cheever and other advocates of a state religion have much to say about divine truth. Can they inform us whether they mean sentiment which is of itself divine, or something to which they attach the divine quality solely because they find it within the lids of a sacred book?

These men seem to be walking backward. If they will turn, and cross the imaginary line which evidently, to them, circumscribes the manifestations of Deity, they will learn that God is Father of all truth, no matter whether it comes first through the lips of Confucius or Jesus, Socrates or St. Paul. Certainly the best and most "saving" truth is that which results in the best human character; and such doctrine does not need the superfluous label of "authority," or "thus saith the Lord," to render it sacred, for the world involuntarily pays its highest homage to those who represent the highest moral and mental attributes. Hence, it follows that the value of all writings, either inside or outside of Bibles, must finally be determined by their intrinsic worth, by their power and vitality as actual fertilizers of the moral soil, without regard to any "authority" based on the mere accident of their origin.

If this logic is correct, then it is certain that three-fourths of Dr. Cheever's argument on the Bible question is utterly void of meaning. If false, let us henceforth admit that right is *more* than right, and wrong *less* than wrong when found recorded in the Bible; and *vice versa*, when revealed in the works of Gentile writers.

Burns sings "A man's a man for a' that," and the whole world applauds him. But when we extend the theory to the realm of principles, and declare "A truth's a truth for a' that," or "A lie's a lie for a' that," Dr. Cheever and his disciples solemnly close the Bible, and inform us that human reason and discrimination cannot enter there, and that ordinary methods of criticism, as applied to all other books, must not be applied to the "Sacred Scriptures." Rev. Dr. Hopkins joins with them, and proves the divinity of slavery by the Bible; and the Southern Methodist clergy are to-day shouting "amen." Father Hecker, Lawyer Graham, and the *Advance* respond by using the "Word of God" to convince us that "God made man for *Himself* and woman for *man*," and that woman is nothing but a supplement. Temperance men prove by the Old Testament that wine-drinking is a sin; and dramsellers swear by the New Testament that wine-making and wine-drinking are virtues.

Of course, we must either admit that these advocates of conflicting views are *all* right, or we must treat the Bible as we do any other book—accepting the good and rejecting the evil. The latter is the only safe plan of treatment; for, while the book abounds in moral and spiritual lessons worthy of reverence at all times, it contains much that is objectionable in tendency, and much more which is negative or common-place, or which has no actual significance except for its direct reference to people and usages long passed away. It is folly for Protestants to bestow pity and ridicule upon Fetish worship and bead-counting, while blindly and foolishly reverencing so much indifferent and immoral reading-matter, simply because it happens to be bound in the same book with some of the grandest, noblest, and most inspiring utterances that ever came from human lips.

If the Bible is to be used in schools and in private families, it ought to be thoroughly revised, renovated, and abridged. It certainly is desirable that young people grow up with a sincere respect for spiritual precepts as uttered by all great teachers, seers, and prophets. To secure this result, we should emancipate the genuine truths of inspiration from the bad grammar and disgusting details which pervade the Bible accounts of the Jewish wars, and which enter so largely into the history of Abraham, Lot, Samson, etc., and give such an amorous glow to "Solomon's Song."

As the Bible now is, we find the positively useful and good bound in the same volume with the useless and impure, and the whole called the "Holy Bible" and credited to the same Divine source. Upright and pious fathers continue to "read the Book by course" in the presence of young sons and daughters; and to repeat in morning and evening worship foul passages which they would scorn to tolerate in secular works of history or fiction. The inevitable result is a constantly growing spirit of indifference and contempt concerning the claims of true religion.

Religion is the combined action of the higher elements of the human organism in the process of disciplining and developing the entire man; and it must of necessity act in harmony with reason. False veneration is not religion; but the *instinct* of religion *gone astray*. It is idolatry.

Human nature, like the physical world, has no energy to waste, and will seek *equipoise*. Hence, too much worship in one direction implies too little in another direction.

A traveler may lose his way in the wilderness, and find it again; but it is always at the expense of time and energy which ought to have been given to the right path.

If this war over the Bible question continues till we have the gift of seeing things as they are, irrespective of associations, sacred or otherwise; till we have the bravery to call things by the right name, and to be truer to God and to ourselves than to creeds, it will not have been waged in vain. We need not shrink from the contest. Spiritual shams are frequent, ly spoiled by close inspection; spiritual realities never.

MARK LANE.

BY N. S. DODGE.

CORN is king. "When gold is 130 the grain freightage is dead," writes Jay Gould to President Grant; "when gold is 115 steam cannot take grain fast enough to the seaboard." True. And when grain moves, merchandise moves; mills, furnaces, forges move; the plow moves through the soil and the ship over the ocean. In fact, grain moves the world. Corn is king.

No two syllables are more familiar in every grain-growing country of the four continents than Mark Lane. They head a column of all British newspapers; are quoted in French, German, and Spanish journals; rule the marts of the Turkish Principalities; are as sacred to the sharp Greek merchants who monopolize the markets of the Peloponnesus as the dogmas of their church; and raise or depress the prices of the great staple of commerce alike in the steppes that stretch away from the shores of the Baltic and on the prairies that make up the valley of the Mississippi. The Corn Exchange takes the name of the street in which it stands. It is the only market in London for corn, grain, and seed. England is always a buyer of grain. The 77,000,000 acres in the United Kingdom never produce a sufficiency of cereals in the most abundant harvest to fill the mouths of its 32,000,000 people through the year. Hence the price that England pays for grain, settled triweekly at the Corn Exchange in Mark Lane, rules the prices not only at home, but, slightly decreasing in the ratio of distance, all over the world.

Mark Lane stands in the heart of mercantile London. It is close upon the Thames. On every side are vast warehouses, crammed with the freights borne in by every tide. On a market-day a visitor must not be overscrupulous on the score of mud or dust. Pendulous bales swing from fifty feet aloft. Casks plunge and duck headlong into cellars. Plethoric sacks stagger upon porters' legs up and down stairs. The street is jammed with loaded wains. There is no crossing open. The wayfarer dives beneath nosebags, and rubs shoulders with dripping iron tires of broad-wheeled wagons. The thoroughfare was built in earlier days, and the business transacted is too important to admit of ceremony.

The Corn Exchange stands in the center of Mark Lane, on the eastern side. It was built soon after 1747, when the present system of factorage commenced. In an open Doric colonnade, sheltered, well-lighted, roofed in from the weather, and covered by a large and handsome dome, stand before stalls, filled with samples of every variety of grain and pulse productive of food for man and beast, factors and millers, lightermen and granary-keepers, bluff country gentlemen and Kentish farmers. There are more than seven hundred independent places of business. The counters are polished by the friction of grain. They are covered with open canvas bags, containing samples. Wooden compartments are labeled with the qualities offered and the places of production. Closets and lock-ups range behind, for storing after market-hours. The grand entrance, iron gates, Grecian pilasters, carved agricultural emblems, graceful galleries surrounding the quadrangle, and open colonnades (resembling the *atrium* in a Pompeian house, with its *impluvium* in the center), make the Mark Lane Corn Exchange the model market-house of the world.

The market-days are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; the first by far the busiest, it being the bakers' day. Hours of business are from ten o'clock to three. Bargains do not become valid until an hour after the commencement of business on the next market-day. Wheat is paid for in bills at one month, and all other grains in bills at two months. Of course, no deliveries take place on the spot. Everything is sold by sample. The purchaser, the terms being agreed upon, exchanges memoranda with the seller, lays down a sovereign and a shilling to bind the bargain, shakes hands, pockets the bag with its sample, and passes on.

Let the visitor enter at noon on a Monday. The Exchange is crowded with dealers, factors, and speculators. It is an unceasing babble of sounds. More than a thousand persons are talking at once. Jokes and laughter are not wanting, but there is no indecorum. The variety of classes is peculiar, and each is recognized by dress as well as physiognomy. The canny Sandy from Glasgow, bluff country gentlemen of the midland counties, Dublin exporters, keen city speculators, and the factors who supply the bakers with the number of sacks of flour they "do" during the week, are mixed together in ludicrous confusion. To these add sturdy Baltic corn-dealers; agents from Havre and Paris, watching the rise and fall of prices inevitable Greek merchants, energetic, fiery-eyed, and swarthy; and the semi-nautical hoyman, free of river-tolls and city-dues, and there is made up as motley a crowd in complexion and costume as is often seen.

The hoyman is a native of Kent. His dress is peculiar—dating back, in part, to the reign of the Second Edward. He has the choice of stalls at the annual letting; pays no rental, is free of all entry charges; may load and unload his boats, measure his sacks, and do his own porterage independent of municipal authority; and alone, by the custom of the market, may sell whatever he himself has brought for ready cash. It is an ancient prescriptive right. Long antedating the Corn Exchange, his ancestors gained certain privileges, which have been held sacred ever since. In the 15th century, in a time of plague and famine, at great personal risk, certain Kentish men supplied the City of London for many months with food. Market-dues were, therefore, remitted to them and their heirs forever. They paid no *octroi* duties at the gates, nor meter tolls at the docks, nor groundage at the markets, during the reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts; and since those days, under the new *régime*, by a fair commutation, equal exemption has been allowed them.

Factors with a large connection rarely or never see the goods they sell. Deliveries are made upon orders. The samples settle the quality. All responsibility rests with the principals; who, if they do not deliver goods according to sample, must abide the disagreeable consequences. From this method of transacting the corn trade of the kingdom arises what, at sight, appears great waste. Grain lies scattered in heaps everywhere. It is under the stalls, on the seats, over the counters, and ankle-deep covering the floor. The evermoving crowd are grinding it under foot. It is constantly increasing. A hundred hands are taking samples from the bags, rubbing and comparing and "palming" them, and then throwing them upon the floor.

"Why is not the grain returned to the bag?" was the question put to a friend.

"That would never answer," he replied, "Suppose I were buying oats. I take a sample; try its dampness or dryness in my hand; shift it to my other, move it about, and examine its color, smell, and taste. It has lost its dryness or dampness, is no longer a sample; and to return it to the bag would be to deceive the next comer. Of course, I throw it on the floor."

"But is it all wasted?"

"Not wasted, of course. It is somebody's perquisite; the market beadle's, I believe. At any rate, it is swept up after market-hours, and in all likelihood is sold for its full value."

On either side of the Exchange, and forming parts of the Corn Market, are licensed houses of refreshment, fitted up for the transaction of business. Lockers are provided for the security of samples; desks, with stationery for correspondence; attendance of servants and messengers; and newspapers, bulletins, and prices current. Factors make appointments to meet their customers here; bargains are settled, mistakes corrected, accounts revised, profits and losses summed up, advices dispatched, telegrams received and sent away, and plans for the next market-day agreed upon. Jack's Coffee House, to the right of the Exchange, has a history connected with Old London. It existed before the great fire which consumed London in 1666, and was afterward rebuilt upon the original spot. Its origin and name run back of the memory of man. Long before the establishment of the Corn Exchange, now some hundred and twenty-five years old, it was kept under the same name by John Taylor, "the water-poet," a contemporary of Milton, with a sign upon which "Jack" was painted, holding in his hands a crown over a head. The meaning is not known. But when, during the Commonwealth, crowns became suspicious, Taylor substituted a painting of his own head, with this motto:

"There's many a head stands for a sign;
Then, gentle reader, why not mine?"

In the *Public Advertiser* of March 28th, 1769, is the following advertisement: "To be sold, a black girl, eleven years old, who is extremely handy; works at her needle tolerably, and speaks English perfectly well; is of an excellent temper and willing disposition. Inquire of Mr. Owen, at Jack's Coffee House, Mark Lane."

Taylor published his "Travels from London to the Isle of Wight" in 1647. As a specimen of the mediocre poetry of the day this extract is worth preserving:

"We took one coach, two coachmen, and four horses,
And merrily from Mark Lane made our courses.
We wheeled the top of the heavy hill called Holborne,
(Up which hath been full many a sinful soul borne),
And so along we jolted past St. Giles's,
Which place from Brentford six or seven miles is."

Before Mark Lane had obtained its present specialty it was the rival of old Lombard street in goldsmiths' shops. The Longobards, in the reign of Edward II., settled in both localities. Their badge—the three golden pills of the Medici—has descended as the sign of the pawnbrokers. The black-letter ballad in the Pepy's collection makes the husband of Jane Shore a goldsmith here:

"Within Mark Lane I once did dwelle,
As London yet can witnesse welle;
Where many gallants did beholde
My beauty in a shop of golde."

While Lombard street has retained its character as well as its name for at least five centuries and a half, there is neither bank, goldsmith shop, nor insurance office left in Mark Lane.

When breadstuffs run high, the speculators, whether in Mark Lane or Chicago, fall into bad odor. They are charged with monopoly, blamed for overholding, and accused of "bulling" the market. *Credat Judæus.* Corn is not gold. The attempt would fail. The quantities to be sold, the breadth of acres sown, the complicated details of the trade, the numerous interests concerned, the number of persons engaged in the traffic all over the world, and the facilities and speed of transportation make it next to impossible that any ring, in any country, could be successful in "rigging" the market. Practically it does not occur.

In 1854 the blunder of a British official created an enormous rise in breadstuffs throughout Europe. To meet the wants of the British army at the Crimea during the winter, government advertised for tenders of twelve thousand quarters of wheat. Thirteen proposals were sent in. Upon the designated day the bids were opened. Parties interested attended. At length, to the amazement of contractors and bondsmen, thirteen acceptances, with accompanying blanks, one for each proposer, were handed out of the office window. Through some extraordinary blunder, which was not known till long afterward, and the details of which have never yet come to light, instead of one bill, government had formally taken thirteen. In fact, every offer had been accepted. One hundred and fifty-six thousand quarters of wheat had been sold for immediate delivery. It was all to be exported. The contractors and their bondsmen were large dealers and men of substance. The effect all this would have upon the market was not at first perceived. But it soon got wind. Mark Lane had made provision for 12,000 quarters; it was asked to supply 156,000. The excitement was tremendous. Wednesday's Exchange became a panic. Prices rose shilling by shilling. Holders refused to sell. Buyers with bargains for future deliveries were suddenly made rich, and sellers were bankrupt. Messengers were dispatched to the provincial towns; factors crossed the Channel. Greek merchants set sail for the Danube. Bread by the quarters loaf doubled its value at the bakers' shops; and the trade in breadstuffs, upon which the life of England makes daily dependence, was at a stand-still. The market eventually recovered its equipoise; but the day, like that which recorded the first defeat before Sebastopol, or the outbreak in India, is marked by a black letter on the calendar of the Corn Exchange.

The case of the contractors was distressing. They had undertaken each to deliver ninety-six thousand bushels of wheat to the government at the prices ranging during the previous week. The grain was not to be had. Farmers, as is usual on a rising market, held over. Cargoes afloat could not be purchased. No grain, in fact, shifted hands in any considerable quantity for many days; and, but for the leniency of the government, at the intercession of the members of the Corn Exchange, its heaviest men would have gone to grief.

Harvest is regarded with an interest in England that Americans hardly understand. For weeks before gathering, it is the universal topic of conversation. In town as well as country, by merchants as much as farmers, at the universities as often as the provincial markets, the prospects of the crop are discussed. A good harvest is the life of trade. It extends its minute ramifications to the remote extremities of the body social, and makes glad the rich and poor alike. The harvest-home is the only heaven on earth to the agricultural clod. The writer was present when Philip Pusey tried first in England McCormick's reaper. It was upon his crops on the Pusey Manor (a grant to the family in the days of Alfred), in Berkshire. The laborers had heard of it, and crowded in numbers—men, women, and children—to see its working. To the astonishment of Americans present, they regarded the implement with intense dislike. It was to supersede their choicest labor, lower their highest wages, and destroy forever their harvest-home. They refused to gather the grain it cut, threw obstacles in its way, threatened the mechanic who was sent for to make repairs, and cut the harness of the horses. So vindictive did they become that Mr. Pusey, fearing his barns might be fired, or his crops destroyed, caused the reaper to be sent instantly back to London.

London enjoys monopolies regarding grain that are irksome and expensive to the importer. There are the dues upon entering port—water-bailage and groundage; then lord mayor's dues; and then dockage and lighterage. The city claims the right to measure all grain, whence comes corn meterage; the right to move all grain, whence the fellowship porterage. Then follow marketage, factorage, and other minor dues, subtracting seriously from the gains of the foreign grower. Upon the average annual importation of 38,000,000 quarters of wheat, however, these dues furnish a round income for the city, and enable Guildhall and Mansion House to maintain the hospitality for which they are famous.

THE PEOPLE THE DIVINELY-APPOINTED KEEPERS OF THEIR OWN GOVERNMENT.

THE Word of God is committed, not to the government, but to the people, because it lays hold upon the individual conscience; and the people are to take care of their own government by a conscience toward God, and to protect themselves under God's care by means of the government, as the instrument given to them of God for their good. If, now, with God's Word in their hands, they permit the government to promulgate laws, or exercise an authority contrary to God's law, it is their own folly and fault; being bound to limit, drill, regulate, and order their government according to the Word of God, and instructed and bound to appoint such men to office as will so order it. If the claim of divine right is usurped by any government for a diabolical wrong, and the people, having the Word of God to enlighten them, permit such wrong, or suffer themselves to be magnetized and stupefied into an admission of such divine right, thus allowing a conscience toward Satan to take the place of a conscience toward God; then that is their own madness and guilt, contrary to the light given them from God.

Or, if the people give that light, that divine revelation into the keeping of the government, and permit the government to exclude, or withdraw, or shut up the Bible at its own will, or to appoint the people's belief for them, then they are by that action self-condemned, self-enslaved, self-destroyed. For God has given them the means of infallibly judging and knowing what is of divine right and what is not, and has instructed them in his Word that it is their divine right and duty to keep the government, by a conscience toward God, from ever running into a despotism; and has put it in their power to prevent a despotic government from stealing the livery and seal of a divine revelation and attaching it to their misrule. There is no divine right in a wicked government, no divine right in oppression by the government, but only a diabolical wrong, which the people are bound to prevent and resist, by that divine authority from God which they hold in his Word, training their children by it, and keeping it in the schools and in their households and in their hearts. The gift of divine right is not a gift for the government, but for the people, from God, for their good; and they are bound to keep it from usurpation and perversion, as they keep their own governmental constitution, bringing the government continually to account under it. It cannot be too often reiterated that man was not made for the government, but the government for man; and its endowment with authority is not for itself, but for man toward God, for man as God's creature, to be protected and redeemed and saved.

The Constitution does not belong to the government, but to the people; and woe to the people, destruction and misery to the people, if they ever permit the government to withdraw or withhold and imprison the Constitution from the knowledge of the people, from their constant inspection of it, and from an incessant comparison of the administration of the government with it. The government that could forbid the study or teaching of the Constitution in the schools might alter the Constitution, might falsify its articles, might invent and promulgate political decretals as a part of it, might impose new and strange laws subversive of it, and the people would be enslaved by pretended constitutional divine right. It is obvious that the same thing is true concerning the people's charter of freedom given to them from God in the Bible. Take away the Bible from the knowledge of the people, and the government may pretend a hidden authority from God for every oppressive exercise of tyranny. And, if an ecclesiastical hierarchy combine with the state in the same conspiracy for hiding and in the same conspiracy for hiding and misinterpreting for their own purposes the records of what they affirm to have been a conveyance of divine power, there is produced the Papal despotism. Even the claim of Papal infallibility may be sustained with some appearance of justice, if the divine revelation itself can be kept from the people's perusal, and only priestly or government officials are endowed with the sole right of interpretation.

Bread is the staff of life, an ordinance of God. Now, if you take the bread and convert it into malt, and that into intoxicating liquor, you might as well argue that brandy and strong beer were of divine right, if the bread is, as argued, a despotic government is of divine right, because the ordination of government is of God. We do *not* say that every government which does not claim divine right is a despotism; on the contrary, any government that does not admit the divine right of the people to obey from a conscience toward God, and to have the government so constructed and ordered that they *may* thus obey, is a despotism, and contrary to divine right. For every government for the good of the people with a conscience toward God is of divine right, and the people have always the right to change the form of a bad government always with this condition of the conscience toward God. The moment this condition is violated the charter is violated, and the government is unconstitutional.

For rulers are not a terror to the good works, but to the evil. If they forbid good works, and encourage license, reward the evil, then they are condemned of God, for they cannot be obedient of a conscience toward God; but themselves are guilty of resisting the ordinance of God, and the people are bound to disobey their conscience toward God, by the higher conscience that binds them to obedience in all things which conscience toward God sanctions.

Now, strangely enough, we see men declaring their belief in Paul's theory of the ordination of civil government as a matter of revelation; but at the same time denying that religion is any part of the business or responsibility of civil government. But conscience toward God is the very essence of that theory, nor is there any part of the revelation of government without it.

But is not a conscience toward God in religion? It cannot be anything else, for it is not politics. It is not morality between man, but the guide of such morality. It is religion, solely and exclusively, the motive toward God of men's conduct to one another, as revealed and commanded in the very ordaining of government by God himself. It is theology and religion pure and simple. And it is explicitly defined by Paul to be not only a proper subject of regard, but the main and necessary guide and safeguard of civil government, which Paul affirms to have been ordained by the world as God's minister and magistrate for that which is good for man, according to God's nature and will; good as God himself signs and explains it; the good of mankind, to be wrought out and accomplished by obedience for conscience sake toward God. The civil government is God's instrument of good to man on earth, bringing and binding man to him through conscience enlightened as to God's will. The *sole end of government is good*, through a conscience trained toward God; holding on upon God; and the theology or religion, if ever there can be a theology or religion inexistence, or if there was theology or religion.

But, if it be attempted to evade the force of this argument by denying the personality of the state, as being only an abstract compact between or among the individual habitants of a country, then we ask to whom does Paul's revelation of the origination and theological direction of government apply, if there be no such personality as that of a state or nation? Of course to the people, and of course to theology is theirs; and so much the more obligatory, as the proper revelation of God and end of government for their good, and the accountability of the state or people as being an abstraction, and not a responsibility of individuals, with many opinions, and all those individuals, all the members of the people, are accountable, and are bound to have and to express a conscience toward God in all the administration of the government. This cannot be done intelligently without the direct defiance of the Divine Governor, in the rejection of his revealed will in regard to government. For he speaks to men, commanding the obedience to governments, as being the ministers of God to men for their good, and he speaks to rulers, commanding them to rule only in the fear of God, as taught in his Word. Therefore, no government nor people can ignore religion in the government, or expel or forbid it, as not being a proper concern of the government without defying God.

By express divine revelation the people are under obligation to sustain and execute all the business and purposes of government from a conscience toward God. Nothing can be left out, whether the power of the sword or the power of taxation. Both are mentioned in the revelation, perhaps, as being the extremes, to show that, if God and his theology were in all the things between—if in the police, or in the tropics. The collection of the revenue is mentioned by Paul as part of the service by our Lord Jesus Christ. And also by this same all-controlling power of the conscience toward God—a responsible ministry, that of publicans and tax-gatherers, if pursued for covetousness and extortion, but grand and elevated when appointed of God as part of the ministry of a conscience toward God; and so observed by our Lord Jesus Christ and his disciples, just as it had been by his father and mother before him, who went up to be taxed by decree of Cæsar Augustus, but out of conscience toward God out of a religious accountability to God for all the workings of the government.

This divine meaning and responsibility were what our Blessed Lord had in view when he sent Peter with hook and line down to the lake, and told him to take the first gold out of the first fish's mouth that he caught, and carry it to the taxation office for his and his Master's tribute. It is strikingly such an incident as comports with an incident of daily political life in Judea under the Roman government—with a grave, careful, explicit doctrine connected with the foundations and authority of government afterward taught by Paul in his Epistle to the Romans. For, said Paul, in this cause—that is, subjection to the government for conscience sake toward God—pay we tribute also; for they are God's ministers, attending continually upon this very thing, to be respected out of regard to God's ordinance—that is, religiously respected, theologically respected.

Quaint and devout George Herbert in singing was just precisely Paul's divine and inspired politics, a regard to God carried into everything:

"All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture, For Thy sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.
A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

Now, if the domestic arrangement of a man's parlors are under that law, much more the grappling political obligations under which the government lays hold of the whole man, and of every family in the nation. It can do this only by permission from God; and the denial of a responsible accountability in the government, or a blank infidel defiance of God in the government cannot be supposed to receive such denial, because it is affirmed to be a mere abstraction of a conscience, then, is a people make that denial, so much the worse.

If government be nothing but a contest among the people, and the people agree to exclude God and religion, it is a most arrogant and insulting defiance of him revealed will possible; for, if there be one thing true in regard to government, it is that God has based it on the exercise of a religious conscience—that is, a conscience toward God. We have no revealed religion if that be not a part of it, and those who reject it defy God in so doing.

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The Independent.

SONG FOR ALL SOULS.

BY ALICE CARY.

Ah, many a night I've lain awake,
Of the nights when I was young—
Long, long, and long ago—
To listen and listen o'er again
To the lilting lay with the low refrain,
Half sad, half sweet, "Heigh-ho!"
Float silvery over the silver lake,
With its clear refrain, "Heigh-ho!"
Till far and near the echoes rang,
Some sad, some sweet, "Heigh-ho!"
Blown away like daisy leaves;
Whirled away like snow;
All gone, dead and gone,
Weary heart, heigh-ho!"

Ah, many a night I've lain awake
In the garret rude and low,
To listen to the lilting lay,
Swelling and dying far away,
Save only just the strange refrain,
Half of pleasure and half of pain,
Blown silvery over the silver lake—
Blown soft as moonshine over the streams,
And across my pillow and into my dreams:
"Sweet hearts and friends, heigh-ho!
All gone, dead and gone;
Whirled away from me,
Like dry leaves in the winter winds,
Or snowflakes in the sea."

Ah, many a night I've lain awake,
And listened with all my heart,
To hear from over the silver lake
The silvery echo start.
Ay, start and tremble, strain o'er strain,
To a wild and wailing call,
Then softly sink to the sad refrain
With a dulcet, dying fall:
"All gone, dead and gone;
Whirled away from me,
Like flowers of grass along the grass,
Or sea-spray o'er the sea."

And I marveled as I lay awake,
And the marvel would not go,
Who thus across the silver lake
Should nightly sing and row;
As if that he the lake had crossed
Till youth and hope and love were lost,
To come no more, no more;
And he could not choose but sing so low
The lilting lay with the sad refrain,
And to sing it o'er and o'er again:
"Sweet hearts and friends, heigh-ho!
All gone, lost and gone;
Whirled away from me,
Like dead leaves in the winter wind,
Or sea-spray o'er the sea."

And I did not know, as I lay awake
And listened to that song,
Blown silvery over the silver lake,
That I, and that one long,
That very rower's mood should take,
And sing the same sad song—
That song so low, so low—
And sing it o'er and o'er again,
From the wild and wailing call,
To the dulcet, dying fall:
"Sweet hearts and friends, heigh-ho!
All gone, lost and gone;
Whirled away from me,
Like dead leaves in the winter wind,
Or sea-spray o'er the sea.

BISMARCK.

BY ALEXANDER YOUNG.

No European sovereign wields to-day the power of Count Otto von Bismarck. Napoleon is feeble in comparison. The ruler of France represents the ambition of an individual. The statesman of Prussia symbolizes the aspirations of a race. Against the automatic mechanism of the Chassepôt is the thinking bayonet of the needle-gun. It is not the first time that the Napoleonic dynasty has been confronted by a single resolute will, backed by a vigorous brain. Bismarck stands to-day in the shoes of William Pitt.

The Prussian minister comes from an ancient and noble family, which, however, but for him would be little known. We read its history by the light of his genius. He was born in the little village of Schönhausen, April 1st, 1815. Nothing in his youth or early manhood foreshadowed his future greatness. At the University of Berlin he was wounded in the leg in a duel with a Jew, whose spectacles were cut off by his opponent's sword. Here he formed a lasting friendship with his fellow-student, the historian, Motley. At Göttingen he fought successfully some twenty duels, and the scar received in one of them still disfigures his cheek. These diversions did not, however, w